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Av's vs. Science

True has done it again. Congratulations on being gutsy enough to take on the weird collection of muddleheads, bleeding hearts and little old ladies who make up the antivivisectionist movement (*Danger: The Antivivisectionists Rise Again*—June). These nuts are well organized and have lots of money. I'll bet you get plenty of angry, screwball letters.

—Art Peterson
Wichita, Kan.

It shocked me to see a well-known animal lover like Dan Mannix indulging in a vicious attack on people who are trying to protect dumb beasts from torture. Most of these so-called scientists who experiment on live animals are really sadists who enjoy the sight of suffering. Many of them are communists as well.

—Emily Edwards
Providence, R. I.

Your tennis shoes are showing.

Soon after I got married I discovered my wife was an antivivisectionist. She spent all day taking care of stray dogs. They got hamburger and I got corn flakes at all three meals. She thought animals were more important than people. Our house was overrun with mice but she wouldn't let me set a trap. She got hysterical if I stepped on a bug. She is now my ex-wife.

—Harry Haines
Buffalo, N. Y.

She's lucky you didn't vivisect *her*.

Hasty Hitching

You state in *Young Man! You Don't Have to Marry the Girl!* (May) that there is no legal power in the United States that can force a man to marry a woman when he doesn't want to. Almost true. Mothers and daughters have a tremendous legal aid in the present wholly unfair and inequitable draft and tax laws. As long as young men can evade their military obligation completely and reduce their income taxes considerably by the simple (to them) expedient of marriage, what better bait could a female ask for?

—Fred Donner
Elmira, N. Y.

Any man who figures that a tax deduction outweighs the expense of a wife and prefers a lifetime of unhappy wedlock to two years in service is beyond help.

Any man, teenager or adult, who participates in sexual activity prior to marriage, should be prepared to face the possible results of his actions. After all, a girl can't get pregnant by herself; so let the responsible male assume his responsibilities and stop squawking. Under the circumstances, I can only say that he deserves whatever he gets—or doesn't get.

—Mrs. Janice Miller
Syracuse, N. Y.

Tell us whether you think a child "deserves" to grow up in the atmosphere of a forced marriage.

Bravo. This was the most realistic article written on marriage that I've seen in many moons. Having examined marriage customs in a number of foreign countries, I think the American male has been hoodwinked. As a college undergrad I am keenly aware that our coeducational institutions have become a mating rat race. To escape this rat race is one good reason why I'm going back overseas to finish my degree.

—Peter Stilley
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Bon voyage!

Fighting For Ideas

The New Face of War (May) is good. Too much of our effort is directed into making weapons, gadgets, devices and so forth. Counterinsurgency planes, guns, hats, rations, pup tents, etc. come out by the bushel. Unfortunately, we don't seem to have the basic idea. Take our early days. Marion's men in the swamps were so bad off they had nothing for uniforms but bandoliers and cartridge boxes padded with Spanish moss so the bare butts under them wouldn't get galled. They led the British a merry chase, and the Redcoats were better trained and equipped. They were fighting for ideas, and the British weren't. Same with the VC. They have the world's lousiest system to sell, and they are selling it like tickets to heaven. We, with a system that has brought us up from nowhere to greatness, can't figure out how to put it across.

I doubt like hell that story will go over anywhere, but here's hoping some of our big shots read it and start trying to figure out how to get the rice paddies in favor of us. After all, the Asiatic rise of the Red system has been based on winning the country and letting the cities fall later. Cut the trunk, and the whole damn tree falls over.

—John P. Conlon
Newark, Ohio

Feathered Fiends

I must comment on *My Fine-Feathered Fiend* (May). Some years ago I had the good fortune to accompany Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews to the Gobi Desert, sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History in New York. My duties included caring for the various small animals and birds we collected. Among these were two young ravens, who turned out to be the fiends that Mr. Mannix so cleverly describes.

Their greatest pleasure was to make life miserable for every living object. They would light on the humps of the camels and try to stir them to action with raucous profanity. They would wait till our motor-maintenance man was on his back underneath a car, then fly in together, light on his windshield and bomb it until it was a white splash.

Every evening it was my custom to feed my charges, which also included three young falcons. The ravens would try to steal meat from the falcons, and one night in aggrava-

[*Continued on page* 4]

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WORLD'S STRONGEST PADLOCKS

[Continued from page 2]

tion I took my pistol and fired it in their direction to frighten them. Their revenge was not long in coming. One afternoon I was shaving outside my tent. I was luxuriating in developing a good lather, when I heard a whir of wings. The ravens, one following the other, dive-bombed my shaving basin, and each, as it passed over, defecated therein. Never would I have believed that two birds could be so intellectually fiendish.

—Gen. Willard G. Wyman, USA (Ret.)
Damariscotta, Me.

007 A Zero

After reading *The Bloody Road to Usumbura* (May), my wife stated that Jean-Pierre Hallet sounded like a real man's man, but that the story must have had some figments of someone's imagination added to it. After telling her to stay away from my copy of True, I informed her that I had the honor of meeting and spending several hours with M. Hallet while he was living in Bakersfield, California. Jean-Pierre Hallet makes James Bond look like a zero on a page—a nothing. I, myself, stand six feet four and weigh 220 pounds, but even I would call Hallet a *real* man.

—James E. Heltsley
San Francisco, Calif.

Willis For President

Ben Willis: Pugnacious Planner of America's Future (May) is an outstanding article on a man dedicated to education. Over 40 years ago at Federalsburg High School, Maryland, he was my principal. Ben organized a boy scout troop, recruiting most of the high school boys; he was the scoutmaster and a wonderful person then, at the age of 22. He was tough and practical in his dealings then as now and knew how to dole out effective punishment. I know, because I had to bend over and "assume a 45 degree angle" in his office. Dammit, if he ran for President of the United States, he would do an outstanding job and he'd get my vote.

—Lt. Col. John W. Doak, USA (Ret.)
Largo, Fla.

League Of Lunacy

If there is pressure put on Little Leaguers (*"Don't Trap Your Son in Little League Madness"*—April), what better time for them to prepare, at this age, than to be thrust at the age of 18 or later into a world that is filled with just such pressure and competition? Some day maybe a former Little Leaguer will have the guts enough to write a book called *What's Wrong With Winning?*

—C. T. Cohn
Gary, Ind.

Hooray for Joey Jay! At last the truth is out! Fortunately, our oldest son was spared the psychiatrist's couch, but he didn't learn a thing in the category of good sportsmanship from the examples set by aspiring coaches and avid parents. What a fiendish way to kill the inborn baseball spirit in a young boy—to encourage him to join the Little League, only to sit on the sidelines while the best players are sent out on the field in all their glory to "win the game!"

—E. W. Sharp
Fort Myers Beach, Fla.

Canadian Courtesy

As a longtime resident of Washington, D. C., I heartily endorse what you say about DPL drivers in general (*Licensed Misconduct—It's A Man's World*—May). In fairness to our Northern neighbor, I think you should be aware that Canada's policy in Washington is that Canadian diplomats have no immunity from our traffic laws. Canada, as far as I know, is the only nation to require its diplomats to obey the laws or pay the price.

—Paul C. Hewett
Wilmette, Ill.

Gorilla Warfare

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Please cancel all remaining issues of True covered by my subscription. I wish to receive the magazine no more. The prompting factor leading to this decision is the article *My Life with Wild Gorillas* in the April issue.

I started to read this article and came across these phrases: "man's closest living relatives" (referring to gorillas) and "since man himself ceased to be an ape."

The gorilla is no relative of mine. Neither is there a time in the past marking the period in which I or my ancestors ceased to be apes. I resent being included in such hypothetical conclusions as are couched in these phrases. Because they are the Devil's lies. Anyone who believes the Darwinian theory of the origin of the species is a stupid fool. Anyone who reads the Genesis account (which is God's account) of man's origin and refuses to believe it is not only a stupid fool, he is also a damned fool. Damned means condemned; fool means unwise; and the terms condemned and damned, fool and unwise are used interchangeably in the New Testament from the same Greek words. Thus my statements are Scriptural, as to terminology and as to statement of facts.

I will not knowingly receive a magazine whose editors are an assemblage of stupid or damned fools.

—D. H. Ebersole
Portland, Oreg.

"Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." Matthew 5:22.

Is July the right month to buy an outboard?

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Lots of boaters say so! With all of summer ahead—vacations coming up—long, lazy days in the sun, swimming, skiing and fishing. Then the long, beautiful Indian summer—c'mon in, the water's fine! Especially at your Mercury dealer's. Right now he's featuring three power-packed, economical ways to get into family outboarding: the Merc 650, 500 and 350!

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You get more RUN for your money with Mercury 1965... 100, 90, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 hp.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JULY 1965

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VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 338

Love Letters to Rambler

Carl L. Klocker

The Klocker family are Rambler experts. They have thirteen Ramblers in their past and present and are still buying. Read why they remain loyal to Rambler.

"Dependable transportation—low mileage costs are essential in my business."

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Mixture

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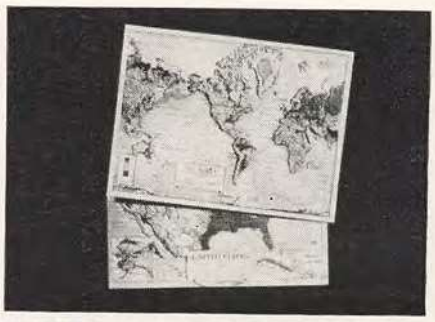

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 105

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The shocking truth about unsafe brake linings . . .

CALL WESTERN UNION OPERATOR 25 TO FIND A BRAKE EXPERT YOU CAN TRUST

Three and a half million passenger cars were involved in highway accidents last year. Unsafe brakes took a brutal toll in dead and injured.

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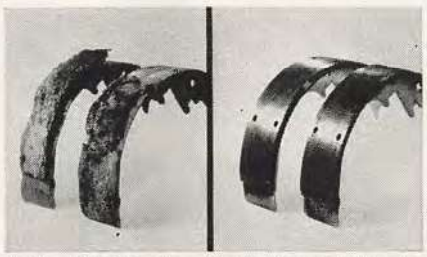
For the last two years, Grey-Rock has sponsored brake lining comparison tests at Daytona Speedway under the supervision of the National Association for Stock Car Advancement and Research, Inc.

These impartial tests saw Grey-Rock outperform first 18 and then 25 leading brands of brake linings. A majority of the linings were proved dangerously unsafe for today's driving conditions.

Tom McCahill, noted automotive authority who witnessed the 1963 and 1964 Daytona Tests, says, "I'm doubly convinced Grey-Rock is the only brake lining brand that offers total safety. You can't buy a better brake lining to save your life!"



In the 1963 Daytona Tests, Brand J literally came apart during the tests, while Grey-Rock finished all tests with plenty of safe stops left.

If you are concerned about driving safety for your family and yourself, here's what you should do right now.

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for me,
OPERATOR 25

She'll give you the name of your nearest Grey-Rock dealer. Then see him for a free P-L-S® brake inspection. If your brakes are OK, he'll tell you so. If you need a reline, he'll install Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings, the exclusive Copper-Woven and molded combination twice proved safest at Daytona. Call now . . . your life may depend on it.

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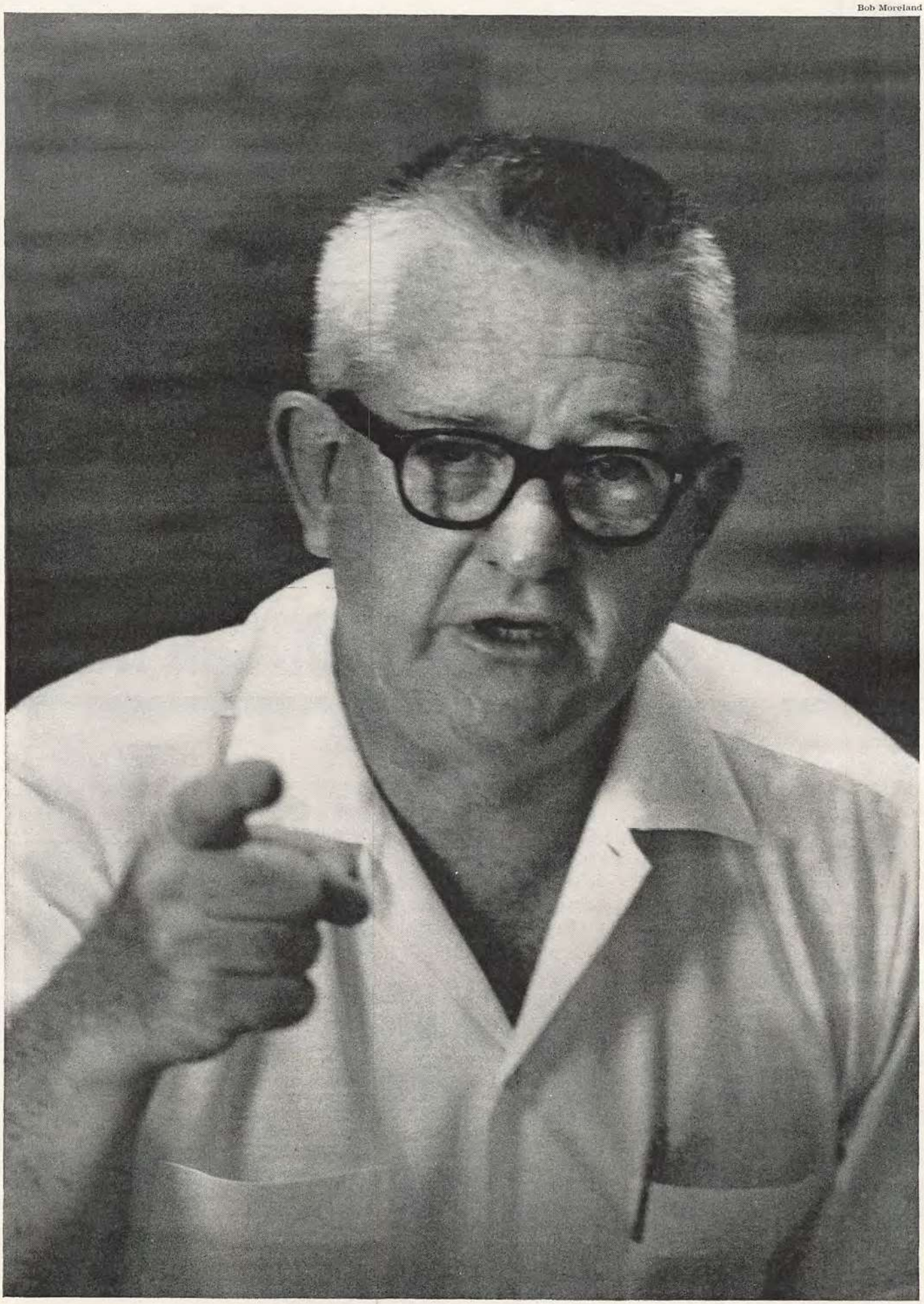
See Grey-Rock in the new Jerry Lewis motion picture, "The Family Jewels," coming soon to your neighborhood theater.

Bob Moreland



HOW BASEBALL TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE

Organized baseball said, "The public be damned," and the feeling turned out to be mutual. Now the outspoken owner of the White Sox gives the full story of the Yankees sale, the Milwaukee fiasco and other recent, messy, game-damaging history. One future result: "Within five years," Allyn predicts, "the present Braves owners will be trying to get out of Atlanta"

BY ARTHUR C. ALLYN
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX
AS TOLD TO AL HIRSHBERG

■ Baseball is like the United States of America. It's too great to be loused up by one man or one monumental mistake. It's even too great to be loused up by three recent monumental mistakes and a passel of small ones.

The worst boner was the sale of the New York Yankees to the Columbia Broadcasting System and the clumsy manner in which it was consummated. Close behind was the fantastic agreement which keeps the Braves in Milwaukee for a lame-duck season and then shifts them to Atlanta. Third was Charles O. Finley's Cook's tour of America in search of a new home for his Kansas City Athletics.

To add to this public-be-damned confusion were such other incidents as Yogi Berra's firing by the Yankees after he managed them to a pennant, his succession by Johnny Keane, who managed the St. Louis Cardinals to the world's championship, and the absurd performance of Ford C. Frick at the winter meeting in the twilight of his inept career as the commissioner of baseball.

Every cloud has its silver lining. Baseball's was the great awakening of the owners. The boners took place in 1964, and if that will be remembered as the year baseball tried to commit suicide, I'm hoping that the repercussions will make 1965 remembered as the year the game turned the corner. For the first time in my experience, the owners have become aware of their responsibilities to the game and to the fans who support it.

Because of this awakening I doubt if there will ever be another year like the one just passed or another joint meeting like the first one I attended at Miami in December of 1961. I had acquired control of the Chicago White Sox the previous June when I bought out Bill Veeck, who was forced to retire because of illness. I was a close follower of the game, but knew nothing of how it was run.

I soon found out.

Since I was a baseball babe in the woods, I needed all the advice I could get, so I took Hank Greenberg and Ed Short with me. Greenberg was our vice-president and Short our general manager. Both were seasoned baseball men who knew the business from the ground up.

Mr. Frick called the joint meeting to order. He introduced me as the new owner of the White Sox, welcoming me with a very nice little speech which I appreciated. When that was over, he turned to the business of the meeting.

Holding a typewritten sheet in front of him, he began going over the points at issue, one at a time. He read the first, then looked up.

Joe Cronin, the American League president, rose and said, "The American League votes yes." Then he sat down.

Warren Giles, the National League president, rose and said, "The National League votes yes." Then *he* sat down.

"Passed," said the commissioner.

Then he read the next point and looked at Cronin. Again Cronin rose and said, "The American League votes yes," and again he sat down. And again Giles rose and said, "The National League votes yes," and again *he* sat down.

And again the commissioner said, "Passed," then moved along to the next point.

This went on until Frick had covered all the points on the agenda. Cronin and Giles didn't say "Yes" to everything, but when they said "No" they said it together. Not once did they disagree. And nobody else except the commissioner uttered a word.

The meeting lasted exactly seven minutes. Frick announced this fact with great pride. I was amazed. We weren't sheep. We were pre-

Braves' officials John McHale and Bill Bartholomay flank N.L. boss Giles, who okayed the shift to Atlanta—in '66.

Dan Topping and Del Webb sold Yankees to CBS chairman William Paley (center)—and all hell broke loose.

A.L. chief Cronin pushed Yankee sale; Commissioner Frick didn't stop Braves' fiasco, etc., etc.

"We were stupid last year, piling one mistake on top of another"—ALLYN

sumably successful men with substantial financial interests. We kept a close watch on our affairs, which we ran with prudence and judgment. We made decisions only after careful discussion and exchanges of ideas with associates and subordinates.

Yet after traveling to Miami at our own expense from all parts of the United States, we sat still through a seven-minute rubber-stamping farce. As I walked out of that meeting, I remember thinking that if we permitted our business affairs to be run the way this meeting had been run, none of us could have afforded to own big league ball clubs for very long.

All of my previous experience had been in business. In the early '40's I ran the biological laboratory for the California Packing Company in San Francisco, about as far removed from major league baseball as you can get. Later I had my own food company in California. In 1949 I moved to Chicago to become a member of my father's brokerage firm.

Although his name rarely appeared in print, my father was involved in baseball for years. One of the more or less anonymous backers of Bill Veeck, he was a partner of Veeck's in Cleveland, and later in St. Louis when Veeck took over the Browns. This venture was a failure because St. Louis couldn't support more than one team, and the National League Cardinals were solidly entrenched there.

When it became obvious that the Browns had to leave St. Louis, Veeck tried to move them to Milwaukee, but the Braves controlled that territory and moved their own team in from Boston. Veeck finally sold his club to Baltimore interests in 1953. My father arranged the deal.

A few years later Veeck got an option to buy Dorothy Rigney's 54 percent interest in the White Sox. Veeck came to see my father about arranging the deal, but Dad was then on his way to Australia. In his absence, I got a group together to back Veeck and completed the deal that gave Bill control of the ball club.

Until I later bought Veeck out, that was the only connection I had ever had with baseball. My ownership of the White Sox introduced me to a world I had never known existed. That rubber-stamping meeting in Miami was only one of its facets.

Not long after I bought the White Sox I learned that the men who really controlled baseball were the members of the game's executive committee, consisting of the commissioner, the two league presidents and one owner from each league. The league representatives could wield enormous power if they cared to [*Continued on page* 14]

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[*Continued from page* 12]
assume it. For years these representatives had been Dan Topping, co-owner and president of the Yankees, and Walter O'Malley of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

O'Malley s membership on this council was none of my business, since he's in the other league. But Topping's perennial membership was very much my business. As the American League member, he represented me, and I wanted to know what he was doing and why he was doing it. Any decision that he made should, I felt, be thrashed out in open discussion instead of automatically approved. Furthermore, I wasn't happy about his continual presence on such an important committee. It was—and still is—my contention that the job should be rotated from time to time.

Topping and Del Webb, his baseball partner until they sold the Yankees to CBS last year, are both fine gentlemen with whom I have no fundamental quarrel. However, when they owned the Yankees they ran the American League. As proprietors of the biggest and most successful organization in baseball they were entitled to a loud voice in the league's affairs, but not the *only* voice. Neither are their successors.

Fortunately, the league representative on baseball's executive committee is no longer the president of the Yankees—thanks in part, I hope, to my efforts and those of Charley Finley. At the moment the post is held by John E. Fetzer of the Detroit Tigers. In years to come I would expect that other owners will represent the league in this capacity. With membership rotating, it will be some years before the Yankees are on the executive committee again. Furthermore, no one owner will be in office long enough to gain the type of control the old Yankee owners assumed.

The swan song of Yankee domination was the clandestine sale of the ball club to CBS and the fumble-fingered attempt to get the sale approved without a proper meeting. This blatant disregard for league procedure jolted the owners out of their lethargy. Rather than accept the deal without question, they finally examined it in depth. To my knowledge, that was the first time anything the Yankees did was given such careful scrutiny.

That certainly wasn't the way the Yankee owners originally wanted it. They tried to put the CBS sale through in direct violation of the American League constitution. After due notice, a meeting should have been called to discuss and vote on the proposed sale. An affirmative vote on the part of eight of the 10 clubs was needed to legalize it.

But such a meeting wasn't held. Instead, Joe Cronin, the league president, telephoned the owners individually. Evidently he knew he wouldn't get much help from Finley, so he put Charley last on the list. And realizing he might have trouble with me, because I had not automatically okayed everything either, he put me next to the last.

One day last August around noon, he phoned out of the blue and asked my approval of the sale.

"It's perfectly good," he said. "There's nothing wrong with it. Everything is just as it should be."

This was the first I had heard anything about the deal, so Cronin's call caught me completely by surprise.

"I can't say yes offhand to something as important as this," I said. "Let me think about it and wire you later."

I didn't have to think very long. I wired Cronin that we—the White Sox—disapproved, on the grounds that his phone call did not constitute a proper method of informing the members. I pointed out that a meeting should be held and due notice given of such a meeting.

Cronin never did reach Finley that day. He sent Charley a message via the Chicago office of the American League. Will Harridge, the former league president, eventually relayed the contents to Finley. It didn't matter how either Finley or I voted. All eight clubs Cronin talked to had already okayed the deal by the time he called me.

In answer to my telegram of disapproval Cronin wired me that the sale was going through because the league had approved it. I told him this was impossible because no meeting had been called and no notice given. Cronin, who in my opinion had been given bad advice on this point, turned the affair over to counsel, who vehemently objected to my position.

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The newspapers, though, were having a field day and criticism of the deal from many fronts was coming through loud and clear. At my request the meeting was finally held in Boston a few weeks later. When I arrived there, several people suggested that I might line up a couple of clubs to vote against the CBS deal if I did some politicking. I refused because I don't believe in such tactics. All I asked was that the sale be debated openly, and decided on its merits. I wasn't about to line up votes surreptitiously for my side of the argument.

In contrast to the cursory telephone ballot, the meeting was formal and proper. Called to order by Joe Cronin, it lasted more than seven hours. All phases of the sale were openly debated. The parties involved were heard and questioned, and various motions were presented and disposed of in accordance with parliamentary procedure.

After Cronin introduced visiting counsel, Dan Topping talked at length. He explained his reasons for selling the Yankees to CBS, and requested approval by the league. He also said that CBS President Frank Stanton was in the hotel and would be available for questioning.

I then spoke in opposition to the sale, which I felt presented serious complications. When I finished, Dr. Stanton was called in.

He gave a brief talk, and invited questions. I thought that there was a good many points about the effect of the sale on the relation of baseball and television that needed clearing up. Stanton passed off most of them as "iffy," which seemed a favorite expression of his.

After the luncheon recess, I made several motions, all of which were voted down. I asked for opinion of counsel on potential Justice Department action, and saw that idea go down, 7-3. When I made a motion concerning possible conflicts of interest if the sale went through, I was ruled out of order.

Everyone had a chance to be heard before the day was over, and all but Finley and I spoke in favor of the sale. At one point Tom Yawkey of the Boston Red Sox moved to suspend approval until further investigation, and I quickly seconded the motion. A few minutes later Yawkey tried to withdraw it, but as the seconder I insisted it be put to a vote. It was defeated, 8-2, with Yawkey himself voting against it and only Finley and I favoring it.

The sale was finally approved by that same margin, 8-2. The result exactly duplicated the telephone vote. This time I had no squawk about procedure. All the rules were properly adhered to.

But the sale caused other complications. It was exhaustively investigated by a Senate committee in February. It made all the American League owners with CBS stock—including me—part owners of the Yankees. By making CBS a one-tenth member of the league, it put the network in a hell of a fix, for it must now vote on television bids. It will have the choice of voting against itself or being accused of exerting pressure in its own favor. CBS may even have to withdraw from television negotiations, which would deprive the league of its facilities.

Aside from all these considerations, I shudder at the effect CBS ownership of the Yankees will have on the other big networks. With CBS sitting on both sides of the table, bidding for contracts on the one hand and voting on them on the other, what will rival networks do? And how far will they go in offering big money for a product one-tenth owned by a major competitor?

I sold my CBS stock just before this season began. I would suspect all other major league owners with CBS stock did the same. I still think it was a big mistake to let the network take over the Yankees. We haven't heard the last of it.

Nor, with the shift of the Braves from Milwaukee to Atlanta, have we seen the last of the peregrinations of this wandering ball club which went from Boston to Milwaukee in 1953. Mark my words, within five years the present Braves' owners will be trying to get out of Atlanta. They won't be any better off there than they are now in Milwaukee—maybe worse.

Milwaukee has proved its status as a big league city. Nobody knows whether

Atlanta is a big league city or not. When the Braves did well, Milwaukee fans responded with the wildest enthusiasm the game has ever known. The team drew over two million fans a season several times. Most teams have never drawn two million in a single year.

I hear confident talk about a million-dollar-a-year television contract in Atlanta, but that's a gross figure. Out of it the Braves must pay all expenses—talent, time, wire charges, promotion, everything. In Chicago our White Sox have a television contract that nets us a half a million dollars a year. I'll bet that leaves us better off than the Atlanta Braves will be.

The Braves will abandon Milwaukee at the end of this season without ever having made a serious effort to sell their product. In the early years they didn't have to. In recent years they haven't bothered to. The American League wouldn't let Finley leave Kansas City because he hadn't made an effort to sell the city on his Athletics. Don't ask me why the National League lets the syndicate headed by William C. Bartholomay and Thomas A. Reynolds leave Milwaukee without trying to sell the city on their Braves.

I am deeply concerned about this move, partly because it hurts baseball and unquestionably has stirred fan resentment, and partly because I'm indirectly responsible. I bailed Bill Bartholomay and Tom Reynolds and their associates out of their minority interest in the White Sox. If I hadn't, they couldn't have bought the Braves. And if they hadn't done that, they couldn't have moved them to Atlanta.

After I bought out Bill Veeck in '61, I owned the 54 percent of the White Sox that had originally belonged to Dorothy Rigney. The other 46 percent was owned by her brother, Chuck Comiskey. I tried to buy him out, and came very close.

Eventually he did decide to sell, although not to me. During the same winter meeting at Miami where I learned how baseball could zip through a lengthy agenda in seven minutes, Bartholomay and Reynolds told me they had an option on Comiskey's stock.

"Give it to me," I said. "I've been trying to get it ever since I bought this club."

They indicated they would let me have the option, since 46 percent of the ball club obviously wasn't worth anything to them unless they could add enough to acquire control. I assured them I had no intention of selling out.

Somebody else thought otherwise because the next week Reynolds walked into my Chicago office and told me they had changed their minds.

"You mean you're going to buy Chuck's stock?" I said.

"That's right," Reynolds said.

"If you do you'll be stuck with it," I said. "I told you I wouldn't sell out, and I meant it."

Reynolds didn't believe me. He and his partners bought Comiskey's stock with the assurance from somebody—I don't know who—that they could get me to sell my shares of the ball club.

They couldn't, of course. I was in baseball to stay. I made them a standing offer to buy their stock for the same price they had paid Chuck Comiskey—something in excess of four million dollars. I didn't have to do it, but I wanted outright ownership of the White Sox. I had Reynolds and his gang over a barrel. What good was 46 percent to them?

In June of 1962 when they finally realized I meant business, they sold me their stock. They used the money they received to pay off bank loans they had made to buy the stock in the first place. They were lucky to be out of baseball, and I thought surely they'd stay out.

I was astounded when I heard they had bought the Braves from Louis R. Perini. They're now in deeper financial water than they ever were with me and they have no Art Allyn to bail them out this time. So they're going to Atlanta in hopes of doing it themselves.

They'd have a better chance if they stayed in Milwaukee. A solid selling job could save baseball in that town, just as it will in Cleveland. The Indians, whose fan support slipped badly in recent years, considered leaving there. A study of the situation convinced them that a cooperative effort with the city fathers would bring good results.

Once it loses the Braves I doubt if Milwaukee will ever get another big league ball club. It costs so much to start a team from scratch that it would take a Croesus even to consider it. We figure each player who has reached the White Sox represents an investment of half a million dollars, a total of 20 million for a 40-man roster. Who has that kind of money to invest in baseball?

The deplorable Milwaukee dilemma could have been and still can be avoided by firm action on the commissioner's part. A strong commissioner like Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis would have said, "You're staying in Milwaukee," and that would have been the end of it. But Ford Frick has let the National League get away with the ridiculous compromise which permits the Braves to shift to Atlanta after one more season in Milwaukee. That is sheer stupidity.

I feel it still isn't too late to stop the shift, regardless of the agreements that may be in existence. This move to Atlanta won't do baseball a bit of good, and I hope the new commissioner will block it. At last winter's meetings in Phoenix, I told Frick it was his duty to block it, and argued with him over it for hours.

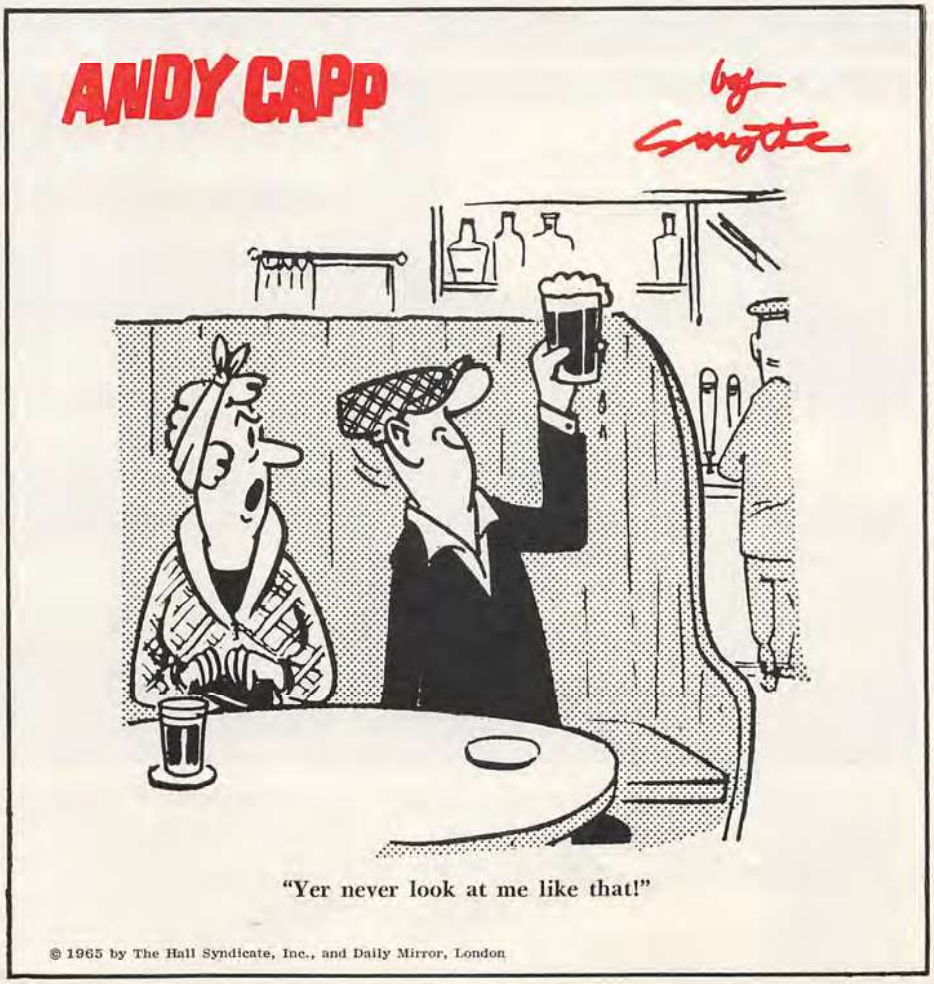
"I can't," he kept saying. "It's the National League's business, not mine."

"Anything that hurts baseball is *your* business," I said. "You must step in and stop this thing."

I might as well have been talking to the wall.

Frick certainly had the authority to step in. He's always had it. When he delivered a militant speech at Phoenix demanding restoration of his powers, the public thought he had finally taken a firm stand after 13 years of obeisance to

[*Continued on page* 20]



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1447. Also: All My Trials, Rocky Road, Very Last Day, etc.

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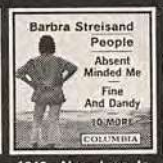
1592. Also: How Little We Know, Witchcraft, Nancy, etc.



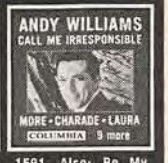
1646. Also: Love Is A Bore, My Lord And Master, Autumn, etc.

1643. Also: Face in A Crowd, My Heart Cries for You, etc.

1672. Also: S'posin', Kisses Sweeter Than Wine, etc.

1698. Also: All The Things You Are, Love Is Here to Stay, etc.

1707. Also: Wives And Lovers, People, Call Me Irresponsible, etc.



1591. Also: Be My Love, Love Letters, Gigi, etc.

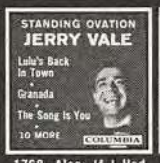
1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic etc.

1769. Also: Pacific Punch, Sweet Hawaii, I'll Remember, etc.

1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

1537. Also: Lost in The Stars, Too Close for Comfort, etc.

1610. Also: Crooked Little Man, Wives And Lovers, etc.



1768. Also: If I Had You, I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, etc.

1706. A sparkling new jazz treatment of this great score

1735. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, Just Say I Love Her, etc.

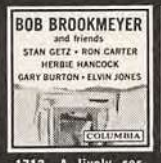
1772. Also: Spanish Harlem, Manha de Carnaval, etc.

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all

1660. Also: I'm A Fool to Want You, Lush Life, etc.

1612. Also: When I Take My Sugar to Tea, A Fine Romance, etc.

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *



1713. A lively session abounding in passion and truth

1614. Also: Forget Him, You Don't Own Him, Sugar Shack, etc.

1714. Also: Autumn Leaves, I Walk A Little Faster, etc.

1699. Also: I Will Follow Him, Blue Velvet, etc.

1662. Also: Jezebel, If I Had A Hammer, What'd I Say?, etc.

1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

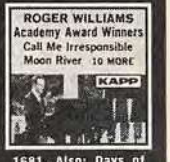
1791. Also: I'm Gonna Change Everything, So Long Baby, etc.

1725. Also: Washington Square, Danny Boy, More, etc.

1659. Nosotros, Noche de Ronda, Historia de un Amor, 12 in all

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1595. Also: Because of You, All The Way, Secret Love, etc.



1681. Also: Days of Wine And Roses, Gigi, Secret Love, etc.

TEEN PARTY

1720. Also: I Want You Still, Any Time You Want Love, etc.

1779. Also: Walk on The Wet Side, She's My Summer Girl, etc.

1667. Also: Without You, It's Gonna Work Out Fine, 12 in all

1727. Also: Hey Now, You've Come Back, I Died Inside, etc.

1519. Also: Twist And Shout, Walkin' The Dog, etc.

1649. Also: Funny Face, The Touch of You, Marcie, etc.

1895. Also: I'll Get By, You Were Meant For Me, etc.

1677. Also: Ridin' Trails, Mean Streak, Rip's Bike, etc.

1609. Also: Gotta Right to Cry, It's All Right, etc.

1413. Drag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gone, 8 more

1789. Also: Long Tall Texan, Night Train, Fever, etc.

1891. Also: To Wait for Love, This Is It, Tomorrow, etc.

1788. Also: One of These Days, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1787. Also: Come See About Me, Your Kiss of Fire, etc.

1890. Also: Shy One, C. C. Rider, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

1703. Also: Bits And Pieces, A Hard Day's Night, My Guy, etc.

1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1764. Also: Runnin' Wild, The Cruel Sea, Fugitive, etc.

1722. Also: Too Much Monkey Business, So Mystifying, etc.

1793. Also: Stranger on The Shore, Night Train, Rap City, etc.

1635. Also: Tell Me Why, Blue Velvet, Mr. Lonely, etc.

1782. Also: Summer Means Fun, Sidewalk Surfin', etc.

selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

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NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. ***Records marked with a star(*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo**

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
Terre Haute, Indiana

[*Continued from page* 15]
the will of the Yankees and the Dodgers.

His "firm stand" consisted of a request to restore a phrase in his contract that had been eliminated at the death of Judge Landis—baseball's first commissioner—to the effect that the owners waive rights to sue the commissioner. The contract also gave him the authority to stop anything he considered "detrimental" to baseball. Frick wanted this changed to "not in the best interests of baseball." Both demands were meaningless in terms of the commissioner's powers. The Constitution grants any American the right to sue, and I doubt if this can be superseded by a baseball agreement. And if you can dope out the difference between "detrimental" and "not in the best interests," you're a better man than I am.

The owners granted Frick his ridiculous requests. Now, with what he considers reinforced powers, he still hasn't taken any action about anything.

He could have prevented everything that put baseball in a bad light during his term of office, including all the unfortunate events of 1964. He could have abrogated the sale of the Yankees to CBS simply by refusing to let it take place. He could have stopped the Braves from moving to Atlanta. And he could have dumped Charley Finley off the merry-go-round Finley rode in trying to get his Athletics out of Kansas City.

I like Charley Finley. He's a refreshing guy, a fine business executive and a man with the courage of his own convictions. I admire his stand on many issues and have stood shoulder to shoulder with him several times. But I didn't admire the way he acted in the spring of 1964.

He wanted to move his ball club out of a city potentially as good as Milwaukee. The Kansas City fans are among the hottest in the country. For 11 years they have supported a poor team almost as well as many cities support good ones. They flock in from all directions. The Athletics have not only two sizable cities to draw from, but vast hinterlands as well. The nearest other big league town, St. Louis, is 235 miles to the east.

Instead of taking advantage of this lush baseball territory, Finley spent most of the first three years he had the club antagonizing the people he needed most. He fought with city officials over the lease on the municipal ball park. He ignored affairs run by civic groups. He had a feud with the press which got so hot that at one point the *Star* wouldn't cover his games. Instead of trying to draw fans, he discouraged attendance in an abortive attempt to prove Kansas City wasn't a big league town. Up to 1964 all his efforts were directed toward getting his team out of there.

His frantic actions reached a ludicrous climax early last year. When he wasn't phoning for a potential new location he was flying to one. He signed a contract with Louisville while playing footsie with people in Dallas, Oakland, Seattle and heaven only knows where else.

He was giving the game a black eye and something had to be done quickly to stop him. Joe Cronin called a meeting in Boston at which the owners said, in effect: "Mr. Finley, you can't do this to baseball. You've got to stop all this jumping around, and try to make a go of it in Kansas City. If you make a sincere effort and fail, we can think then about the chances of your making an orderly move. But you've never even made the effort."

Charley got the point. He simmered down, and began really trying to put the Athletics across in Kansas City. For the first time, he cooperated with the city, its service clubs and its press. He appeared at local functions and took an interest in civic affairs. He set up a sound advance ticket sales system. His efforts paid off. With a last-place club the Athletics drew nearly 650,000 fans last year. They could get up to three-quarters of a million with a little improvement.

Some baseball people wait for the fans to come to them and then cry about lousy attendance. The Yankees were guilty of that, and now they're paying for it. With the top product in baseball they're getting murdered at the gate by the Mets, who have had the worst. On the ball field last year the Yankees did everything right and the Mets everything wrong. Off the field, it was the other way around.

COMING . . .

An exclusive
follow-up report

**THE SILENT SPRING—
THREE YEARS LATER**

by Secretary of Interior
Stewart Udall

The provocative aftermath
of a book that shocked the nation

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The Yankees' public image suffered a terrible blow when CBS bought the team. In a way, the Yogi Berra fiasco hurt almost as much. Some people couldn't grasp the CBS deal. Everybody understood what happened to Yogi.

Berra might have made somebody a fine manager last year, but not the Yankees. No player should be promoted directly from the ranks to the top spot on the team he played with. If he remains with that team, there should be an interim period when he serves as a coach or minor league manager. Berra was asked to make a transition that few baseball men in history have been able to swing. His chances of success were slim and both the Yankees and Berra must have known it. What finally happened was exactly what would probably have happened to anyone else in the same situation. But because he was Yogi, Berra attracted more sympathy than most. By hiring him one year and firing him the next, after he won a pennant, the hated Yankees made themselves hated more.

All of which is water under the bridge. Baseball must now look ahead, not back.

We need a realignment of the umpires. Instead of National and American League umpires, there should be major league umpires interchangeable between the two circuits. When I suggested this last year, I was accused of wanting to eliminate the league presidents, since they function principally to assign umpires. This is putting the cart before the horse. First we should get all the umpires under one roof. Then we can worry about the presidents.

Our executive offices should be under one roof, too. A commissioner in New York, league presidents in Boston and Cincinnati and an additional American League office in Chicago is ridiculous.

So is our attitude about Congress. For years we have been scared to death of what it might do. I don't know what we have to be afraid of. Granted, baseball has special problems, every Congressman I've ever met wants to understand them and is sympathetic to them. Yet some baseball men go into a sweat whenever a Congressional committee asks for information. We have nothing to hide, but some of us act as if we do.

We must change our attitude toward television. It's not a bogeyman that seeks to take us over. On the contrary, it's the best way to sell the game, for it gives the fan only enough to make him want more. Television can offer the highlights of a game, but not the wonderful feeling of being there.

I don't ever want to see baseball go through another year like 1964. We were stupid last year, piling one mistake on top of another. We had a suicide complex, and only the great attraction of our game kept us from digging our own graves.

But we're changing for the better. The mistakes helped bring us to our senses. Up to last year, the owners' war cry was: "What does this do for me?" Now it's: "What does this do for the fans?" There is an aura of cooperation, a willingness to work together for the benefit of the fans that wasn't in evidence before.

And consider what happened during the last joint meeting of the leagues at Phoenix in December. Ford Frick, who mercifully retires as commissioner this year, read a flowery statement expounding his own hopelessly impractical ideas of major league expansion. He then announced he intended to make this statement public.

I objected. I said Frick was dead wrong, that expansion in the foreseeable future was impossible and that the owners couldn't possibly go along with him. I suppose some of the others thought, "Well, there goes Allyn again, opening his big mouth to spoil poor old Ford's fanciful swan song."

But not Gabe Paul, the highly respected president of the Cleveland Indians. He stood up, looked at Frick and snapped, "That's the biggest damn bunch of garbage I ever heard, and if you say it in public, your name will be mud!"

I thought of that cut-and-dried 1961 meeting in Miami when nobody spoke but Frick and the two league presidents, and a great glow of warmth and satisfaction swept over me. If 1964 did nothing else, it opened the way for baseball men to say what they think instead of keeping it to themselves. That alone turned a calamitous year into a memorable one.

—Arthur C. Allyn & Al Hirshberg

There's more to the new Buick Skylark Gran Sport than meets the right foot.

Some people might think a whacking-big 400-cu. in., 325-hp Wildcat V-8 alone is worth the price of admission to a Skylark Gran Sport. Not us Buick people. We had to go and lock that engine to a heavy-duty suspension, a floor-shift 3-speed that's synchronized in all forward gears, and the kind of steering and handling that'll make you want to leave home at the first hint of an open road. Tell you what. Go visit your Buick dealer and ask for a test drive. And then see if the whole car doesn't match that accelerator pedal.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buick Motor Division

Budweiser
Budweiser

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See for yourself. Open a bottle of Bud and let it go tumbling into a glass. The natural carbonation will kick up a clean, white head of foam. And notice the lively bubbles as they keep streaming up to the top. They let that famous King-of-Beers aroma get through to you.

Now hold your glass up to the light. See how clear and brilliant it is? Our exclusive Beechwood Ageing has a lot to do with *that.* We go to a lot of trouble to brew a beer that performs like this. So you can't really blame us for wanting you to get it at its best, can you?

Just for fun, pour your next four or five bottles of Bud into a glass. If you don't agree that the extra taste, clarity and aroma make a big difference, go back to the bottle.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

GAMBLER'S DISTEMPERS

Slot machines are nasty, unhealthful contraptions. They can give you "slot machine arm," a kind of bursitis caused by yanking on levers. This ailment of innocent hobbyists was discussed at a National Medicolegal Symposium held—where else?—at Las Vegas. Some casino owners of the do-gooder, bleeding heart sort installed armless slot machines run by electricity. They were flops. Gamblers love to pull unhealthful levers and take their chances on getting a sore arm. Some customers of slot machines develop sloppy ankles, caused by standing so long that body fluids sink toward their feet. A skin ailment called "blackjack dermatitis" can smite gamblers who are sensitive to salts used in dyeing the green felt of playing tables. Nobody at the symposium mentioned the most common disease of gamblers. It's called disbursitis, and is felt as a deep ache in every bone and muscle when paying off losses.

SEX AND THE SCHOLAR

We had no proof that a college education is as broadening as it is until we heard from experts who have been taking censuses of campus carnality. These experts, women deans who are confidants of kiss-and-tell coeds, held a panel discussion on student sex activities at a convention of the National Association of Women Deans and Counselors held in Minneapolis. It seems that coeducational collaboration on homework in readin', writin' and rhythmatic is so extensive that the academic vestal has become extinct.

"The great majority of coeds graduated from large universities today are not virgins," said panelist Shirley Corrigan. Furthermore those who *are* virgins "may very well be neurotic people." Miss Corrigan, of the University of Minnesota Health Service, is a mental hygienist who presumably can sniff out a neurosis quicker than a nonhygienist. Treatment of neuroses gives a lot of business to mental hygienists, but it seems that the neurotic virgin often resorts to self-treatment and either is cured in a jiffy or gets a different neurosis. Another panelist, Barbara P. Van Cleve, Dean of Women at De Paul University remarked that "students are honestly trying to find themselves, to personalize themselves through their sexual relationships." Sounds like an interesting substitute for wearing a monogram shirt. If you think that sex has always been pretty personal, you are plain ignorant of the jargon of sociologists who like to foul up the language by calling concupiscence a "search for identity."

An informed guess about the prevalence of non-virginal coeds comes from Mervin B. Freedman, assistant dean of undergraduate education at Stanford University. He calculates that "non-virginity among college women probably doubled or trebled in the years following World War II." Nevertheless, "most college girls behave conventionally, even though they may not adhere to any specific moral code." He probably means that they don't do strip teases in the classrooms.

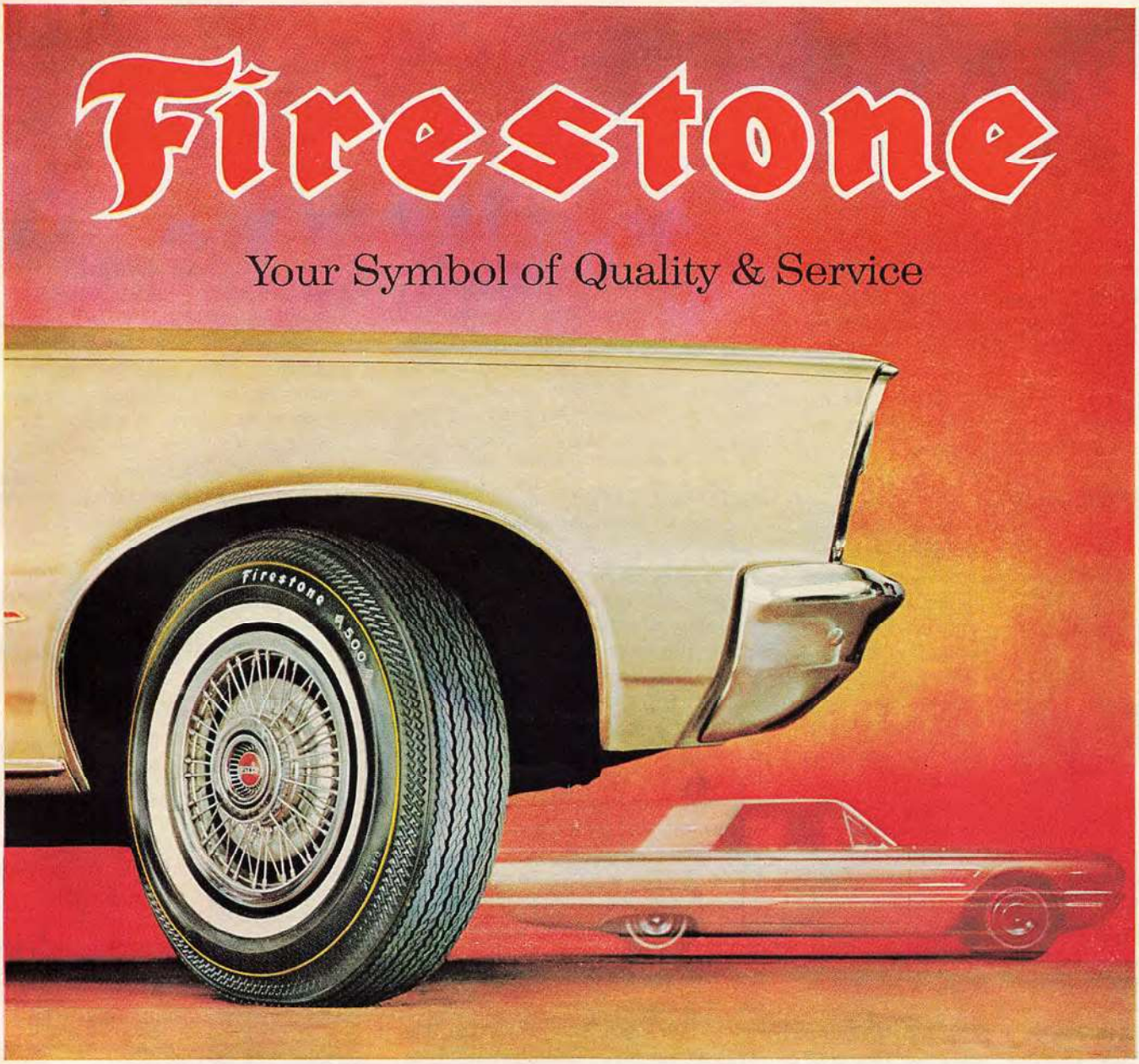
The illusion that instruction can put sexuality in its place bemuses educators who crave to be substitute parents indoctrinating the young. Dr. John H. Cooper of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation (sic!) says, "It is among the elementary school age group where attempts should be started—today—to teach youngsters fairly and frankly about sex." Nothing can make sex so unattractive as a pedagog. You might as well take an indoor study course on spring. How sad the fate of boy or girl who can barely keep up with "frank and fair" sex lessons or is stigmatized for life as a dropout from Erotology Seminar I for advance students. Faith in talk as a cure for social problems is endemic among professionals who dispense talk as a cure for social problems. Barbara—we mean Dean Van Cleve—told the panel of deans and counselors that college students generally "are more straightforward and honest than most adults when it comes to talking about meaningful answers to sex problems." We suspect that 99 percent of the talk is simple ventilation. The only "meaningful answers" we can think of are yes or no.

MORBID ORBITS

Four years ago we published an article in TRUE—*Russian Murders in Outer Space* (June, 1961) which stated that more than one Russian astronaut had been killed in unsuccessful launchings or space failures. Various readers regarded the TRUE story as sheer fiction, and told us so. At the risk of being included among the "we-told-*you*-so" cult, we refer them to a recent issue of *Reader's Digest*, which reports on some startling evidence collected by an Italian team of amateur space watchers. These amateurs have modest but effective equipment for tracking man-carrying satellites and making tape recordings of voices and signals therefrom. They estimate that as many as 10 Russian astronauts have died. The watchers recorded a cryptic message from a moving space vehicle on Nov. 28, 1960: *"SOS to the entire world . . ."* repeated three times. The same message was picked up by amateurs in Texas and Germany. Three days later the Russians admitted a satellite-launching that ended in failure but made no mention of an astronaut aboard.

On May 17, 1961, the Italian team recorded the desperate voices of two men and a woman: *"Conditions growing worse . . . why don't you answer? . . . we are going slower . . . the world will never know about us . . ."* The same words were picked up in Alaska and Sweden. Another message from space in February, 1961, was wordless but

(Continued on page 26)



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The name that's known is Firestone - all over the world

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 24)

poignant—a tape recording of racing heart beats and sounds of labored breathing. A famed Italian heart surgeon, Dr. A. M. Dogliotti, heard the tapes and gave a verdict: "This is the heart of a dying man."

The first deaths in space have undoubtedly occurred. It's a Russian first the Soviets don't talk about.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Laughed at anything today? If not, you need to stop reading newspapers or to take laughing lessons. George Q. Lewis (shown here) is a man who'll teach you to raise your risibilities. He's head of the National Laugh Foundation, which unfortunately doesn't operate in the House and Senate but is headquartered in Manhattan. Twice a week, anybody who is sick and tired of viewing with alarm, searching for his identity, starting a dialogue, or taking pop art seriously, can drop in at Lewis's Laughing Academy and take a dollar's worth of giggle exercise. First, Lewis limbers up grim facial muscles with three minutes of isometric exercises: grin, smile, grin, smile, grin, smile. "It may seem silly, but so are laughing exercises, and you're getting into the mood," he says. Then comes some do, re, mi chortling to the musical scale, followed by practice in laughs for suitable occasions: the happy laugh, the sad laugh, the chuckle, the animal laugh, the snicker, the guffaw, and what Lewis calls the motor boat laugh and the political laugh. Politicians shouldn't laugh —Adlai Stevenson's sense of humor cost him some votes when he campaigned for the Presidency—but chuckles from the audience when a ward heeler is introduced as "The Honorable so-an-so, this noble son of our great state, than whom there is no than whomer," can be most salutary and the country is the poorer for the scarcity of Lewis graduates.

Some of his students can emit about a hundred different laughs. His most famous graduate, "Mr. Giggles," appeared on television and recorded a giggle album, laughing to accompaniment of a piano. Laughing to music is a high spot of the course.

The Laughing Academy is an offshoot of the Gagwriters-Comedy Workshop that Lewis has been running since 1945. The guffaw is contagious and comedians like Red Skelton, Sam Levenson and Phyllis Diller use laughter as a gimmick in their acts. Lewis hopes to bring courses in laughing to people all over the world. Give him his head and he'll put psychoanalysts out of business.

AUTO NAVIGATOR

We've all heard about the fellow who missed a turnoff on a superhighway and had to drive 20 miles before he came to another exit. It can never happen if a black box now being tested in England comes into mass production. The box is a navigating instrument adapted from Britain's TSR2 bomber. It has a screen on which a map is projected from a spool of 35 mm. film. You set a ring sight at your starting position. Thereafter, the sight tracks the car's progress and shows just where you are on the map. On a black night you can see from the map that a sharp turn across a bridge is half a mile ahead. Tracking is done by twin compasses linked to a mileage recorder. These feed information into a miniature computer. When one map sheet is traversed, the next is wound into place from a film roll that holds as much as 60,000 square miles of mapped area. With the black box you could drive from Paris to Yugoslavia and never make a wrong turn. The catch is that the instrument costs $5,600. But officials of Ferranti of Scotland, the electronics company that makes the device, think that mass production may cut costs so that in a decade or so a navigating screen may be a standard part of a car's instrument panel.

A FLAG TO CALL YOUR OWN

Pity the disadvantaged family that hasn't a flag to call its own! We don't mean Old Glory, but a private banner unique to the family, suitable for flying at clambakes, weddings, tournaments and handball games. We grew up in a poor family that never had a spare buck for a mail-order coat of arms, let alone a private flag, and to tell the truth we never missed these modest flaunts of aristocracy until we read that Bobby Kennedy climbed the top half of a 14,000-foot mountain and planted the family flag on the peak. The mountain in Yukon Territory was named Mt. Kennedy, after the late President, and the family flag was, and is, an ensign with three gold helmets on a black background with red and white borders.

Bobby has served his country well by reviving the custom of using the family flag, and we predict that fingers of home seamstresses all over the country will start flying. There's no law against a family flag. It's a civil right. Anybody can have one. Design of a family flag takes a little thought, but not enough to depress a vaulting intellect. Hints can be got from books on heraldry—instead of a bar sinister, a beermug couchant; anything goes that symbolizes the family, from mother's pep pills to papa's Martini. Invent a banner with a strange device and leave it to posterity. Couldn't happen anywhere but in a great democracy.

DRESSED TO KILL

It seems to us that men and women with clothes on should be distinguishable and that wives who aim to wear the pants shouldn't scream when they find them already occupied. We must now brace ourselves against "creeping feminization" of men's clothes. Cast a sickly eye over the sports outfit the model in the photo is wearing and imagine young men parading in it in a year or so. The model has a cringing hangdog look which suggests that he was caught dead in something he wouldn't be caught dead in. His outfit was one of those displayed at a four-day convention of men's and boy's wear people in Chicago.

We came away with an impression that the industry hopes to lure the sweatshirt and jeans to buy sporty plumage—garmentwise, they have no place to go but up—but expects the well-dressed man to buy the masculine suits he always has. Designers, we discovered, fuss with lapels and flaps and stuff trying to make a man's two-year-old suit look so outdated that he'll get rid of it.

—THE EDITORS

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Of course . . . because they know that "old-fashioned" doesn't mean out of fashion. Good taste never goes out of style. Like the great taste of Old Taylor 86. Smooth, rich, mellow. The kind that comes with unhurried care and coddling—78 years' worth. Now there's a tradition of taste that really talks to today's moderns. How about you? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

Great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

You get pleasing aroma–and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco–famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. You'll enjoy a cargo of full flavor and aroma.

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THE REVENGE OF RED SLEEVES

For years this cruel and cunning Indian giant defied the brains and bullets of the armies of two nations. He was Red Sleeves—Mangas Coloradas—the greatest war leader the Apaches ever produced

BY ANTHONY STERLING

■ In the summer of 1837, when what is now New Mexico was part of old Mexico, a band of Apache braves rode slowly across the sun-broiled wastes of its southwest corner. They were exhausted men on exhausted ponies, and the dust of the desert had given them a ghostly appearance by turning hair and skin, clothing and horses alike the same sickly gray. Most of the riders were typical of their tribe squat, bow-legged little men with long tresses tied back by ribbons and the tails of cloth shirts flapping free above bleached leggings and knee-high moccasins. But at their head rode an impossibly huge replica of the rest, a warrior big enough to be called a freak, a barrel-chested giant who stood 6′ 6″ among a race that rarely ran taller than 5′ 8″. He was called Red Sleeves.

Reaching the present-day site of Santa Rita, which was then the Mexican copper-mining community of Santa Rita del Cobre, the gigantic Indian led the way down a narrow street toward the central plaza. But no faces appeared at the windows of the adobe walls. He reached the deserted square and walked his mount on past the deserted shops that fronted upon it, searching the scene with eyes that seemed as small and deep-set as a grizzly's in his massive skull. But there was no movement, save that of his own men behind him. No sign remained here of a bloody massacre; no scalp lay forgotten in the dust.

The braves filed on past the turrets of the triangular fort known as a presidio, and then the huge warrior led the way out along another twisted street. As strange and silent as spirits making a brief visit and then vanishing, Red Sleeves and his Apaches were gone.

They weren't really ghosts, of course, but the village they'd visited was a ghost town and would remain one for a good many years to come. An entire community of nearly a hundred Mexican homes and fam-

ilies had been destroyed after staging what was probably the weirdest, most nightmarish fiesta the Southwest ever saw.

On the surface, there had been nothing unusual about the preparations made for that fatal feast. Old women had roasted huge cuts of beef and delicacies of corn meal brought many long miles by packtrain. Young ones had decorated walls and porches and themselves. The Mexican men attended to such tasks as the tuning of guitars. None of this differed greatly from any other holiday Santa Rita del Cobre had known.

Nor was it strange for the commander of the presidio garrison to send out runners to every nearby encampment of Mimbres Apache Indians, inviting them to attend the occasion and proclaiming it a fiesta of friendship to be held in their honor. There were distant Apache tribes that still carried on the age-old war against the Spanish-speaking invaders of their realm, still reminded the Mexicans that the very name Apache meant enemy. But the neighboring Mimbres, under the leadership of an elderly mission-school-educated chief, had been at peace for a full 15 years.

When evening came to cool the scorched land, the Indians began riding down from the mountains and strolling through the streets. There were flocks of children, as excited as their Mexican counterparts. There were chattering squaws, and there were warriors as well, if the men of a tribe that had done no fighting for a decade and a half could be called that.

Perhaps 600 Indians accepted the hospitality of Santa Rita del Cobre that day. And not one of them had any way of knowing that the far-off government of Chihuahua had just placed a bounty on Apache scalps—$100 for braves, $50 for squaws and $25 for children. Indeed, the Mexican soldiers had enlisted the help of a group of hard-bitten trappers, and offered most of the miners a share in the profits of an incredibly cold-blooded scheme—a plan for marketing Apache hair the same way beaver pelts were marketed, by the bale.

While Mexican girls danced gaily, whispered orders were given. Armed men slipped through the darkness to vantage points on all sides of the plaza, and others silently erected barricades on every street. As the big-bellied alcalde, a sort of combination mayor and municipal judge, began a warm speech of wel-

When the Mexicans cold-bloodedly massacred his people, Red Sleeves retaliated—and sowed the brutal seeds of vengeance that blossomed in blood well into the 20th century

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

When they were done with their whips, the Americans would have been wiser to kill him. For now Red Sleeves truly became the scourge of the Southwest

come, a huge cannon was quietly uncovered in a dim alleyway; it was triple-charged with powder and crammed to its wide muzzle with everything from slugs and musket balls to nails and pieces of broken glass.

With one flowery phrase building upon another in praise of the peaceful Mimbres, the alcalde reached the climax of his address and gestured toward the feast that waited in the plaza. The Mexican women herded their youngsters off so the guests could eat undisturbed. The Apache squaws and children trooped to the tables of food while the Indian men jammed the lighted square.

Then came a great flash of fire and a thundering that seemed to shake the entire town. Like a flock of feeding mallards being blasted by a punt gun, dozens of braves dropped instantly. When those who'd escaped the rain of missiles rose in stunned surprise, muskets opened up on them from behind walls and windows. Shrieking squaws rushed insanely about and their children tried to hide, while soldiers rushed in from all sides and sabers flashed everywhere in the torchlight.

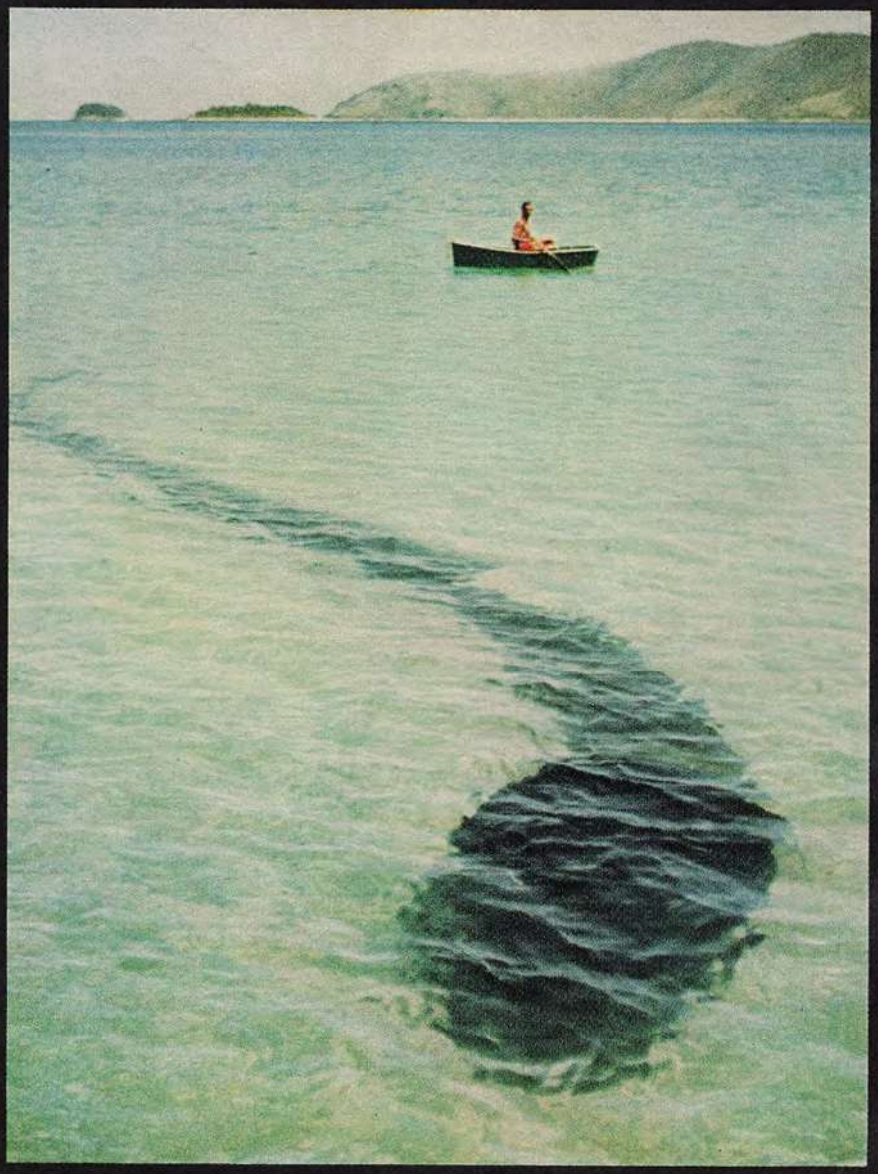
The Apaches who broke free of the plaza ran into armed Mexicans waiting for them on every blockaded street. Those who got across the barricades to the outskirts of town found their horses gone and mounted men with steel-tipped lances ready to ride them down in the darkness. Only the sheer weight of numbers enabled any Apaches to survive. The men who'd conceived the plan had invited more victims than could possibly be slaughtered at once.

In the morning, the Indian dead, including the elderly chief, were dumped in a shallow grave outside the village. Packed and tied like furs, some 400 scalps, worth at least $25,000, were readied for the long trip southward with the next caravan. There were those Santa Ritans who were shocked at the treachery or repented their own part in it, of course. There were children with puzzled questions to be hushed by mothers or angrily shouted down by fathers. But with so many well-armed soldiers at the presidio and so few surviving Mimbres braves, there seemed to be little reason for fearing retaliation.

There would have been little reason, except for the gigantic warrior who was to prove himself exceptional in far more ways than his size. This brave had not been born to chieftainship, yet he was destined to make himself the greatest chief not only the Mimbres but all the Apaches ever knew. Mangas Coloradas, he was called in bad Spanish—Red Sleeves.

He was no longer a young man when he learned of the massacre; he was probably somewhere in his mid-forties, with a grown son and several daughters who survived the slaughter—and a Mexican wife who had not. As though 15 years of peace had been only a breathing spell for him, [*Continued on page* 88]

Australia's Strange New Sea Monster



The animal was photographed while it was lying quietly on the white sand bottom in eight feet of clear water. In the dinghy nearby is Henk De Jong, a close friend of the photographer.

BY IVAN T. SANDERSON
EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LE SERREC

■ When the editors of TRUE called me recently and asked me to look at some pictures of a new "sea serpent" I was interested but not excited. After all, I had spent a goodly part of the last 30 years chasing down monsters, reading reports, examining drawings, talking to witnesses. All too often, the search had been disappointing and the "monster" turned out to be a shark or a giant squid or a school of porpoises.

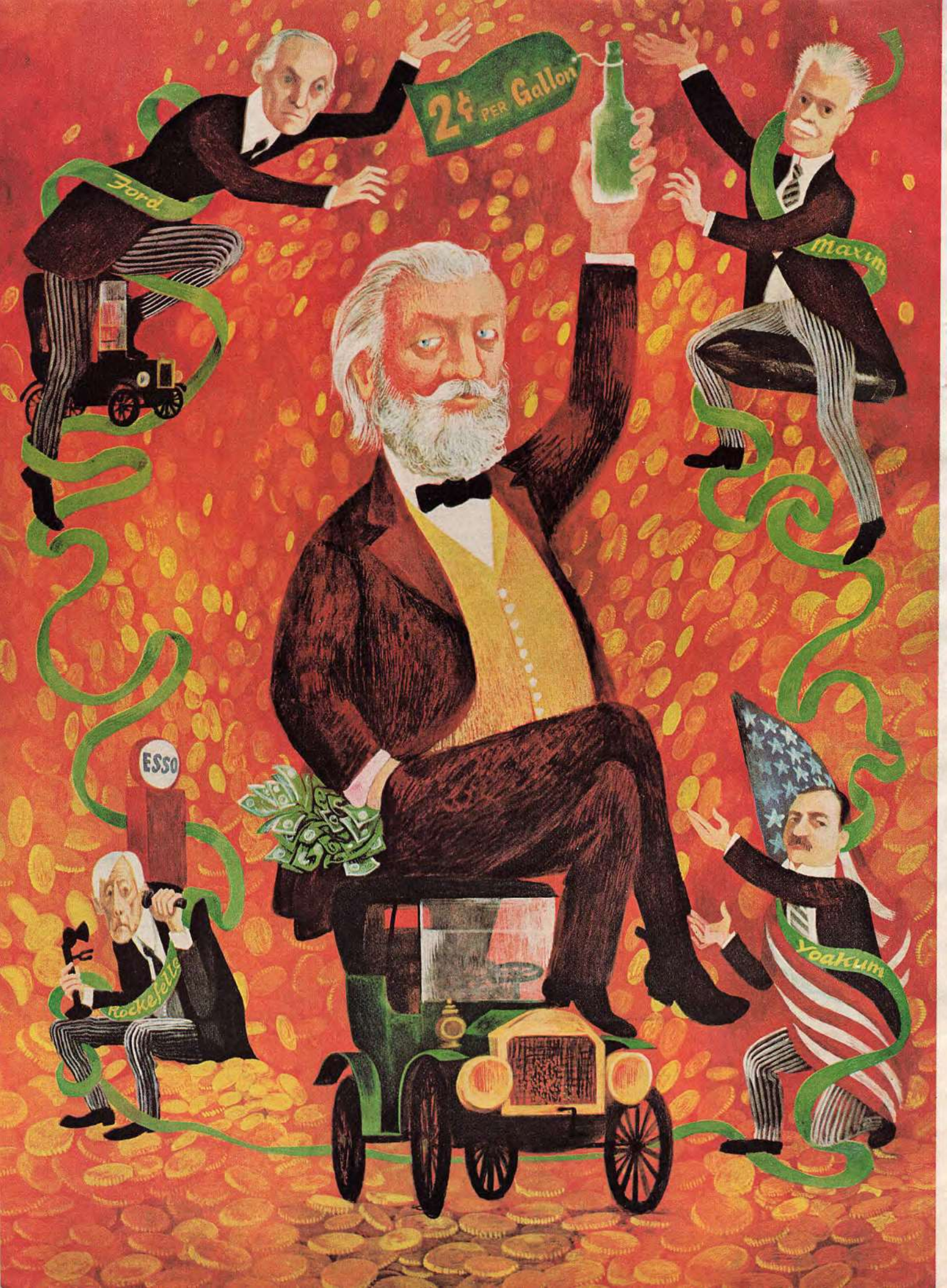
Still, I continued to have a strong feeling that strange and unknown creatures live in the depths of the oceans. There is every reason why they should. And, in December, 1952, this feeling of mine was given

A few years ago an African fisherman caught a coelacanth, a fish which biologists thought had been extinct for 75 million years. Now, a noted zoologist examines some photos of another strange sea creature, discovered near Great Barrier Reef, that is startling the scientific world

The 80-foot "thing" had a highly-domed head about four feet long. It had small pale green eyes but no nostrils or gills were observed. When it opened its mouth, no teeth were seen.

considerable support by an African fisherman. In that month he pulled a fish out of the Indian Ocean that was subsequently identified as a coelacanth, an odd-looking five-foot fish that was thought to have become extinct about 75 million years ago.

The coelacanth had been known to science previously from fossils. But new animals completely unknown to science are also discovered from time to time. The third largest land mammal, for example, the Northern Wide-Lipped Rhinoceros, was discovered only in 1910. There are many sparsely inhabited, forested [*Continued on page* 72]


2¢ PER Gallon
Ford
Maxim
ESSO
Rockefeller
Yoakum

THE MIRACLE MOTOR FUEL AND THE $500,000 FLEECE

or

How To Get Rich By Inventing Nothing

When Louis Enricht announced an incredibly cheap substitute for gasoline, Ford, Rockefeller, Maxim and Yoakum perked their ears—and the result was a very expensive ride

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD PERLIN

■ The blustery big man with the penetrating eyes, the lightning mind and the crackling tongue stood on the front lawn of his trim little cottage that spring morning measuring some 20 reporters. "Gentlemen," said Louis Enricht, his voice ringing with confidence, "I have asked you to come here to witness a discovery of mine which should be of great value to the entire civilized world."

A strikingly handsome six-footer with flowing gray mane and mustache and beard to match, Enricht stopped long enough for his words to sink in. Then, stroking the beard, he added, "I have discovered a substitute for gasoline that will sell for a penny a gallon."

This was news that should have shook that entire civilized world. Unfortunately, for several years now first one and then another genius had emerged from a homegrown laboratory to claim the discovery of a substitute for gasoline—only to windup in a nut factory. The more experienced of the reporters, therefore, just grunted. Still, this second decade of the 20th century was an era when miraculous inventions were being born on each other's heels—and when sharp operators had their wits honed for quick fortunes. Henry Ford, for example, was known to have an ear constantly cocked for rumors of workable gasoline substitutes. Ford, checkbook ready, usually ran neck and neck with spies for John D. Rockefeller, who, protecting his Standard Oil interests, was ever on the alert for a possibly competitive substitute to be bought and buried.

More important, that April day in 1916 when Louie summoned the press to his home in Farmingdale, Long Island, N. Y., was the fact that gasoline was in critically short supply on the battlefields of Europe, where England and Germany were fighting World War I. Military experts were agreed that a gasoline substitute could tip the scales of victory in favor of the side that came up with it. Consequently, most of the reporters on Louie's front lawn figured the least they could do was give the man a hearing.

With his adoring wife Anna clinging to his side, Louie led the newspapermen around the back to a small automobile, a four-cylinder job from Europe with a thimble-sized gas tank under the hood directly behind the engine. "Before I demonstrate my invention," he said, his speech coated with the German of his nativity, "I am going to ask that every one of you carefully examine this car. I want you to make sure not only that the gasoline tank, which holds three gallons, is bone dry, but that the automobile has no other secret gas tank."

The visitors, suspicious if none too bright mechanically, practically took the car apart and put it together again with probing fingers and prying eyes. Then Louie, not laying so much as a finger on a damned thing during the demonstration, pointed to an empty two-gallon bucket. After asking that somebody fill it with water from a nearby garden hose, Louie chuckled and added, "And be sure to sample the water."

With the bucket brimming [*Continued on page* 80]

THE BIG LIABILITY SCANDAL

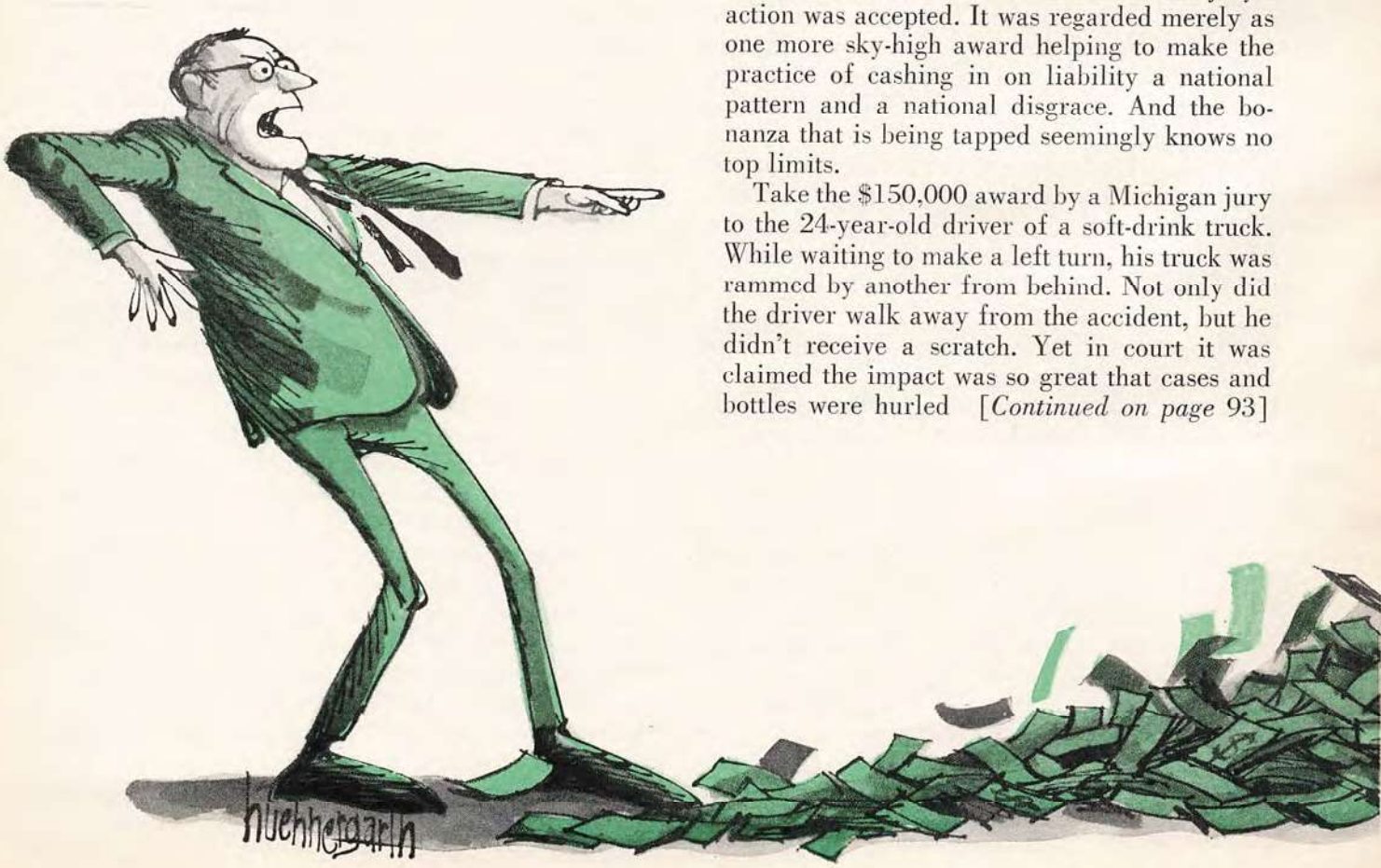
Astronomical awards for ridiculous claims have become the new shame of our courtrooms. Free-spending juries hand out the money as if it was yours. The sad fact is—it is!

BY FRED WARSHOFSKY
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

■ On the morning of July 3, 1961, Thomas Vinson left his home in Milan, Illinois, and traveled to a tractor plant in East Moline. The subsequent events of that day were to enrich Mr. Vinson by $195,000. He was not, however, an executive of the company rewarded with huge stock options, or the beneficiary of a suddenly deceased rich uncle. Thomas Vinson was a railroad switching foreman who threw a switch the wrong way. The results: a train shifted tracks, picked up the unfortunate switchman and dragged him 150 feet along the roadbed, then, two and one half years later, deposited him before an Illinois Superior Court jury which awarded him $195,000 damages. Vinson's injuries were severe—fractured pelvis, lacerated hip and other complications—and he sued the railroad and the owners of the plant. The jury chose to lavish money on him as a result, despite the fact that it was his error that caused the accident. Almost as an afterthought, the jury had added another $5,000 to comfort his aggrieved wife for the temporary loss of his company.

The most shocking aspect of the case, however, was not the huge size of the award, nor the almost farcical situation of having to pay a man for an accident he himself caused, but rather the casual manner in which the jury's action was accepted. It was regarded merely as one more sky-high award helping to make the practice of cashing in on liability a national pattern and a national disgrace. And the bonanza that is being tapped seemingly knows no top limits.

Take the $150,000 award by a Michigan jury to the 24-year-old driver of a soft-drink truck. While waiting to make a left turn, his truck was rammed by another from behind. Not only did the driver walk away from the accident, but he didn't receive a scratch. Yet in court it was claimed the impact was so great that cases and bottles were hurled [*Continued on page* 93]



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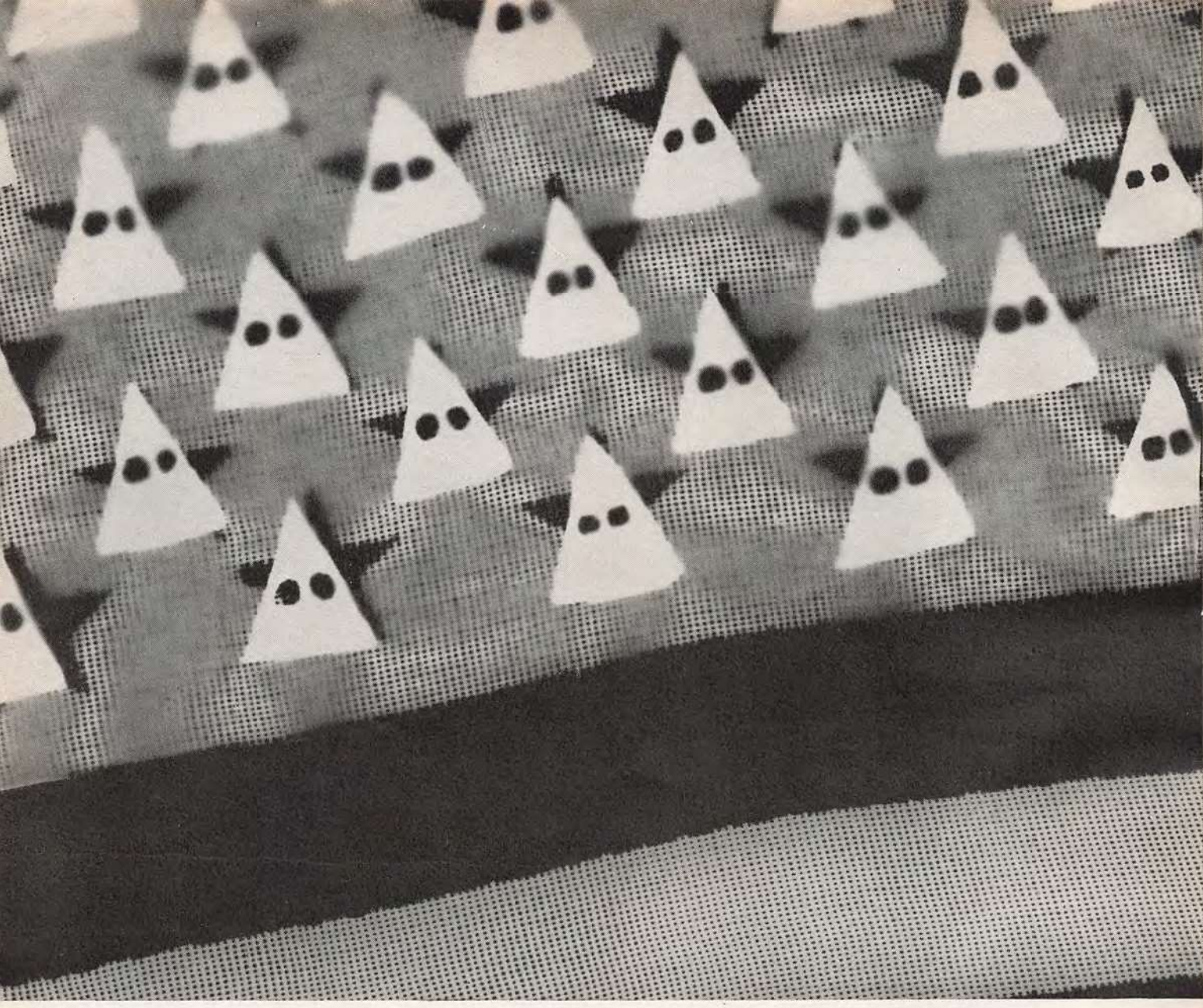


Hooded Americanism

■ In December of 1865, in Pulaski, near the Alabama border of Tennessee, six young men decided to form a club. They were mainly college men and had been officers during the late War for Southern Independence. Their problem was idleness, their purpose amusement. They might have taken almost any name, "The Jolly Six" or "The Thespians," and followed a completely different path. But someone suggested the Greek word for circle, *kuklos,* and with its fine alliterative and mystical possibilities, their path was set. The Ku Klux Klan met in secret places, put on disguises, and had great fun galloping about town after dark. They engaged in much horseplay, for which purpose the secret initiation was the focal point of their activities.

They soon discovered that their nocturnal appearances had an unexpected effect and they capitalized upon it. Ghastly, ghostly figures

BY DAVID M. CHALMERS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

The sheet-clad creeps of the Ku Klux Klan have infested every state of the Union, bringing with them— in the President's words— "the tar and the feathers and the rope and the gun." This book rips the mask off our native Nazis and exposes their century-long subversive war against the American way of life

Condensed from the book *Hooded Americanism*. Copyright © 1965 by David M. Chalmers. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

who claimed they had not had a drink of water since the battle of Shiloh and who lived in hell and had ridden twice around the world since suppertime, frightened the initially credulous Negroes. To the Southern white the time was "rotten-ripe" for the development of the Klan as a means to control the newly freed Negro and his Northern friends. At first there was no thought of violence, but this soon changed.

The Klan was attracting attention and was spreading. There was a loose allegiance to the mother-Klan in Pulaski but no over-all organization, and no discipline or restraint. In April of 1867, representatives met in Nashville, at the Maxwell House, and turned out a flavor more to their liking. With much talk of unity of purpose, concert of action, proper limits and authority to the prudent, a constitution or *prescript* was drawn up. The weak, innocent, defenseless and oppressed, the Constitution of the United States and all constitutional laws were to be upheld. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, lately of the armies of the Confederacy was elected Grand Wizard, and his Empire divided into realms, dominions, provinces, and dens, headed by Grand Dragons, Titans, Giants and Cyclopes, and composed of Ghouls.

As the Klansmen themselves boasted, they [*Continued on page* 107]

OUTWARD BOUND: HOW TO BUILD A MAN THE HARD WAY

How much can you endure if you really try? At a rough and tumble summer school called Outward Bound a good many boys are finding out. They come from all over the country, from all walks of life, to meet this extraordinary challenge

BY GENE CAESAR

ELY, MINNESOTA

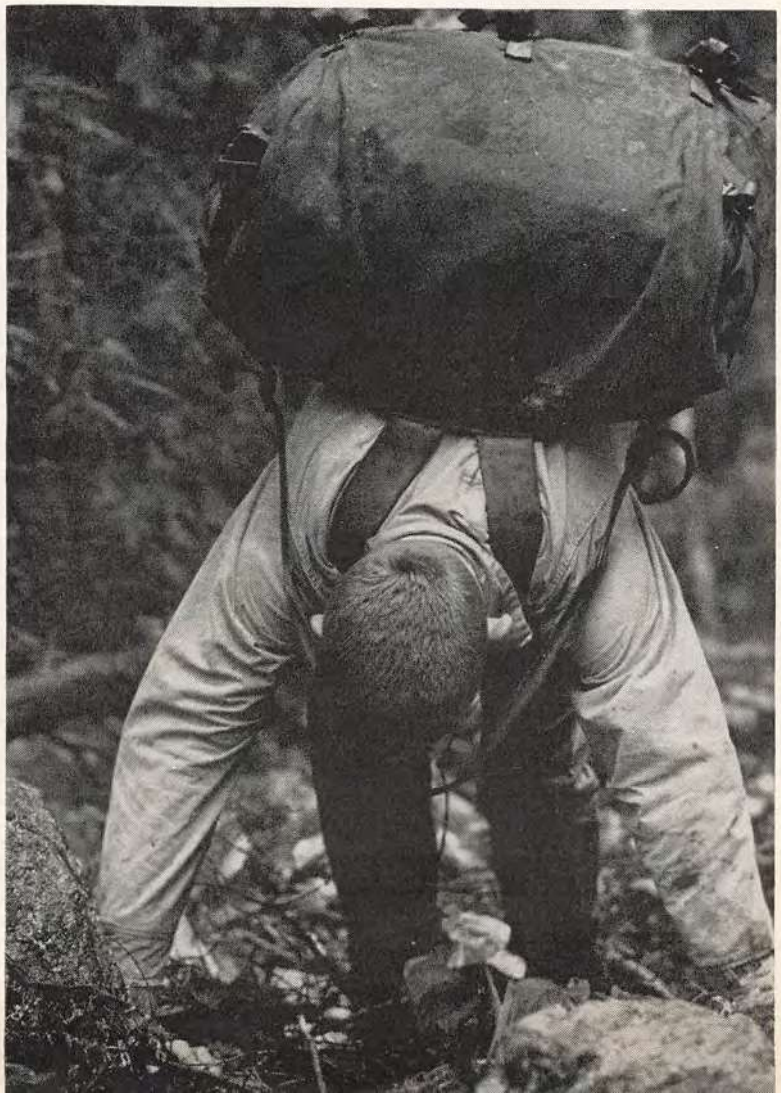
■ Last summer, equipped with nothing but a pocketknife, a fishline and a few matches, a pint-sized Puerto Rican boy who'd never before been outside of East Harlem spent three days alone in the forest-and-lake country above a Minnesota-Canada border so wild that some sections of it have yet to be surveyed. Yet he neither blundered into quicksand nor tortured himself with dreams of food. Instead, he built a snug shelter on the point of a peninsula and kept reasonably well-fed on what the wilderness could offer him. And instead of sobbing with terror when night closed down on the Ontario vastness, he sat by a carefully nursed campfire and stared up at stars as no one sees them from East Harlem.

"I ask myself a lot of questions," he confided later, his excitement as unmistakable as his English was halting. "Like 'Why me?' You know?"

In a sense, the little Puerto Rican—I'll call him Paco—wasn't entirely alone. Out of sight and hearing on large islands in the lake before him were a strapping Kansas farm boy and an Eastern prep school student remarkably suggestive of a Kennedy brother still younger than Teddy. At the same time, 91 assorted others, aged 16 through 22, but mostly in their late teens, were widely scattered throughout the northern woods. And at least 300 more will be similarly abandoned without food or camp gear this summer. This is the final examination at a unique new institution that calls itself the Minnesota Outward Bound School. It offers a 26-day course in the kind of strenuous wilderness life Teddy Roosevelt once practiced and preached.

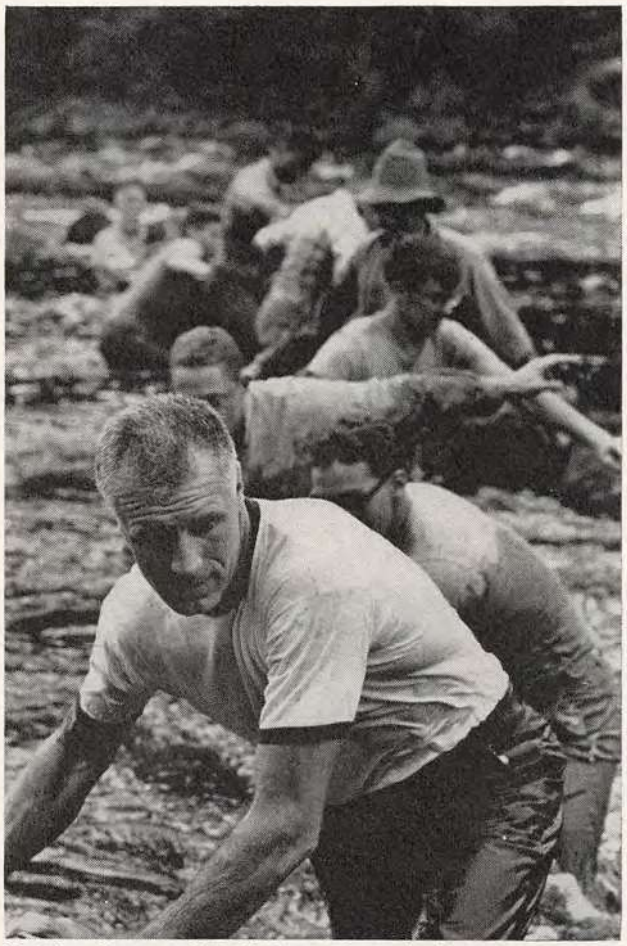
I first met Paco when I found a seat beside him on one of the chartered buses

Instructor tells tiring camper to keep going in hour-long swimming test, above. Below, a weary hiker struggles with his heavy back pack.



Camper shows strain as he scales steep cliff with the aid of rope.

OUTWARD BOUND:
HOW TO BUILD A MAN THE HARD WAY



Led by director Bob Pieh, students ford a fast-flowing stream on first day of camp.

TRUE readers who would like to help a boy become a man may send checks in any amount to Outward Bound, Inc., Andover, Mass—$350 will pay one boy's tuition for the full course. All contributions are fully tax deductible.

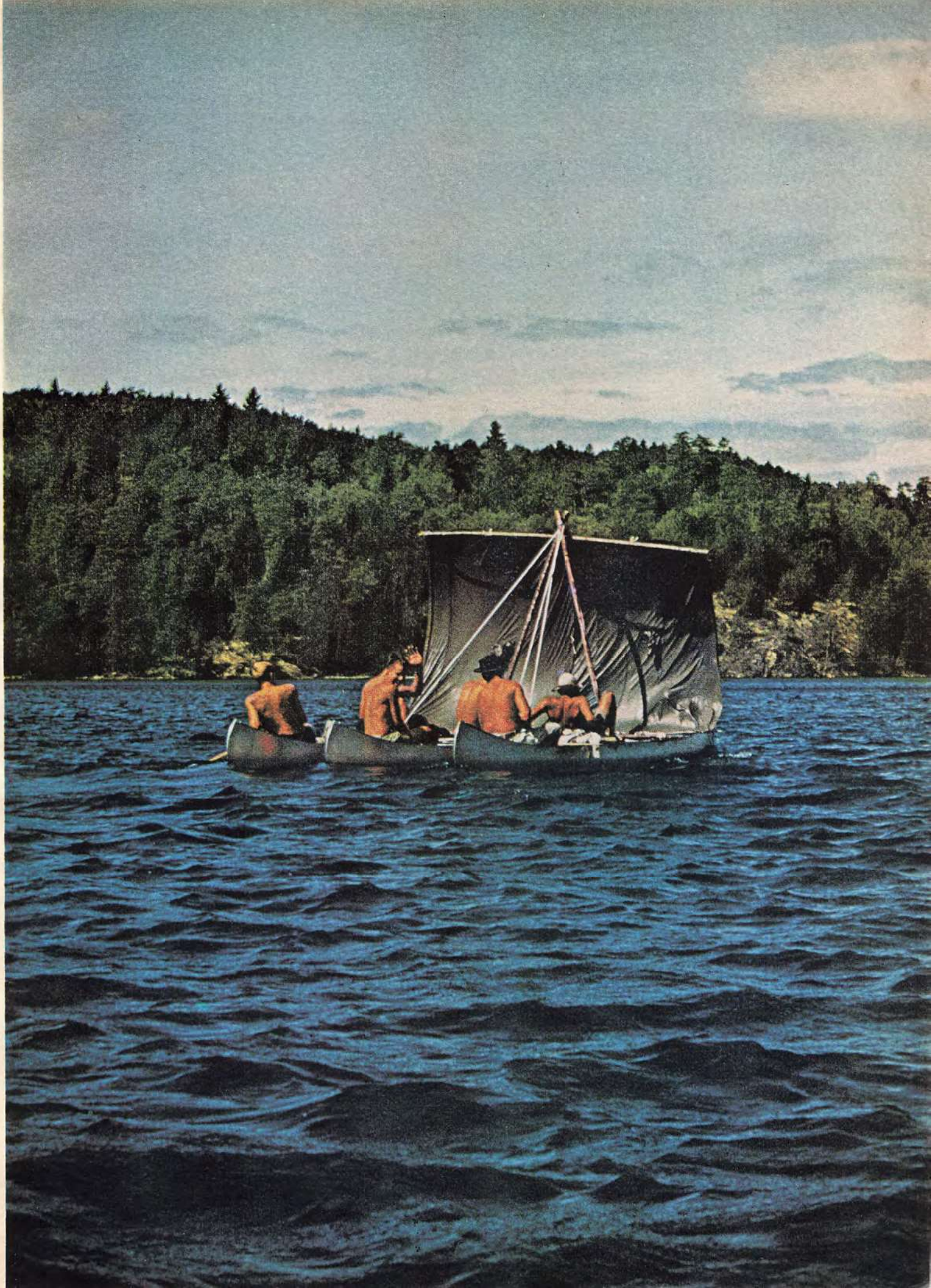
that carried this strange school's incoming students northward after they'd assembled at Duluth. They were an incredibly varied bunch. About half had paid a stiff $350 tuition. The rest, many of them recommended by social and welfare-case workers, were being "sponsored" by interested corporations, especially General Mills, newspapers and individuals. They'd come from fraternities and street gangs, from slums and suburbs and even Indian reservations; and when I wondered why they'd come, few would say more than, "Just to see if I can do it," although one literary lad offered an eloquent declamation on proving himself "equal to the elemental," which meant about the same thing.

The little Puerto Rican wasn't trying to prove anything, though. When a boys' club had offered to send him to the new school, he'd jumped at the chance simply because he wanted to go somewhere that summer, anywhere. The tough Outward Bound program had been explained to him, but he gave the impression that he regarded it as a puzzling sort of price he had to pay.

Paco was a quiet boy by both nature and language difficulty. But except for an occasional forced joke about "the place where they make Instant Men," most of the others were just as silent on that bus ride up through the Superior National Forest. And the uneasy hush only grew heavier when they arrived at the Outward Bound base camp—simply a tent village and some scattered buildings and other facilities in a little-disturbed forested peninsula. There, after changing into old clothes and tennis shoes, they gathered on the crest of a hill-sized granite boulder and received a warm welcome from Director Robert J. Pieh, a soft-voiced man with a graying crew cut and a deceptively relaxed stance and gait.

"I know you're all tired from travel," he sympathized, "so we've scheduled just one activity for today—what we call our Quiet Walk. But since a quiet walk in the woods is an excellent opportunity for communing with Nature, I do hope you'll observe and enjoy the trees and the rock formations around you." Easing [*Continued on page* 67]

On wilderness canoe trip, the inventive campers improvise a sailing rig to gain much-needed rest.



Well-dressed Indian has his right hand curved to hold real cigars.

Classic chief in bobcat skin holds cigars and a box of tobacco.

CIGAR STORE CHIEFS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JERRY DANTZIC

SHELBURNE, VT.

Some 75,000 cigar store chiefs once inhabited the land, pointing out masculine sanctuaries where a man could get a good smoke and no woman ever set foot. But times have changed. Now only a few warriors stand in front of tobacco stores, and women are sneaking cigars. The aroma of smokers' havens, however, is still strong over gatherings of these valiant wooden chiefs in private collections and in museums. The 32 cigar store figures in the famous Shelburne Museum include the four chiefs above, representing different stages in the development of the tobacco trade sign.

Early English tobacco signs were the work of pretty

Tomahawk brandisher wears tobacco leaf headdress and apron.

Scowling chief offers smokes to anyone brave enough to take them.

confused artists. Their figures were a mixture of the Indian, who first smoked tobacco, the Virginia planter, who grew it, and the Negro plantation worker, who harvested it. When tobacco signs came to America where colonists had lots of experience with live Indians, wooden Indians began to look like real ones. The big boom began in the U.S. about 1850 and cigar store Indians flourished until the turn of the century. From early small figures such as the 3½-foot chief at far left, they grew to tall, imposing warriors such as the six-footer next to him.

Carvers often used a single piece of oak or elm for an Indian. Sometimes an upraised arm, bearing a tomahawk or a bunch of cigars was carved separately and jointed or notched to the body. Costumes and headdresses became elaborately detailed. Tobacco leaf kilts, animal skins, fancy moccasins and leggings were carved and painted. Some braves wore bands carved around their necks to suspend medallions bearing the stamp of a particular brand of tobacco. It's estimated that there are now only 3,000 cigar store Indians left in the land. And the survivors have become such collectors' treasures that $6,000 has been offered for a particularly handsome and fearsome chief. ■

The ghoulish evidence in the burned car cried murder, and at least 40 fallen women had reason to hate James Burt Coward. But the longer Sheriff Moore studied the whole business, the more confusing it got

BY ROBERT A. LISTON
ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. WATSON

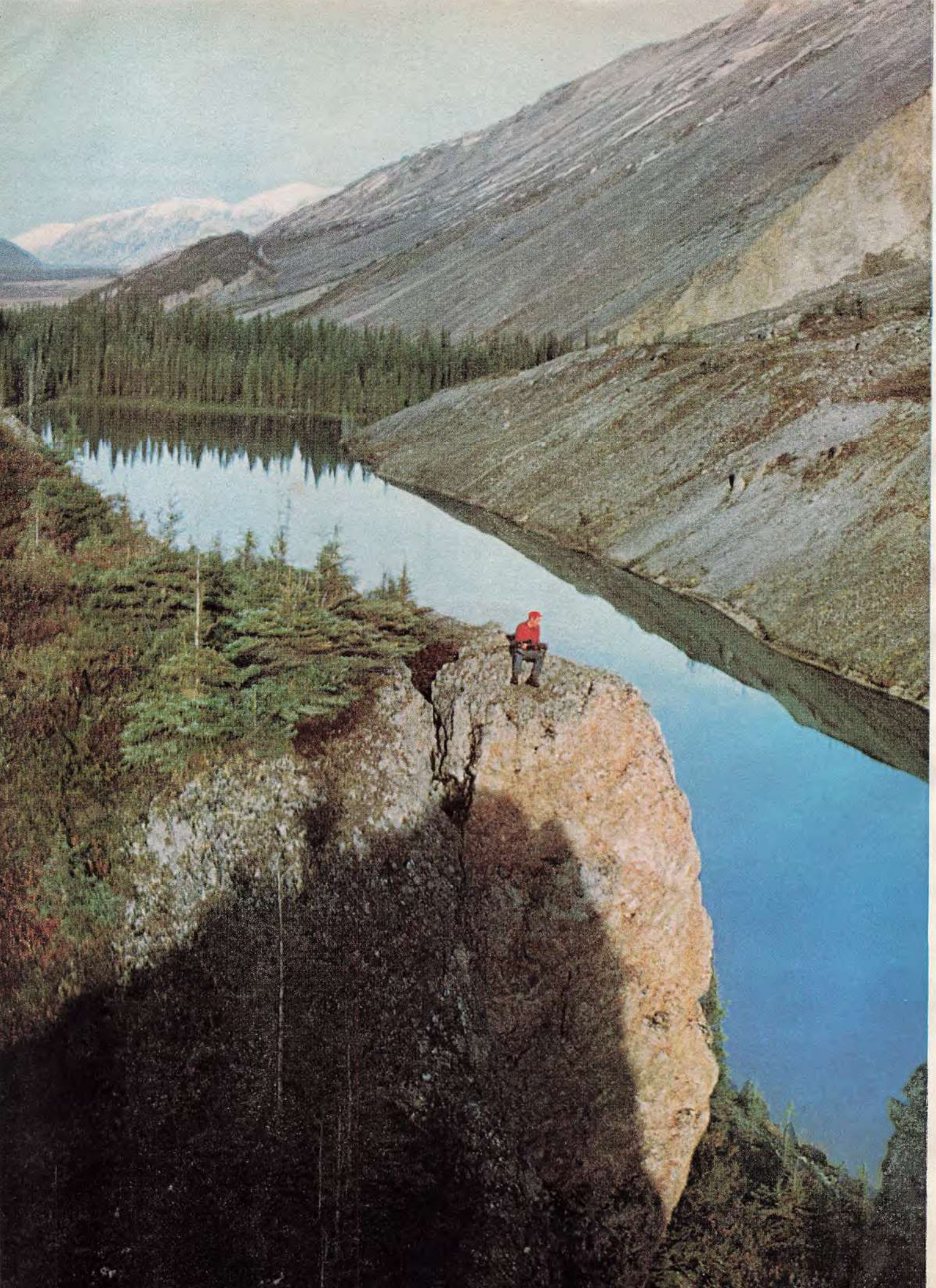
MYSTERY OF THE MARRYING MURDERER

■ It was a hot, dry, late autumn afternoon and the larceny trial in the West Texas courtroom could not possibly have been more boring, particularly for Kerr County Sheriff Oliver Moore.

In this languid atmosphere he accepted with genuine interest the long airmail envelope which a deputy handed him. Opening it, he found a map, crudely sketched in pencil, showing a network of unnamed roads midway between Kerrville, where he was, and the town of Junction, located 45 miles to the northwest. In the center of the map, supposedly near the intersection of two roads, was an encircled X. At the bottom of the page was scrawled, "I believe I'd look for a crime. There are some things even a prostitute wouldn't do."

Moore, a large, rawboned, ruddy-faced man, raised one eyebrow as he quizzically reread the map. Then he studied the envelope. Postmarked San Francisco, October 28, 1956. Yesterday. No return address. "I'll be damned," he muttered and stared at the map again. Could it be a joke? Had some nut sent it? He shook his head. "What next?"

After the long day in court, he showed the map to District Attorney Marvin Blackburn, Jr., and together they agreed upon a tentative location of the roads. Moore was to investigate—after dinner. But by that time, Moore decided, it would soon be dark. No chance of finding a body then—if there was a body. [*Continued on page* 98]



Pioneer Hunt In Virgin Mountains

We were the first white men licensed to prospect for big game in a remote part of Canada's Mackenzie Mountains, now open to all. The hunting was hard but we were rewarded by finding an untouched game paradise

BY ERWIN A. BAUER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

YELLOWKNIFE, NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

■ By late afternoon Frank Sayers and I had finally reached the thin crest of a lonely, nameless ridge high in the clouds. It was as far as anyone could go because the ridge fell away suddenly into a sheer cliff. At the bottom roared the Carcajou River more than 1,500 feet directly beneath us. The river, which appeared as a dark ribbon twisting across a white gravel bar, was an awesome sight in the twilight and swirling mists.

"Even if we had another hour of daylight, we still couldn't make it back to camp before dark," Frank thought out loud.

I nodded agreement and started to follow him back down the long, dizzying slope. But something made me pause and look once more through the glasses toward the ridge, as it vanished into clouds toward the south. For a moment there was nothing to see except the blend of tundra and rock, but in a pale shaft of light I picked up a spot of color. By focusing the glasses, the color became a bear.

"Grizzly," I whispered to Frank. I could feel the adrenaline begin to pump.

Even half a mile away, the bruin was as breathtaking a sight as the Carcajou Canyon just below. It was large and light blond in color, even lighter than the cinnamon bears you sometimes see in national parks. The bear was grazing, tearing chunks of vegetation from the ground, and I could see the wind ruffle its long yellow hair. Somehow I couldn't help thinking the animal was unreal—a ghost. Then as suddenly as I'd spotted it, the bruin dissolved into the clouds again.

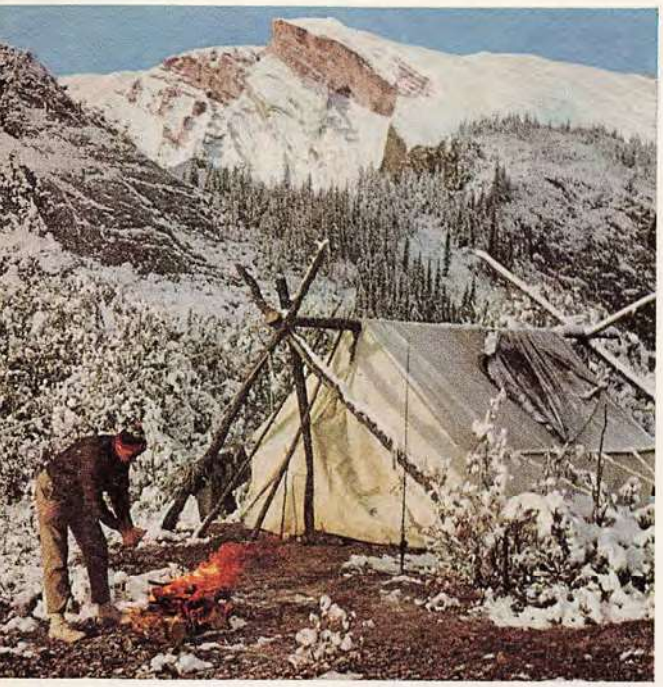
"Do we try him?" Frank asked. A trip back to camp in the dark on an unfamiliar mountain could be the last one we'd ever make.

"Let's try him," I answered.

The cloud gave us cover, but we had to be careful not to stumble headlong into the eternity of

"We were deluged with moose. I shot this bull near camp."

"Often we'd pause to savor a view and reflect that no other hunters had been here."



"Camp was always handy to hunting area."

"Later we saw even better rams than this."

"Frank poses with meat-robbing bear I shot."

the canyon. We traveled 500 yards or so along the ridge as fast as we could. It was a race against the gathering dusk. If the cloud passed before night fell, we figured to be in fair shooting range. But the odds were low. I wiped the moisture from my scope and checked again to see that a cartridge was in the chamber. I also felt the first faint symptoms of buck fever.

Time passed in slow motion, and we crawled forward another 50 yards as the twilight deepened. Then the cloud finally passed and the ridge was completely empty. The grizzly was gone.

I was suddenly overwhelmed with disappointment. But it was an exhilarating disappointment—an experience that a man is lucky to have once in a lifetime. Frank and I were the first men ever to hunt here in the Mackenzie Mountains. We were perhaps the first humans ever to stand on this lofty ridge. This was the first day of a hunting trip which had been long in the planning, and now we had already spotted game. Everything about this hunt was unusual. But most of all, *nobody had ever hunted here before.* Impossible?

Canada contains more raw wilderness than almost any country on earth. Still, practically all of it has been hunted or opened to hunting. One exception is the Mackenzie Mountain range in the extreme northwest corner of the Northwest Territories, astride the Arctic Circle. Although bounded on the east by the Mackenzie River, long a commercial waterway, the Mackenzies themselves are virtually unknown, except to a few wandering geologists. Alexander Mackenzie, a fur trader, had traveled the full length of the river as early as 1789, but he never left it to explore the mountains.

Licenses to hunt here have never been issued.

To keep the record straight, there has been one penetration of the Mackenzie Mountains. Just before World War II, a road and pipeline were built across the Mackenzies from oil wells at Norman Wells, on the Mackenzie River, to Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. No doubt some construction workers hunted (illegally) near the roadway. The road and the pipe were never really used, and today little trace of them exists. Except for game and game trails, the mountains are as entirely uninhabited and trackless as they always were.

But progress must come everywhere. Government officials have been gradually opening the Northwest Territories to sportsmen. First Great Slave and Great Bear lakes were opened to anglers. Next came the woods buffalo hunts near Fort Smith. Finally, in the early autumn of 1963, a party of government game biologists and big game outfitters from Alberta made a flying survey of the Mackenzies.

What the surveyors saw raised everybody's eye-

brows. The Mackenzies contained moose in great abundance, as well as white sheep, barren-ground caribou, grizzlies and black bears. The Northwest Territories Council decided to open the hunting season to nonresidents in 1965. They also decided to issue four licenses in 1964 to make an on-the-ground survey, and Frank Sayers and I were two of the lucky four. Frank is my neighbor, an old friend and an experienced big game hunter.

But how do you make plans to hunt where nobody has ever hunted before?

Our first contact was with Claude "Bud" Brewster, Jr., a well-known Banff, Alberta, outfitter who had pioneered the N.W.T. buffalo hunts. He had never seen the Mackenzie Mountains before but he was as eager as we were. Brewster reported that we could catch a twice-weekly commercial flight from Edmonton, Alberta, and Yellowknife to Norman Wells, and from there charter a float plane back into the mountains. Incomplete maps revealed a number of lakes *probably* large enough for landing small aircraft. Once landed, we would be completely on our own: no horses, jeeps, trucks—or guides.

Late in August, Brewster airfreighted a light camp outfit to Norman Wells. Meanwhile Frank and I began a serious physical-conditioning program. So did Jack Antrim, another neighbor and big game hunter, who decided to go along and make a motion picture of the trip. Because we live close to Ohio State University in Columbus, we used the giant football stadium for the conditioning.

Each morning we would climb from bottom to top of the stadium while carrying backpacks. Each day we increased the number of climbs, until we reached 30 (or over 1,500 feet) in an hour, at the same time always increasing the weight in the backpack. We also swam and went bicycling, and I even wore training weights on my shoes while mowing the lawn.

We also purchased new equipment light enough to carry long distances on our backs—aluminum pack frames, featherlight sleeping bags, concentrated food bars. I decided to hunt with my Model 700 Remington 7mm. magnum with a 3-9X Leupold variable scope, even though it is a bit heavy (at 9¾ pounds) for carrying in the mountains. Frank bought a Model 600 Remington .308 and added a Redfield 2-7X scope, a combination which weighed only 7¼ pounds after the ventilated rib was removed. Both rifles were carefully sighted to hit dead center at 300 yards.

Jack Antrim was responsible for including one extra and unusual bit of equipment on the expedition. Early in the summer he'd bought a Honda trail bike. "Why not take [*Continued on page* 77]

"Snowy terrain wasn't right for our Honda."

"We crossed some streams the hard way."

HE FOUND THE Trinidad's Tantalizing Treasure

Gentleman archeologist Dr. Joseph Markey fondles sampling of golden trove he unearthed. Coins lay buried 400 years.

■ When a half-dozen mysterious gold coins washed ashore at the mouth of Loma Alta Creek, near beaches usually treasured only with Bikini-clad maidens, the sea infected California with a new gold fever—and confirmed a dedicated doctor's altered page of history.

There's nothing unreal about the golden bait. The ghostly *Trinidad*, a lost Spanish caravel, was finally relinquishing some of its $10 million Aztec treasure. For 400 years the ship and its cargo have been entombed in shallow coastal waters fronting the resort city of Oceanside.

The plunder-filled baggage in the sunken vessel—heavy gold and silver ornaments, jeweled idols and armor, as well as coins—belonged to a crafty Spaniard who only now is being recognized as the first European to reach California. He was Francisco de Ulloa, a henchman of Cortez. His loot came from the rape of ancient Mexico.

The strange tale of Ulloa and this lost fortune began to unfold 38 years ago. And as the research continued, a story of triple double-crossing has emerged, involving a doomed 16th-century quest for a gold-paved Utopia, a vast store of gambling money buried ashore and California's earliest known water pollution.

Perhaps the oddest part of the investigation is how it started.

A young amateur archeologist, obsessed with an unidentified Spanish skeleton and the riddle surrounding the disappearance of one Lieutenant de Ulloa, struggled to win the scholar's thankless reward—a corrected page in a history text. But quickly the missing page proved to bear a gilt edge.

The academic detective, turned treasure hunter, is Dr. Joseph James Markey, one of Oceanside's most prominent citizens. Markey looks like a doctor and he is—of medicine (University of Colorado), of science (Paris), and philosophy (Vienna). He's a solidly built man now in his 60's, with a fleshy face and blue eyes which have assessed the ailments of an assortment of humanity from beatniks to millionaires.

His office, doubling as a museum of primitive history, reveals a total indifference to opinion. Situated on one of Oceanside's main streets, its bent-chrome furniture is undoubtedly the same as when he set up shop decades ago. The few patients he takes in his retirement are interested only in his skill, not the decor.

But what a decor.

"Today's middle class American's a klunk," he informed me. "If you want to learn about sex, study the habits of that fellow there." He gestured toward a painting of a naked Indian hunkered over a fish. "That chap, who lived in a California valley a few hundred years ago, could dictate a modern text on

how to stay happy though married that would be banned by the Postal Service."

The painting, I found out, like many of Markey's interests, contains elements of anthropology and treasure—which can't be disassociated with sex.

And his interests are legion. With a vigor of a man half his age, Dr. Markey has enthusiastically authored 14 books, ranging from standard medical texts to romantic novels. He also pounds out TV and movie scripts for several Hollywood studios.

Amid all this activity, Markey spends a part of his ample fortune chasing down riddles, like Ulloa, out in the field and has earned an international reputation as an archeologist. His adventures in search of treasure and relics of dawn-age man have taken him as far away as central China, the Neanderthal gorges of Germany and the wreck-strewn waters of the Mediterranean.

Inadvertently Ulloa (pronounced oolyo'a) started Markey's fascination with relics almost 40 years ago. As a hobby, the youthful physician collected Indian artifacts in the San Luis Rey valley several miles east of Oceanside. He asked ranchers to save any bone fragments they found.

On an afternoon in 1927, a farmer hailed him.

"Still interested in old bones, Doc?"

"Sure!"

"Well, I found a couple the other day. Looked like human ones to me."

"Whereabouts?"

"Up near the big boulders where the rock carvings are."

What Markey found up on the hill proved to be a real skull-scratcher.

When the doctor and some friends got to work with their trowels, carefully excavating the grave, they found a skeleton just south of one of the largest rocks.

"When I handled the skull," Dr. Markey told me, "I knew it was a real puzzler. It belonged to no Indian, but obviously had been in the ground a long time before the settlers came. My first thought was, a Chinaman off one of those old junks that used to prowl the Pacific."

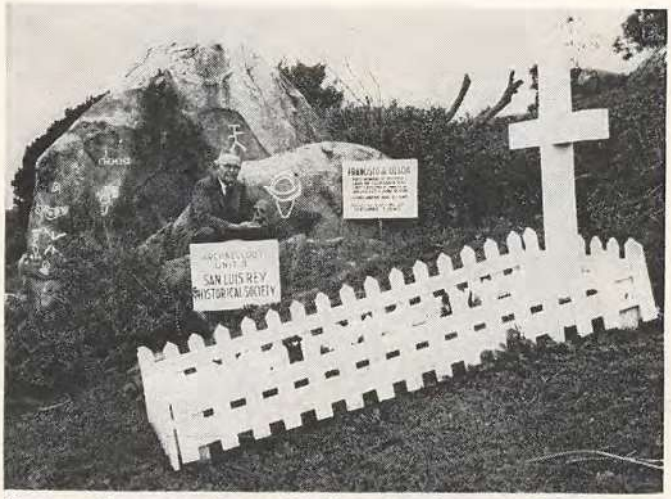
The first guess was short-lived. As the excavation continued, Markey found lead buttons bearing designs that were not Oriental, a badly rusted knife about a foot long, and oddly-shaped pieces of corroded metal.

Back at his office Dr. Markey measured the skull and photographed it from various angles. He sent the measurements and pictures to anthropologists at California University. At the same time bits of the skull went to laboratories for age tests.

Then came the scientists' astonishing report. The skull had belonged to a European white man. Years later carbon 14, flourine fixation and calcium con-

BY VINCENT H. GADDIS

U. S. history already has been changed by the discovery of skulls and $250,000 in ancient Spanish treasure near the mouth of a creek. And some $10 million remains to be found on the gold-laden caravel that sank nearby



Sign marks grave of man Markey says discovered California.

Dr. Markey peers over skulls of the forgotten conquistadors inside the burial cave. Scurvy had spoiled their grins.

version tests all confirmed the 1927 estimates—giving the skull an approximate age of 400 years.

Who was this European who had died in the West Coast wilderness only 40 or 50 years after Columbus discovered the New World? And why had he been buried beside the ancient fortress with its enormous boulders marked with the symbols of a long-vanished race?

"The skull had no teeth," Markey said. "That meant scurvy, which used to be a common sickness of sailors."

A quick check of 16th-century history showed that the Cortez expedition conquered Mexico in 1521. But Cortez and his men had been too busy looting to bother with exploration. And the remains could not be those of Juna Rodriquez Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator who heretofore has been credited with discovering California in 1542. Rodriquez Cabrillo was buried by his crew on San Miguel Island off Santa Barbara.

Still curious Dr. Markey coated the corroded relics with transparent wax and took them to Spain on his next trip to Europe. There he placed them in front of experts at the University of Madrid.

In 1540, the remaining Spaniards stealthily bury part of the gold.

"They told me one piece of metal was part of a breastplate," Markey said. "Other parts came from a helmet used during the Spanish conquest of Mexico. The buttons and the knife, too, were like plenty belonging to that period in their museums."

But it was after his return home that the doctor hit pay dirt. On a hunch he decided to check Spanish histories of the Mexican conquest for the fate of all Cortez's officers. There was one whose destiny was a riddle.

Francisco de Ulloa had vanished after sailing north from Cedros Island off the west coast of Mexico. Historians had simply taken it for granted that his ship was lost. But Markey wondered. Searching among the thousands of rare volumes and manuscripts on Spanish-American history in the Bancroft Library at the University of California at Berkeley, he came on a ship's log by one of Ulloa's officers.

"Ulloa looked like our man!" Markey told me as he recalled the discovery. "And the log gave us our first hint of a lost treasure."

As we sat in his quiet office, surrounded by the artifacts of long-dead men, with the skull of Ulloa staring at us with incurious blankness, Markey unfolded the first part of Ulloa's story: the triple double cross.

In the year 1535 Cortez has long since sheathed his sword after the conquest of Mexico. He was 50 years old, his days of glory behind him. He was out of favor with the king, with his future career at stake. He had either to pull off a new coup or return to Spain with his tail between his legs and fade out of power altogether.

Most of the wealth of the Aztecs—silver, jewels, the priceless gold art melted down into bars—had been shipped in galleons to Spain. Now the Aztecs were slaves toiling in the mines.

But the king of Old Spain regarded the wealth of New Spain as inexhaustible. His displeasure at declining gold shipments coincided with the arrival in New Spain of Alva Cabeza de Vaca with a tale of a golden kingdom to the north.

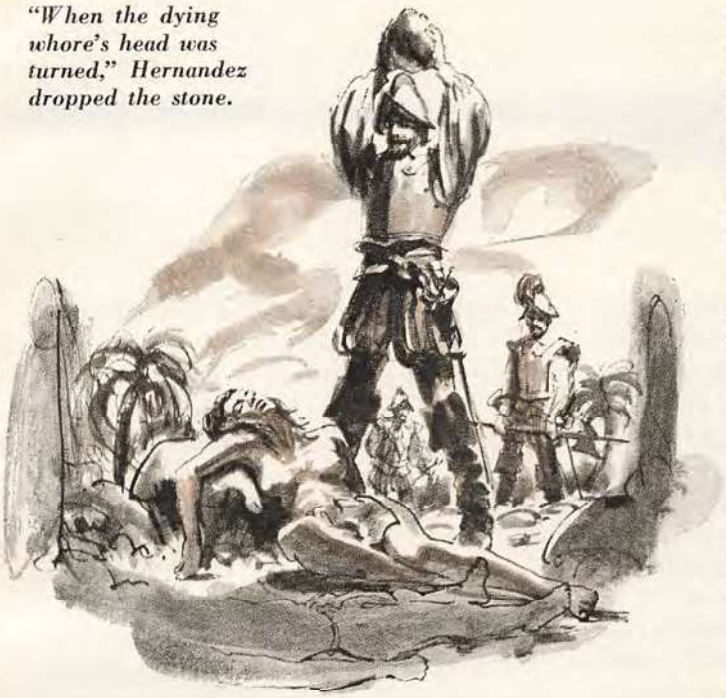
After being shipwrecked, de Vaca had been captured by Indians on what is now the Texas coast. Later he escaped and walked to Mexico. Since thousand-mile hikes were no great novelty in those days, de Vaca dreamed up a better story to gain himself attention, favors and free drinks. He spun his fascinated listeners a yarn about the "Kingdom of Quivira," where multistoried buildings and even the streets of seven cities were plated with gold. Emeralds, rubies and other precious stones were so common that the natives considered them pretty pebbles.

This old Indian happy-hunting-ground legend varied as to location, but de Vaca added enough refinements to inflame the aging Cortez. And certainly in view of the vast treasures so recently taken from the Aztecs, de Vaca's yarn seemed reasonable.

As the king's geographer, Cortez was in charge of all expeditions. But after a bitter argument, a viceroy who answered only to the king, double-crossed Cortez and outfitted an expedition to locate Quivira. In February, 1540, the viceroy's expedition marched north through Sonora and into what is now Arizona and New Mexico.

Cortez, however, had not been idle, and he was doing some double-crossing of his own. Earlier he had called in his trusted officer, Francisco de Ulloa.

"Quivira lies somewhere to the northeast," Cortez told Ulloa. "Proceed north and chart the coast, but keep on the lookout for a promising trail inland. When you find a trail, anchor the ships and go overland to Quivira. With an early start, you should be able to



"When the dying whore's head was turned," Hernandez dropped the stone.

arrive there well ahead of the overland expedition and conquer it for our glory."

Cortez accumulated all the gold he could lay his hands on, even pawning his wife's jewels, to finance this last expedition of his adventurous career. He acquired two large ships, the *Trinidad* and *Santa Aqueda*, and a smaller vessel, the *Santo Tomas*.

In addition to water casks and food stores, the larger ships were loaded with wine, women and wealth.

"The men in Ulloa's expedition weren't simple sailors, but adventurers," Markey explained. "They were from wealthy families or the nobility carrying fortunes in gold coin with them. Most were men on the run—either from the vengeance of angry husbands and fathers or the Spanish Inquisition."

But the bulk of the treasure placed aboard the ships was Aztec. Cortez had sent back to Spain the riches of the court and temple, but each man was his own treasure hunter. Fighting carried with it the right to loot. The Spaniards individually pillaged homes and found hidden caches by brutally torturing natives.

Experts on the Mexican conquest know fairly well from reports to the court what the average soldier acquired. This amount multiplied by 25—the number of men Ulloa had with him until the end—would be worth from $4 to $10 million at current values. In addition Ulloa took along all the treasure he had accumulated as a favored officer during his long service under Cortez.

The Ulloa expedition sailed from Acapulco in July, 1539, six months before the land party got underway. And Ulloa lost no time in launching a third double cross to betray Cortez and take over the expedition for himself.

The ships were no sooner out of port than Ulloa had two of his accomplices scuttle the *Santo Tomas* with its crew as a start in systematically reducing his company to men he could trust. With the two larger ships, Ulloa followed the coast north into what is now the Gulf of California, which he named, perhaps with a twinge of conscience, the Sea of Cortez. He was the first navigator to discover that Baja (Lower) California is a peninsula.

Meanwhile on board the men drank, wenched and gambled. After sailing south to round the cape, Ulloa again turned north and discovered Cedros Island. Here he transferred men he suspected would be loyal to Cortez to the *Santa Aqueda*, then sent that ship back to Acapulco.

"Ulloa never intended to return to Mexico," Markey said. "He had seen the chance for great wealth and power that Cortez had lost by being loyal to the king. He planned to establish his own little empire as soon as he found Quivira."

Ulloa sailed north from Cedros—and vanished.

But what had happened to Ulloa, his crew and the *Trinidad?* The answer to the second stage of this riddle required 30 long years and cost close to $100,000.

As Markey traveled, he wrote and talked to historians about Ulloa and enlisted their help. From occasional references in old manuscripts came hints that there had been survivors.

In Paris the doctor accidentally ran into Miguel de Ulloa, a descendant of the captain, and from him learned some of the family legends. "A survivor reportedly got back to Spain, one of Ulloa's scribes. The old man was supposed to have spent all the last years of his life writing reports. [*Continued on page* 74]

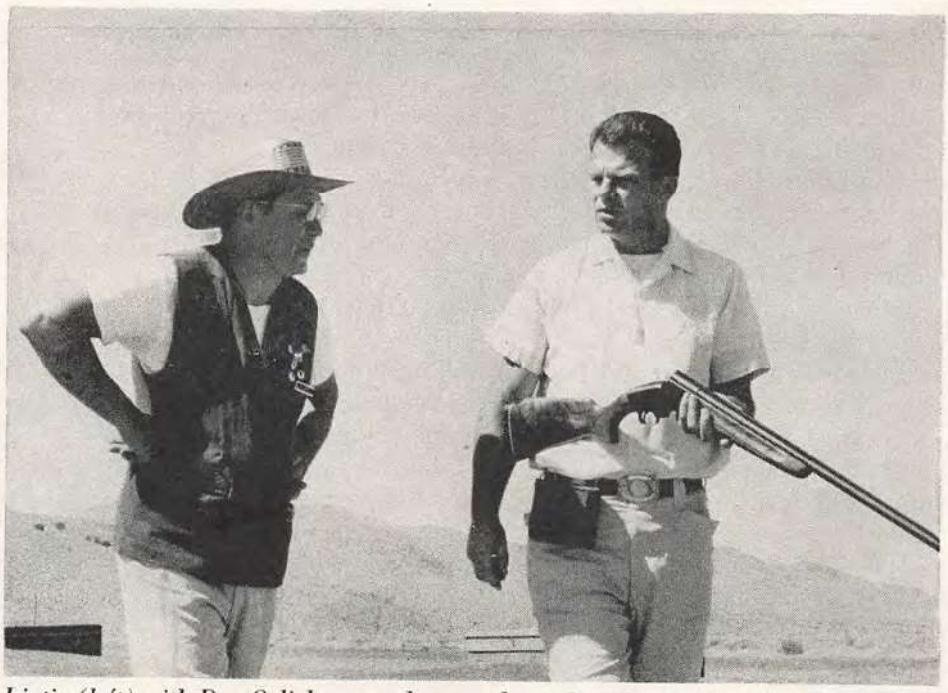
Plague-thinned crew abandons **Trinidad**—*and the bulk of treasure.*

Al Ljutic calls himself "just a dumb Slavonian." But he gets $1,500 for his single-barrel trap guns that sell briskly to men who once laughed at him

■ The impossible shotgun has been built. This gun is said to hold an incredible 99 percent of its shot inside a 30-inch circle at 40 yards, when 80 percent has always been considered excellent patterning. That's not all—for the privilege of owning this wonder gun, the elite big-jackpot trapshooter is gladly paying $1,500, the fattest price tag on any standard-grade shotgun made in America today. This grand-and-a-half wonder is the Ljutic Mono-Gun, built in a painstaking manner by one Al Ljutic (sounds like Loo-tick). The man is a wild-eyed, broken-nosed gunsmith, inventor and former boxer who until recently lived halfway up a stony, rattler-infested gulch in Sparks, Nevada, north of Reno.

Ljutic's gun triumph has been setting top trapshots on their tails, men who sometimes fire 50,000 rounds a year in practice and on the line, and fly from shoot to shoot at phantom pace, score in 30 of the 50 states, and have no use for a gun that misfires, drifts out of line when it gets hot, or does not handle with utter smoothness. Moreover, they demand and will pay for a gun that holds an extremely tight shot pattern, because the pros often shoot from the maximum handicap stripe, 27 yards from the trap (16 yards is standard). In response to this elite market, the major arms makers have always offered trap-grade shotguns priced at $300 or $400 or more, easily double the price of a weekend pheasant gun.

Despite this juicy market, the gun companies have steadily cut best-grade production because of the amount of expensive hand work involved. The expectation among top shooters, therefore, has been that the guy who could build a perfect gun might get busy and rich. The record would indicate that



Ljutic (left) with Dan Orlich, a top shooter who tied world 27-yd. mark with new gun.

BY DALE SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

virtuoso of the top trap gun

Peering through a Mono-Gun barrel in the rough, Ljutic says, "Making the perfect barrel, buddy, is a machinist's nightmare."

"She closes as quietly as a safe door," Al Ljutic says proudly of this painstakingly hand-worked Mono-Gun.

Al Ljutic has that gun in hand. The factors which have made it possible for a maverick and a loner to achieve this have aligned with the rarity of six lemons on a Reno double slot machine. When Ljutic himself broke 200 straight in 1954 at the Grand American (the World Series of trapshooting), he fired a prototype Mono-Gun that was the result of 20 years of at-the-bench machining, 15 years of gun designing and a lifetime of personal shooting.

Ljutic spent eight years getting the bugs out of the Mono, letting shooters try it and listening to their gripes. In the last two years he has constructed 50 Mono-Guns in his tiny shop, and he is bagging at least four orders for every gun delivered. At less than 100 man-hours per gun and not much for steel and wood, Ljutic has himself a respectable business.

The pudding's proof has been that this sprinkling of Ljutic armament has produced a spree of record-breaking. At the Grand American in 1964, Mono-Guns accounted for the high-overall championship, the runner-up, the high-overall title for women, and a junior championship for boys. There were Ljutic wins in 1963, too. When the scores are tallied it is clear that Ljutic is one of those luminaries in the gun-world firmament worth listening to.

To listen to Ljutic you have to find him. He has left his Nevada desert factory-house, and gone up the gulch to find a rattlesnake to burnish with the fabulous Mono-Gun. You go up the gulch after him, but here he comes bounding down over the rocks, sweaty and swearing, followed by a decrepit dog.

"Hi, reporter," he shouts. "Say, this here is the finest rattler hound in the state, and this here is the only $1,500 blunderbuss that ever killed a rattlesnake. He died an honorable death."

Ljutic is deceptive in appearance. You do not rate him his 47 years. Massive, 6 feet 1, he shapes up on 16 chins a day, a five-mile jog every other day. Physically, mentally and vocally, he is in perpetual motion, out of bed at 5:30 a.m. to fuss with milling machine or lathe, talking to metal in the kind of tones that are usually reserved for wife or lover.

Even more deceptive in appearance is the much-sung Mono-Gun. It is not very impressive at first glance: no engraving, no jewel studding, no gold inlay. But it has important peculiarities, and it is flawlessly made. To begin with, the locking lever that breaks the gun has been whisked off the top and tucked below and in front of the trigger guard, permitting the barrel-length ventilated rib to extend in a ramp right under the shooter's eye. This gives a long, unobstructed sight reference, made longer still by the barrel's 34-inch length. Thirty and 32 inches are common today, but Ljutic prohibits the cutting of a Mono barrel.

The Ljutic action is particularly smooth and simplified: 19 parts compose the gun, half the number in other guns in the top rank. The trigger letoff is crisp and the hammer fall is very fast. He has patents pending on this pioneering.

Ljutic has added a nice touch by sandblasting the barrel to reduce reflection and to dissipate heat. He claims an end to heat waves. Atop the dulled barrel rides the perfectly tapered ventilated rib, a sighting device that in Ljutic craftsmanship floats on slender pickets, each with its own tiny dovetail joint.

The core of the Mono-Gun's success, of course, must be the barrel. Rumor has it that Ljutic uses a secret choke. Braced by this question as he stands on the porch casing his gun, he says, "You really want to brass your tacks, don't you?"

Ljutic gives his gun a good-by pat, snaps the case lid.

"Okay, I'll tell you this much—there's no secret choke. This simple Slavonian just learned how to make a perfect gun. The machining is what you call nonsloppy. You're talking to the head machinist. Now how come you don't ask me about the great Ljutic charcoal lighter that is sweeping the country?"

With that, Ljutic is off at a lope, hollering for a match. Oblivious to back Mono-Gun orders probably pushing a quarter of a million dollars, oblivious to fame. [*Continued on page* 103]

ladder-race fall guys

Leaping painter is playing an Austrian game invented to keep tourists happy. His real business is singing but in Austria tourists are everybody's business.

TURN PAGE →

Racers, carrying paint and brush, all start well.

A patriotic house painter did his part 20 years ago by devising the ladder race. This time five confident contestants, including rookie American Bob Warren, picked up buckets of paint, scaled wobbly ladders and teetered off across a 200-yard obstacle course —with colorful results.

Road has to be crossed first, then orchard.

Casualties begin with gentle slope. If racer falls,

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARTIN IGER

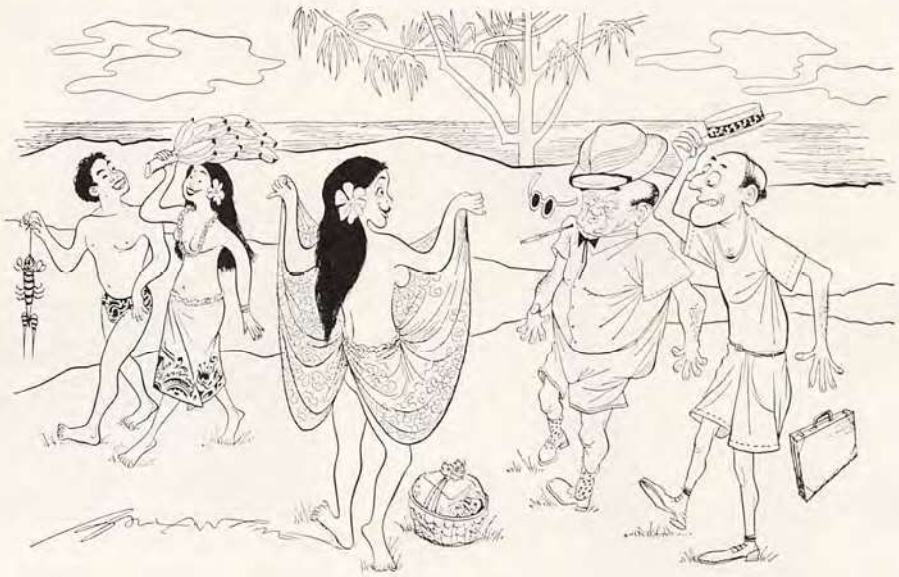
rules make him go over obstacle again.

Hovering on edge of ditch, ladders close like scissors.

Austrians beat weary Warren.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Topless bathing suits for women, in their recent brief appearance, only revealed what historians have previously observed—a female urge for exposure that dates probably from times when one fig leaf was considered sufficient clothing. Ladies of ancient Crete wore a high-waisted skirt, an elaborate headdress—and nothing between. In hot countries of the East, the sarong hanging from the hips became the sole garment of women and men alike. In Bali, famed for shapely breasts, a prim Dutch governor once passed a law that women must cover the bosom. It didn't work; the girls went about as usual until they encountered a Dutchman, then hurriedly lifted their sarong across the chest; the law was rescinded. In southern India, the nine-yard-long sari draped around the body and over a shoulder often left breasts bare, powdered and perfumed. This had a historic origin: Mogul conquerors in the Middle Ages decreed that women entering a ruler's palace had to uncover their breasts to show they weren't men coming disguised for assassination. Among several European outbreaks of seminudity, the most scenic occurred after the French Revolution. Imitating democratic classical Greece, Frenchwomen adopted the filmy, flowing Greek robe. The robe, a single thickness of sheer muslin, grew filmier; soon petticoat and chemise underneath were discarded for flesh-colored tights. Finally a few Parisian beauties omitted the tights and with bosoms bared promenaded along the Champs Elysées. It was too much, even for France; the ladies were banned, much like the topless-swimsuit wearers today—who are merely repeating an age-old phenomenon. *By Theodore Drucker, Miami, Fla.*

The rickshaw man of the Orient, trotting between the shafts of his two-wheeled vehicle, isn't the only human who has worked like a horse. Forgotten today, human "cab horses" once trod the streets of Paris and London. The cab they drew was an upright box, somewhat resembling a modern telephone booth on a pair of carriage wheels, just wide enough to seat one fare. Called a *brouette,* it appeared in Paris in 1671, and for several generations, Parisians hailed a *brouette* as one would a taxi nowadays. The *brouette* reached London after a century and met organized opposition from English sedan chairmen who protested that the single-man *brouette* would cut their jobs in half. Sedan and *brouette* both finally expired under public disapproval of men as draft animals. English missionaries to Japan, however, perhaps recalling the *brouette,* around 1870 devised the man-drawn lightweight open cart with folding top that the Japanese named *jinrikisha.* The "rickshaw" spread all over the Orient. Hardly any now remain. Some Asian nations currently use manpowered cabs, but they are tricycles that are pedaled, not pulled. *By George Follett, Flint, Mich.*

The Terrible Turk was the first professional wrestler to personify evil in the wrestling ring. It came about through no villainy of his own, because unlike the "bad guy" whom fans enjoy hating in modern "matches," the Turk was truly terrible . . . simply because he was unbeatable. Born Yousouf Ismailolo, he was prodigiously strong from youth. As a Turkish Army conscript, he gained fame by hauling a cannon out of mud, became the sultan's favorite wrestler, toured Europe, and in 1898 came to the United States where he wrestled for several months. Yousouf stood 6 feet 2, weighed 260, never trained, and had only two weaknesses: food and money. He gobbled huge steaks and hoarded his earnings in gold coins which he kept in a money belt. A simple-minded behemoth who wrestled by the rules, he was invariably so surprised when some opponent punched or fouled him that he would lose his temper, pick up the man and throw him out of the ring or against a post. This caused fans to riot and cost Yousouf "no contest" or "foul" decisions—but he was never defeated. When the Terrible Turk was downed finally, it was as the victim of his own greed. He sailed for Europe as a steerage passenger with 40 pounds of gold coins in his money belt. A fatal ship collision occurred and Yousouf went overboard. Although he was a good swimmer, the gold was too heavy, and the mighty Turk sank in the sea. *By Fred Eisenstadt, New York.*

The first traffic light in a city street was installed long before automobiles were invented. In 1868 crowded London had such heavy horse-drawn traffic that crossing busy Westminster Street was, as one official put it, "extremely dangerous." To protect Parliamentary delegates who walked across at one point to the Houses of Parliament, railway signal engineers installed an iron post 20 feet high bearing 4-foot semaphore arms and a gas-lit lamp. A traffic cop operated the post. He wigwagged the semaphore arms for pedestrians; for drivers he swung the lamp from red, meaning "Stop," to green, which at that time meant "Slow down and proceed with caution." It was the first use of color signaling in vehicular traffic, and it led to the red/green system that is universal today.

Squids squirt ink in a black cloud that forms a watery "smoke screen" and hides their retreat from enemies—a remarkably ingenious defense mechanism in shallow, transparent seas. Perhaps nature's most extraordinary example of adaptation, however, is the opposite tactic evolved by certain deep-sea squids. Living in totally black ocean depths, these squids when threatened eject, instead of ink, a luminous fluid that creates a burst of bright light, effectively dazzling a foe while the squid makes its getaway.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

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Well Suited for Water

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER Men's Wear Editor

A lot of fashion dash and splash goes into making this summer's pool shark a happy wolf. No wonder the girl's agog—with all these well-suited men about her. Boldly-patterned, Hawaiian-inspired surfer trunks at far left are by Van Heusen, $7.95. Next is a two-piece, striped beach ensemble by Jantzen, $11.95. Our friendly young lady wears a fun-in-the-sun bikini designed by Mr. Gee. Gilgo Beach trunks with flapped hip pocket and laced fronts are by Van Heusen, $7.95; and the neck-draping Fine Arts towel is by Stevens Utica, $4. Swimmer at far right wears white, tapered Seafarer trunks with red and blue trim, by Robert Bruce, $5; his sunglasses, for a cool look on hot days, are by Renauld of France, $15. (Photographed aboard Holland-America Line's "Statendam.")

New look in swimwear offers cool patterns for poolside passes

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN

More swimwear designs to draw feminine eyes anywhere from poolside to the old swimming hole, begin at left with a husky Texas-styled two-piece outfit by Robert Bruce: Vycron-Jac top with zip-front and drawstrings, $8, and belted Newport Walkers, $6; swimmer's coconut straw hat is by Men's Hats, Inc., $8.95. Belted Hip-Rider trunks, shown next, are by Catalina, $7.95; Mustang sunglasses by Renauld of France, $22.50. Red and blue surfer trunks by Van Heusen, $7.95; sunglasses, "The Daytonas," are by Sea & Ski, $4.95. And the girl! Her matchless suit has a fine mesh front. Man at right has on Jantzen's coordinated pullover and trunks, $10.95. For further information about product source write: Men's Wear Editor, True Magazine, 67 West 44 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036.

"We just wanted to see what you looked like. You've been listed as a dependent on six returns so far."

JULY—TRUE—CAN., ATL., N.E., W.C., S.W., S.E., E.C.

OUTWARD BOUND

[*Continued from page* 42]

himself down the bluff, he strolled casually off with the boys bunched tightly behind, then suddenly broke into a run.

Two hours later, after miles of struggle through dense forest and soft swampland in alternate spells of brisk striding and full sprinting, after being battered on the rocks of the South Kawishiwi River in three crossings at progressively deeper and swifter rapids, the boy from East Harlem hesitated before the fourth and final stretch of white water. He was coated with muck to the waist, and his breath was coming in great rasping gasps. A fellow wearing a University of Michigan sweatshirt moved up beside him and muttered, "We've been had!" But the college boy plunged on into the central spillway with the nonchalance of the natural athlete.

Paco said nothing. There were, doubtless, things in his own steel-and-concrete forest to frighten the most confident of college boys. But there were no rapids there and this one was chest deep for a fellow scarcely five feet tall. When he finally forced himself into the foaming rush, the river toppled him immediately and he cried out as he twisted back to wrap his arms around a rock and cling there.

"Lean!" The boy ahead was shouting at him, edging back to extend a hand. "Lean into the current!"

For a moment, Paco didn't seem to hear. Then, resolve turning his lips into thin blue lines, he flung himself out to catch the waiting wrist and be dragged on across. Without even noticing the two instructors who were crouching a few yards downstream, just in case, he staggered on after boys who were breaking into a run again. Some students were already back at the base camp by then, doggedly determined that no man their dad's age was going to outdo them. Others were still mired down in a marsh a mile upstream. But for all, the first lesson of the curious course was clear—this was no recreational summer camp.

Outward Bound is a worldwide organization, tricking young men into taking Quiet Walks everywhere from the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro to the jungles of the Malay Peninsula. It had its formal beginning back in 1941, when British merchant ships were being torpedoed at an alarming rate. Statistics showed that a disproportionate number of young seamen were being lost while their older shipmates, often far less able-bodied, were somehow surviving. It seemed obvious that the youths were simply giving up and going under, with no real notion of how much they could endure if they really tried. And the first Outward Bound school was established to teach them just that, by stages and in safety.

The survival statistics picked up and the school survived the war's end, first as part of the training given R.A.F. pilots, then as a spreading movement backed by a growing group of industrialists and educators. A half-dozen Outward Bound schools exist in Britain today, with others in Germany, Holland, Africa, Malaysia, Australia and New Zealand. And in addition to the Minnesota canoe-country school, a mountain school is in its fourth season in the Colorado Rockies, while a sea school will be opening up this summer in Maine.

When the Outward Bound idea came to this country, it found men already working along similar lines. A private school headmaster born in Wisconsin, Bob Pieh had long been running summer boys' programs of an extremely rugged variety in his native north woods. To staff the new school, he had the task of finding some 20 others who shared his fascination with the process of introducing young men, in cold-shower fashion, to the outdoors.

"Suppose a boy wanted to come here," I wondered, "and couldn't afford the tuition or find a sponsor?"

"We can grant a limited number of direct scholarships. He could write to us and see if any were available. So could anyone willing to run the risk of being considered a do-gooder and help sponsor such a boy."

I had a hunch a large share of American ladies would consider him and his sponsors something else entirely, upon hearing of his habit of abandoning boys, particularly underprivileged boys, to fend for themselves in the forest. But taking the wince-provoking words at their dictionary worth, I asked exactly what good this was doing. After all, few of the fellows would ever find themselves the sole survivors of wilderness airliner crashes.

"Very few." He grinned. "But they'll all find more than enough use for the confidence and resourcefulness we think they can discover in themselves through this experience. Our purpose, essentially, is to offer them a challenge that, when met, may give them a fresh and hopefully better estimate of themselves."

At 6 a.m. the next morning—bruised and aching but undeniably challenged—Paco and his classmates were roused for a mile-long run, then revived with a quick dip in bitter-cold Birch Lake. After breakfast, divided into 12-man "brigades," they began what was basically an accelerated conditioning program in which a series of cram courses in wilderness skills served as breathing spells. Looking almost like an ant carrying off a watermelon slice, the little Puerto Rican was shown the knack of shouldering a 17-foot canoe alone. Then before ever handling a paddle, he was drilled for hours in portaging the canoe through rocky woods and spongy swamps. And after flexing cramped muscles throughout a class in map reading, his brigade jogged off to begin a precarious workout on the high ropes and swinging rails of a rustic obstacle course.

"If their mothers could see them," a visiting Minneapolis newspaperman muttered, "none of them would be here."

Stumbling slowly to his tent that night, the boy from East Harlem must have had a few misgivings about his free vacation trip. He seldom said a word more than he had to, but he wore the look of a fellow dutifully making the best of a bad bargain. His doubts must have increased on each night that followed, because the tempo of the training picked up steadily instead of slackening. The school had just 11 days to prepare a largely green group for a trip few Boone and Crockett Club record-holders would attempt. After the boys had learned to erect and repack trail tents blindfolded as part of an intensive course in the use of all kinds of camp gear, they immediately began learning how to get along without it—paddling five miles upriver, in bunches of two brigades, for a session with an instructor named Kent Reeves.

After searching for wild strawberries and raspberries, wintergreen and serviceberries, the fellows tasted the edible parts of cattails and the soft inner bark of birch and aspen. They learned to make frog spears and snares for squirrels, to find clams and crayfish and cook them with only an open fire, to erect simple shelters of brush and to add beds of boughs and caribou moss. As a surprise reward for their attentiveness, they were allowed to forage for their own evening meals and then spend a night in the huts they built.

Leading them on a brisk hike around the shore of Bruin Lake in the morning, Kent Reeves suddenly halted them. "Somebody toss a stone there," he suggested, pointing to a place that looked no different than the rest of the humus-blackened shore sand and shallow muck they'd been crossing.

One of the boys obliged him, and all of them gasped as the stone slurped out of sight, leaving a spreading splash circle.

"All right," Kent calmed them. "So it's quicksand. Maybe you'll accidentally stumble into it sometime." He stepped forward and began sinking steadily. "Before your feet get too deep, pitch ahead on your stomach and breaststroke your way along like this." Reaching firm ground again and lifting himself, he neglected to mention that this particular stretch of quicksand was only about three feet deep. "Come on across now, one at a time."

Staring incredulously at what he'd just seen, which was nothing like any quicksand episode from any TV thriller, little Paco suddenly woke up to the fact that he was first in line. He turned beseechingly, but none of the college boys in the crowd had any more confidence than he did. He crouched there at least 30 seconds in heavy silence, then came on as ordered. But he took no chances whatsoever on letting his feet sink down. Instead, he flung himself out in a belly-smashing dive and swam frantically on, scrambling out

COMING . . .

An exclusive
follow-up report

**THE SILENT SPRING—
THREE YEARS LATER**

by Secretary of Interior
Stewart Udall

The provocative aftermath
of a book that shocked the nation

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

and looking back in stunned disbelief as most of the other boys did exactly the same thing behind him.

The Outward Bound school wasn't all rapids and quicksand, of course, or even all strain and struggle. There were brief afternoon rest periods, and most evenings were free for such things as grouping about a boy who'd brought his guitar. Furthermore, as Paco noticed immediately, "The teachers—they do everything we do." And on the Outward Bound faculty—a blending of schoolteachers who were woodsmen by avocation and woodsmen with a knack for this particular type of schoolteaching, with a sprinkling of guest instructors on loan from the British schools like Peace Corps volunteers in reverse—there were men who could inspire something akin to hero worship. The students' undisputed favorite was a husky, folksy young Texan named Barry Bain who was a veteran of some 40 extended expeditions into the Ontario wilderness as a commercial guide.

"When you're runnin' a rapids," he'd lecture, after lake canoeing had given way to river canoeing and then white-water work, "you do your paddlin' sideways, like this, and keep headed straight on. Ah see any o' you fellas lettin' a canoe swing broadside in a rapids, Ah'm gonna criticize you!" This was the harshest thing "Uncle Barry," as the rest of the staff soon dubbed him, ever said to a student. But it was also the harshest thing he ever had to say.

Still, the fact that the instructors themselves were setting the pace didn't make the pace any less punishing. The morning runs became two miles and then three. Gasping groups of boys limped in from an hour of climbing log-strewn inclines with rock-loaded packs on their backs, caught their breath while receiving first-aid instruction, then double-timed off for a round of "initiative tests" the staff had worked out. "This is an electric fence," an instructor would announce, pointing up to a rope stretched between two trees. "With this pole as your only tool, see how many men you can get over alive." And when the 10 minutes allotted for this test were up, the brigade would hurry on to the next—getting a milk can allegedly filled with nitroglycerin to the top of a 30-foot cliff.

A mass of cold air and rain moved in from Lake Superior, but the training schedule went on relentlessly, even though half of everyone's clothes were damp while the rest were sopping wet, and the fellows were alternately shivering and sweating and not infrequently swearing. Tempers were short in the privacy of the tent village, where instructors intruded only for brief morning inspections, and a number of boys came to the infirmary to have facial cuts and bruises treated, usually insisting they'd run into low-hanging limbs. One day an open slugging match broke out across a dining hall table. Yet only two students gave up and went home.

Why Paco didn't follow them, he alone knows; he wouldn't admit later that he'd even considered quitting. He could have left at any time and still had his free trip to Minnesota and back, but he stayed on, huddling ever deeper into himself and taking all the school and the weather could dish out in gritty, stubborn silence. He had one of his worst moments on the morning his brigade took the final hour-long test of its course in "drownproofing" which is a relatively new method of vertical floating designed to enable even poor swimmers to survive deepwater mishaps.

"Touch the dock just once," an instructor warned, "and you'll wear a life preserver at all times when you're out on the trip."

The rain had turned to sleet the night before and a changing wind had churned up fresh iciness from the bottom of Birch Lake. In a mistaken attempt to keep warm, Paco abandoned the technique he'd been taught and exhausted himself treading water. Brigade-mates kept swimming close to assure him, "*You* can do it!" But his only answer was to sob in Spanish that he couldn't feel his feet, and his face was twisted grotesquely in the wind-whipped water.

"Let's get farther out!" suddenly shouted one fellow, a counselor sent by a Maine summer camp with salary intact. "Stay in a circle so no one'll have to worry about going under!"

The others followed him instinctively, and it proved easier to keep trying when quitting meant a 40-foot swim. The entire brigade passed the test. But in the rush for warm clothing, Paco fell and lay shivering convulsively in the searing wind. His legs were cramped up horribly and his English had failed him with pain. He couldn't understand the instructors who were trying to help him work out the spasms, and Barry Bain snatched him up like a small brown doll and rushed him to the infirmary. But after a few hours in a warm bed, he showed up at lunch with a wide grin.

"I don't wear that damn yellow thing," he said, as proud as he was surprised.

This was a tone heard often after the first week of the term. One morning a surprise "marathon" was staged. Result: boys who'd rarely walked home from school learned they could run six miles and suffer nothing worse than the occasional loss of last night's supper. Boys who'd regarded canoes as vehicles for ferrying girl friends around park ponds discovered they could paddle steadily for 15 or 20 miles, then rest their rebelling arms by punishing their legs instead—making four-mile portages with every third fellow shouldering one of the 80-pound craft while the rest carried 60-pound packs—then rest their legs in turn by making their arms ache again. Then suddenly, with two instructors taking each brigade along a separate route, the entire student body set out for the school's extension campus—the wilderness that waited to the north.

With the base camp strangely hushed, I walked with Bob Pieh through the deserted tent village, and he broke out laughing. "Eleven days in a bivouac, and they're veterans!" With construction still going on in the school's first season, the fellows had not only helped themselves to lumber for tables and chairs and shelves; they'd even liberated wire and sockets, hooked into the generator system and enjoyed lights in their tents. Yet all such improvements had somehow been concealed on morning inspections.

For four straight days, the boys worked their way up the countless chains of Canadian lakes and rivers, ever higher into a land that contains nothing remotely suggestive of civilization. Sometimes, when the wind was right, they could cut limbs for masts and spread tents for sails. But for the most part, the trip was steady paddling and portaging—on and on past limitless dark-green forest split by rapids and cascades, along endless waterways clustered with islands, past barren shoals like icebergs and the unearthly muskeg bogs where centuries-old trees grow just a few inches thick. Silent and savage, ancient and ominous, this is a world where the imaginative can visualize Viking ships sailing past the great granite cliffs, as some authorities insist they once did. Outdoor writers call it God's Country, but they neglect to mention which gods.

Each brigade had an assigned "problem," to be worked out without help from instructors such as the charting of unknown creeks, for example, or elaborately staged rescue operations. Camped up on big Jean Lake, Paco's party had the job of scouting portage possibilities along a little-known chain of lakes that formed an arc to the south. The boys decided on their own to split into two groups and meet halfway around, and with five other fellows the little Puerto Rican worked a torturous way through brush that seemed to grow tighter with each new portage. For a full day they forced their two canoes and themselves along, only to be trapped by darkness in the thigh-deep muck of a swamp with a sleet storm suddenly lashing them.

One thought kept them going through a miserable night, another day and still another night in the icy marshland—the notion that they could return to Jean Lake along the trail the other half of the brigade had blazed. But when they finally met up with the other boys, Paco's group discovered, in sick disappointment, that they'd had no easier a time. Both teams had been hoping to go back the way the other had come. The silence bordered on despair as they studied their muddy maps, a full 100 miles from the nearest human habitation. "We could try cutting west here on Your Lake," a Minneapolis Negro finally suggested, "then go up around this bay of Badwater."

Nearly two days late, the brigade surprised its waiting instructors by showing up from the north instead of the south.

COMING . . .

An adventure rich in danger and success

GOLD DISCOVERY IN NEW GUINEA

The long dangerous search for mining wealth in the land of the world's most primitive people

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

ESCAPE TO RICHES
A TRUE report on a Man Who Has It Made

HE MAKES HAY FROM HAY FEVER

BY BILL EPPS

■ Most men don't know one end of a vacuum cleaner from another, but William B. Hafford of Scottsdale, Arizona is so crazy about vacuuming that he travels from Colorado to the Mexican border, from West Texas to the Pacific coast, just looking for places where he can clean up. Hafford isn't picking up dog hairs and lint. He's cleaning up financially—sometimes at a rate of $5,000 a week.

Take a typical day in the life of this man who never works past noon and has about six months a year to laze around. Work begins midmorning on a warm June day along a dirt road that stretches north across Arizona's Navajo Indian reservation. Hafford walks carefully through a stand of giant sagebrush. The portable vacuum cleaner he carries on his back whirs as he waves the nozzle over the bushes. Two hours later the first gentle gusts of a morning breeze pop up and quickly a thin cloud rises from the stand of sage and is borne away on the breeze. Hafford smiles philosophically and shuts off his vacuum. Nature has blown the quitting whistle. But his take for the day will still be better than $300.

In the afternoon Hafford carefully empties the contents of the vacuum cleaner into a brass pan covered with a fine, 200-mesh screen. After a few minutes in the sun thousands of tiny, almost microscopic, insects rise from the pan and fly away. Then Hafford lightly brushes what remains through the screen. Left on the wire mesh are leaf particles and bits of flower petals. At the bottom of the pan is a small pile of bright yellow powder almost the color of pure gold and nearly twice as valuable.

The golden powder is plant pollen, tiny microspores that send hay fever victims into paroxysms of coughing and sneezing. Pharmaceutical companies use large quantities of pollens to manufacture anti-allergy serums for the relief of hay fever.

Because of the demand, plant pollen, pound for pound, is one of the most valuable vegetable products in the world. For example, Bermuda grass pollen, one of the most troublesome to hay fever sufferers, sells for $3 a gram. A gram of this sneeze powder is slightly larger than a common aspirin, and the amount produced by a large lawn would be worth three times the gold in Fort Knox.

Last year, near Yuma, Arizona, Hafford filled an order for 1,600 grams of Bermuda grass pollen in two days. The pharmaceutical company that purchased the

golden globules happily coughed up $4,800. Hafford doesn't make that much money every week, but it's not uncommon for him to collect $500 or $600 worth of pollen in a single morning.

Hafford got into the pollen business quite by accident, an almost tragic accident. On a stormy day in 1917 he crashed his Navy plane in the Gulf of Mexico. He was rescued, but his injuries and 32 hours of exposure put him in the hospital for eight years. He finally wound up at Fort Whipple, Arizona, where he met a young doctor who was experimenting with pollen extract serums. As a form of therapy and exercise, the doctor sent Hafford outside to gather pollen.

Hafford's first efforts were crude and unrewarding. He simply shook the blossoms of troublesome weeds over opened fruit jars. Often the plants seemed to contain little or no pollen, and what they did surrender usually missed the jar.

To more efficiently capture pollen, Hafford read books on taxonomy and botany and then took to the fields to figure out the behavior of various weeds, shrubs and trees. Hafford found that the species of plant, time of year and amount of heat and light affected the pollen output. The slightest breeze strips some plants of their pollen, while others hold it even in a wind. Twelve years after he took up the mysteries of pollen for a hobby—four after he was discharged from the hospital—Hafford had learned to predict with accuracy when stands of weeds hundreds of miles apart would be ready to pollinate. His timing couldn't have been better.

Suddenly, pollen extract serums were adopted as a standard method of treatment in allergy cases. Drug houses and laboratories all over the country began calling Hafford, offering astounding prices for the microscopic irritants. Prices varied from $1.25 a gram to $5 a gram, depending on the type of plant.

Hafford soon discovered that he was operating far below his potential. Often he was unable to fill his large orders during the short pollination periods of plants. So he designed a portable vacuum device that he hoped would increase his volume. He quickly came up with a pollen cleaner which sucks up the golden dust without picking up an excess of foreign matter. From that day on he had it made.

Paradoxically Hafford learned that while the Southwest offers haven to many an allergy sufferer, it also provides near perfect conditions for his vacuum cleaner to inhale pollen by the jarful. With its great variety of climatic conditions the Southwest produces plants that are indigenous to nearly every section of the country, and the vast, sparsely populated areas are cloaked with weeds and bushes growing in huge, untouched stands.

Hit and miss expeditions soon wiped out the expense accounts of many others who tried for the bonanza in sneezer's gold. But Hafford's notes and charts compiled over more than 30 years have reduced the tricky business of predicting pollination time to an almost exact science. And he has another advantage; complete immunity to all pollens.

Today Hafford starts his collecting season in early April, ends it in late September. In the off-season he winters in the plush resort town of Scottsdale, Arizona, and spends a fair amount of time fishing off the west coast of Mexico with the doctor friend who got him started in the weed and wheeze business.

During the collecting season Hafford uses his leisure afternoons to pursue a hobby that properly illustrates the old adage, "the grass always looks greener. . . ." Hafford prospects for gold. But he smiles and sheepishly admits that all his years of panning for gold hasn't netted him as much as one good morning in a vacant lot full of ragweed bushes. In fact, near many of the canyons and sidehills where Hafford finds his pollen, legendary prospectors once dug, cussed, and went away. In the afternoons he often shares that frustration, but in the early mornings when the sun is hot and the wind still, Hafford cranks up his homemade vacuum cleaner and reaps a golden harvest that would make Lost Dutchman miners blush blush with envy.

"Ah wasn't worryin'," Barry Bain insisted. "Not about *you* fellas." But he didn't sound very convincing.

It was time for the course's climactic test, and the sleeping bags and food packs and tents were left behind as the students were dropped off one by one on large islands and prominent points ashore. Paco went to work on his shelter immediately that chill, drizzling morning—finding three thick limbs with plenty of forks for a tripod-shaped frame, erecting it facing a flat-sided boulder to reflect his fire, laying smaller limbs on the forks, then thatching in brush and piling it high for roofing. He found dry wood by digging into the underside of a deadfall, then got a fire going to dry more, along with the bedding he'd gathered.

It was afternoon before his crude campsite was finished. He waded out to eat cattail roots until he was sick of them, gathered still more for security, then explored his peninsula to find a few berries, some hazelnuts and nothing else but bark. He thought of building a snare, but he saw no squirrels in the trees, and the cold day discouraged going after frogs and clams and crayfish. So he tried fishing instead, using a white shirt button above the single hook he'd been allowed. (He'd been taught, if he lost it, to cut another from any thorny twig.) By dark, he had two perch; broiled on a green stick, these were his supper.

Cold prodded him up to feed his fire a half-dozen times through the night, and morning brought more rain. He moved his fire inside with him, but he had to keep it small and after a while water was dripping steadily down on him. It was the gloomiest time of the entire course for the little Puerto Rican. When the rain finally stopped, he dried himself with his fire blazing high outside and his shelter steaming. But it was midafternoon by then and he was hungry enough to gorge himself on cattail roots again. He'd just started dangling his line in the lake once more when he suddenly noticed some ducks far down the shore. In a burst of ambitious resolve, he loaded his pockets with rocks, gave up fishing and went hunting instead.

He made a skillful enough stalk, moving slowly and silently through the wet woods. Knee-deep in marsh mud, he got to within 20 yards of the ducks. But it was a hopeless effort. The first stone he threw struck only water and the whole flock took off. Completely dejected, Paco started trudging back through the shore growth with no attempt at quiet. All at once, a bird the size of a small chicken scampered off ahead of him and stopped, cocking its head from side to side.

It was a kind of grouse locally known as a "fool hen" and the boy from East Harlem soon discovered why. The first rock he threw was a near miss and yet the bird didn't move. His second flicked its feathers and it simply walked a few feet farther on and began pecking at the ground. Paco picked up a dead limb, edged slowly to within 10 feet of the grouse before it began moving off again, then lunged forward and smashed down hard as it started to fly. And that night, as he lounged by his fire with a full stomach and an age-old satisfaction still tingling in his blood, the clouds suddenly broke and the stars came out.

"It's an inside joke."

Far across the forest-and-lake country, other boys had their own fires burning. Some boys kept close to them, but many made long exploratory hikes and watched bear and moose for hours. One fellow had his own survival secret, which wasn't exactly what Bob Pieh had meant by resourcefulness—he did next to nothing but sleep. "If you don't move around," he explained, like a tout with a hot tip, "you don't get hungry." Instructors were frequently slipping up through cover to watch with binoculars and making regular patrols in readiness to answer previously arranged distress signals. But only two boys out of 94 asked for help and both returned to finish their three days alone after getting more matches.

When the fellows were finally rounded up, kettles of hot stew were waiting. Only the trip back to a general "rendezvous" at a point upriver from the base camp remained. But most instructors managed to keep the course challenging even then. Survival expert Kent Reeves let his brigade think they'd been permanently abandoned, then stayed out of sight behind them as they made their way back on their own. And up on Jean Lake, Barry Bain called his charges into conference. "We got behind schedule on the problem," he reminded them. "It's gonna take us at least three days to get back, and we'll miss the get-together at Fifth Rapids, unless you fellas want to try paddlin' right around the clock!" Eleven to one, and Paco wasn't that one, the brigade voted to attempt making the rendezvous.

Back to the south they circled, carrying their canoes out of Jean Lake along creeks where the maps proved wrong, then coming across big Sturgeon Lake with a new sleet storm in their faces to slow them—a group no one would think of calling greenhorns, no matter what they'd been just three weeks earlier. Then down the winding Maligne River they went, with the rapids that earn the stream its name. A gray afternoon found them paddling and portaging with swift strokes and steps across the Minn and McAree Lakes, then rushing impatiently through supper. A solidly clouded night caught them on another waterway that deserves its name of Crooked Lake.

"Ah'd take another look at that compass!" Barry would occasionally call out to the fellow with the flashlight in the first of the five tightly bunched canoes. "You run us into one o' these blind inlets, Ah'm gonna criticize you!" But even in absolute darkness, he made the boys do their own navigating. On past Sunday Bay they went in that twisted labyrinth of islands, past Saturday and Friday and Thursday Bays, and dawn found them still on course, reaching Wednesday just in time to gulp a quick breakfast at Table Rock.

The morning turned bright and the country was breathtaking. But such scenic attractions as Basswood and Pipestone Falls were also obstacles around which a lot of weight had to be lugged on fast-failing legs. By late afternoon, as they veered east toward the rendezvous site, Paco was stumbling and falling ever more often on the portages.

"Let me sling that pack up under this canoe," Barry urged him gently. "You think Ah never carried both before? How do you think Ah get up in this country alone?" But looking like he'd break out sobbing if he tried to talk, the tight-lipped little Puerto Rican kept on shaking his head, kept on getting up again each time his knees went out from under him. Well after dark, in the last drunkenness-resembling stages of exhaustion from crossing some 110 miles of rugged country in just 38 hours, the brigade stumbled into the big, joint encampment.

The Outward Bound program has received some high-sounding praise from some highly-placed people. Britain's Prince Philip, for example, has spoken of the "incredible" way "the cocoon of youth drops away and the true fiber of the man emerges." But a dozen of those cocoon-shedding chaps will almost certainly, if they read this, treasure far longer the testimonial their thick-muscled guide gave them. "If there'd been just one more little old 70-rod portage," Barry Bain confided, "Ah'd never o' made it to Fifth Rapids myself. And that's the truth!"

The rendezvous was a time of campfire talk that lasted long into the night, as the young veterans, tattered and mud-coated, many of them bearded, began perfecting their reminiscences. Whatever they may have felt while actually struggling, straining and occasionally cursing their way through the wilderness, they certainly loved it in retrospect. The "fresh and hopefully better estimate of themselves," Bob Pieh had mentioned, was more than obvious. Far from complaining about the course, they were blithely offering suggestions—some ingenious, some downright sadistic—as to how it might be made even tougher for their successors.

Paco hadn't exactly turned talkative. He told of his three days alone only in response to persistent questions. But his wary-eyed way of ducking his head had been replaced by a wide, white-toothed grin and there was a casual new confidence in his very quietness.

"*You* know!" He fumbled with new feelings and unfamiliar phrases. "I was commuting with nature!"

That was the last time I talked with him and I don't pretend to know what will become of him. I personally believe it's not a bad thing for a boy to end up asking himself "Why me?" in the wilderness. But I have no way of knowing if a glimpse of a greener America can inspire him to get out of East Harlem, or if the proud thrill of pulling his own weight with a paddle and carrying his own pack on a portage, even when it was killing him, can instill a permanent revulsion for relief rolls. I'll leave such questions to the social workers, who don't know either and would do well to find out.

I do know that full-throated singing spooked the deer for miles along the Kawishiwi the next morning, as a 40-canoe flotilla made its way on down to the base camp for a celebration banquet. And the buses that had been so silent on the trip up from Duluth rocked with laughter and horseplay all the way back. With irreverence suggestive of the men who fought World War II before fathering them, the fellows had evolved a new joke and were building upon it in detail.

"We're going to set up our own rival school across the river and put that place out of business!" they were threatening. "It'll be like a big hotel, see, with a heated swimming pool, speedboats instead of canoes, innerspring mattresses and electric blankets, and breakfast in bed every morning with a bunch of cute babes to serve it. We'll call it Inward Bound!" —**Gene Caesar**

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Robert A. Liston

HERB HOOVER'S BOX-OFFICE BONANZA

Herbert Hoover was never famous for his exploits on the gridiron or ball diamond. In fact, as an athlete he was an excellent fisherman. But Hoover, as an eager-beaver sophomore at Stanford, proved for all time that some of the greatest drama, the most thrilling moments, the most demanding crises of any football game occur at the box office.

Hoover was an organizer. Indeed, it may be said he organized Stanford. He was among the first students to arrive after its founding in 1891. He and his cronies organized a student government and drew up the constitution which still rules the campus today. Hoover also was elected financial secretary which put him in charge of gate receipts at all athletic contests.

Thus, it was only natural he should organize football, in those days an upstart sport played only at Harvard, Yale and similar Eastern institutions. The Stanford sophomores formed a team with Hoover as manager, laid out a practice field in a cow pasture and imported a coach. Next step was to challenge the University of California, which duly accepted.

Hoover outdid himself for that first game. He arranged for it to be played on Thanksgiving Day, 1892, at the 15,000-seat Haight Street Baseball Grounds in San Francisco. Fifteen thousand seats! Ridiculous! Who'd come?

Hoover understood, however, that California even then loved the offbeat and the spectacular. So he arranged to have 10,000 tickets printed and to buy football uniforms by pledging the hoped-for receipts as payment.

Curious fans arrived in droves. Hoover was elated. "We'll pay for those uniforms yet," he said, and the customers kept on coming.

"Hey, Bert," called a frantic ticket seller, "we gotta stop. We're out of tickets."

It couldn't be. Ten thousand tickets sold. "Take the money," Hoover barked, "forget the tickets." Quickly he organized students into a cordon leading from the box office to the field. This limited admission to paying customers and kept out gate-crashers.

A second crisis soon arose—money. There were few greenbacks in California at that time, so most of the tickets were bought with gold and silver. Cash drawers filled. Money was stacked all over the floor of the ticket office. "Get a pan," Hoover ordered. Moments later a freshman appeared with an oversized dishpan. It was filled. Then a washboiler was pressed into service.

Nearly 20,000 fans paid their way into the stadium. They filled the bleachers and ringed the playing field, eager to see this newfangled Eastern game. The referee stalked out onto the gridiron and signaled for the ball to start the contest. The ball? Where was it? Hoover, the great organizer, had overlooked that minor detail.

But the future President was too busy counting money to care. By the time he had counted up to $30,000, two freshmen had sprinted downtown and returned with a pigskin. The first game of a famous football rivalry, won by Stanford 14-10, got started a half hour late.

AUSTRALIA'S STRANGE NEW SEA MONSTER

[*Continued from page* 33]

regions in the world where strange animals are reported to exist by the local people. Some of these reports are undoubtedly true.

At the outset of my zoological career I specialized in insects, a group that all scientists agree contains many unknown creatures. Almost a million different kinds have now been identified and described but some entomologists seriously maintain that this is only a tenth of all living kinds. I, like all field collectors, personally discovered many new kinds of small creatures, ranging from tiny flies to a previously unknown four-foot mammal in Central America. It was a new species of cacomixle or ring-tailed cat which is actually a kind of raccoon. The animal was in a tree almost overhanging a large agricultural and forestry station.

And, of course, I was only one of thousands of collectors. So I know there are unknown animals still to be found on land. In the oceans it is even more certain that such creatures exist. The oceans cover almost three-quarters of the surface of this planet and have an average depth of over two miles. Only a very tiny fraction of this enormous volume of water has been explored by man. As a result, I am not willing to scoff at a sea monster story until I have examined it most carefully.

The editors of TRUE explained to me that they had been tipped off to this discovery by one of their correspondents abroad and had obtained exclusive rights to the pictures after some very ticklish negotiations. Once I saw the photographs, I must admit, I became quite excited. They are the best and clearest photographs of an alleged "sea serpent" I have ever seen. The thing shown in the photos is a strange one but I feel confident it is an animal and that such a beast can exist. In fact, I would say it is highly probable.

The account that accompanies the photos is filled with fascinating details. The photos were taken by a French photographer, Robert Le Serrec, just off Whitsunday Island which lies near the coast of Queensland, Australia. Le Serrec was accompanied by his wife, his three children and a friend named Henk De Jong. The party had been camped on one of the islands and had been storm-lashed for four days. When the storm cleared they decided to go over to the mainland to dry out, wash clothes and obtain supplies. They traveled in a launch and towed a dinghy behind.

The water was shallow, about eight feet deep, and very clear at the spot where they saw the animal. It was lying perfectly still on the white sand bottom. After watching it from the launch and from the dinghy for a while, and photographing it, the men put on skin-diving gear and entered the water.

As I read Le Serrec's account, I was rather startled by this action. It takes a lot of courage to get into the water with an unknown beast of such enormous size. Even if it were not aggressive by nature, it could become frightened and start thrashing around. Without too much effort such an animal could totally destroy the small boat in which Le Serrec and his party were traveling, to say nothing of the damage it could do to two defenseless men in the water. Of course, they had been watching the monster for about a half an hour from the launch and it had not moved. Even so, they were taking quite a chance.

The men approached to within about 20 feet of the animal's head. Le Serrec states that the monster then gaped its mouth several times, "like a moray eel" and turned slowly toward the men. They lit out for the launch as quickly as possible. Le Serrec's wife, who had remained on board, watched the creature move slowly around and slither off through a gap in the coral reef into the deep blue water of the Pacific.

Le Serrec says that the animal was between 70 and 80 feet long. It had a large, highly-domed head, not at all like a snake's head. The head was four feet long and four feet wide; its skin was rough but had no scales. The beast was black but had brown rings, about a foot wide, spaced every five feet along its length. The monster had no teeth and no legs, flippers or other protuberances. It was about two and a half feet in diameter for the first 25 feet and then tapered off gradually to a whiplike tail. Its eyes were small, pale green and had vertical pupillary slits. It had no visible breathing apparatus. The inside of its mouth was whitish.

The observers felt that the animal must be injured. It was lying quietly in shallow water and, when it moved, it moved sluggishly with a side to side motion. Le Serrec reports that there appeared to be a deep wound, five feet long, on its back with white flesh showing through the opening. That, in any case, is the way Le Serrec describes it.

The editors of TRUE asked me to examine the pictures and to try to figure out what the thing could be. The first possibility, of course, is that it is a hoax. I have no reason to doubt Le Serrec's account, however, and fakery strikes me as unlikely. The photographs are color transparencies and are clearly not fakes. Experts have looked at them and they assure me that there is no evidence of montage, double exposure or anything of the kind.

Le Serrec or someone else could have, conceivably, constructed a monster and photographed it. This, to me, seems close to impossible. It would have been an enormous job. The area where this took place is frequented by tourists and is relatively crowded. I don't see how Le Serrec or anyone else could have built such a beast without someone getting wind of what was going on.

In this connection I might point out that Le Serrec's adventure with the monster has been widely reported in the Australian press and none of the papers there have indicated any suspicions that the photographs are not genuine. Newspaper reporters are a skeptical lot and not easy to fool. One Australian paper showed the pictures to Dr. F. H. Talbot, Curator of Fishes at the Australian Museum in Sydney. He described the animal as "extraordinary; unlike any marine creature known to science" and speculated that it might be some variety of eel. In any case, I consider the possibility of deliberate hoax here is so small that it can be completely ruled out.

Another possibility is that the pictures show some inanimate man-made object that got into the water accidentally. This could be, for example, one of those 70-foot plastic tanks used to tow bulk liquids under water. Or it could be a deflated Skyhook balloon. These two possibilities seemed plausible enough to investigate.

A check with the U.S. Department of Defense revealed that the plastic fuel tanks were experimental, that only a few were made and that none were missing. No other country is known to be experimenting with such devices. The Skyhook balloons normally disintegrate in the air. If they do come down to earth they are

tracked and retrieved. I checked into various other inanimate possibilities in addition to these but none of them proved to be even remotely reasonable explanations for Le Serrec's pictures.

I feel sure that Le Serrec has photographed an animal of some sort. It is, obviously, a very unusual animal.

From the pictures and Le Serrec's description we have to assume that it is a vertebrate, that is, that it has a backbone. Could it be a mammal? Well, that is highly improbable although there is an ancient group of whales, known as the Zeuglodonts, whose fossil remains are well known in the rocks of Tertiary times up to the beginning of the middle Miocene which is now estimated to be only 20 million years ago, an extremely short time in geological terms.

The reason for stating that it is improbable that Le Serrec's beast is a mammal is that it has no limbs. No limbless mammal is known, living or fossil. The Zeuglodonts had a serpentine form but were not completely limbless.

So perhaps it's a reptile or an amphibian? Possibly, but I think not. There are many aquatic amphibians but none of them live in salt water and no amphibian fossils have ever been found in marine deposits. We are, I feel, pretty safe in assuming that saltwater amphibians just don't exist. There have been giant marine reptiles in the past, notably the mosasaurs which were widely distributed in the Cretaceous period up till 70 million years ago and reached a length of 60 to 70 feet. But mosasaurs had pointed heads and two pairs of paddlelike limbs. There are marine snakes living today but they are small, usually three or four feet long. It seems unlikely, therefore, that Le Serrec's animal is a reptile.

The best possibility is that the animal is a fish and Doctor Talbot's surmise that it is some type of eel is near the mark. There are some 40,000 kinds of living fish already known to science and new ones are discovered with surprising regularity. Tens of thousands of extinct species are known from fossil remains. The living kinds range in size from fishes about the size of a housefly to the giant whale shark that reaches 60 feet. Some fossil sharks, judging by the size of their teeth, must have measured well over a hundred feet. So an 80-foot fish is certainly not impossible.

All the features mentioned by Le Serrec and shown in the photographs are found in fish. Certain sharks have vertical pupils; many fish lack scales and have rough skins; whiplash tails are known. And the possibility that giant eels exist has been seriously proposed by very eminent scientists.

Dr. Johannes Schmidt, a Danish marine biologist, was returning from a long oceanographic cruise, in 1930 on the vessel *Dana*, when he dredged from the depths of the South Atlantic an extraordinary creature that was six feet long. This animal was described as being the larval form of an eel. Now, our common American and European eels grow to be about six feet long when adult but their larvae are only a quarter to half an inch long. So if Doctor Schmidt's creature was indeed larva of an eel and not a case of what is called neoteny, meaning continued growth of a larva without changing to the adult form, then the adult form could on the same ratio grow to be at least 864 feet long. This, I have to say, I find to be preposterous.

I am personally of the opinion that Doctor Schmidt's animal must have been an elver which is the next stage after the larva in eel development. The elvers of our common eels are from three to six inches long. Using that ratio of elver to adult size, a six foot elver would produce an adult somewhere between 72 and 144 feet in length, just about the right size for Le Serrec's animal.

But I don't think it is an eel, exactly. There are about 350 species of living eels but none of these are completely limbless or lack at least some external signs of a breathing apparatus. However, there is a strange group of fishes, known as the *Synbranchidae*, that are completely limbless and which have only rudimentary internal gills. They breathe mainly through the mucous membranes of the throat and have two small slits under the throat for the eviction of the water that they take in through the mouth. Le Serrec would have been unable to see such slits unless he crawled underneath the animal, something he wisely refrained from doing.

These odd creatures are popularly called "Swamp Eels" and are found mostly in fresh water in Southeast Asia, Africa, Central and South America. But there is one deep-sea species. I will tentatively suggest that Le Serrec's animal might be a member of this group. The *Synbranchidae* are a very ancient and primitive form of fish and it is possible that a giant form may have evolved in the waters of the Pacific. The animal shown in the photographs matches neatly what a giant *Synbranchid* might look like.

The beast in these photos is undoubtedly a deep sea animal. Since no such thing has been seen before, we can assume that it doesn't normally live in the shallow waters where this one was seen. It appears to have been wounded and it probably came in behind the reef to rest and to avoid predators. When it was disturbed it returned to the ocean.

An animal as big as this must consume a lot of food and so would have to live in some part of the ocean that is rich in animal life. The U.S. Navy has recently stated that it feels there is such a layer at about 700 fathoms. There may be other similar layers which we have not yet discovered. However, we can feel almost sure that it doesn't live at the very bottom of the ocean because, while there is life there, it is not abundant.

The animal is probably not dangerous. Since it has no teeth it is likely to feed in much the same way that a baleen whale does. In other words, it cruises about endlessly with its mouth open, scooping in a continuous harvest of small animals and plants.

In any case, I hope scientists will pay some serious attention to these startling photographs. Certainly we should try to find out just what it is. Unfortunately, we can't know for sure until we catch one and haul it out for careful scientific examination. And, as one realist has pointed out, if you want to catch monsters you have to have monstrous gear. So far, we haven't tried that.—**Ivan T. Sanderson**

THE AUTHOR:

Ivan T. Sanderson holds a B.A. in Zoology from Cambridge University, England. He is a Fellow of the Linnean Society and the Royal Geographical Society. During the past 30 years he has led collecting expeditions to various parts of the world for the British Museum, the Royal Society of London, Cambridge University, the Chicago Natural History Museum and many other institutions. He is the author of numerous books in the field of natural science.

TRUE

HE FOUND THE TRINIDAD'S TANTALIZING TREASURE

[*Continued from page* 55]

I think they're still in the government archives."

This was incentive enough. Markey's curiosity and determination filled him with enough fervor to inspire other men of means to join the search.

In 1932 Markey and friends organized the San Luis Rey Historical Society—named after the valley where the skeleton was discovered—to finance the Ulloa research and any other treasure hunts that might crop up.

This informal society grew to have about 40 members with Dr. Markey as its president and curator. Wealth is still a prerequisite for joining this archeological club. The members contribute to the cost of projects, and occasionally one may underwrite the expenses of an entire expedition.

The society's quest for traces of Ulloa began quickly.

"Most of the time I hired researchers to pore through the Madrid archives. But a lot of it I did myself," Markey said. "Since I speak and read Spanish as well as French and Portuguese, I enjoyed spending as much as three months at a time, eight hours a day, at this kind of grind.

"But I didn't just walk down and pull out my magnifying glass. We had to go clear to Franco himself. And when we got to a library we had a permanent guard, a soldier from the Spanish army, to see that we didn't truck off any of their precious parchments. We took our electronic cameras down into that cavern of decaying records and letters, and waded in!"

Over the years the search for information on the Ulloa expedition was carried on in the Spanish capital's Biblioteca National, and the Archivo General de las Indias and the Spanish Navy archives, both in Seville. But there were difficulties. The records consisted of thousands of crumbling documents. Most were unclassified and written in antiquated 16th-century Spanish that required translators.

In 1951 Markey received good news from Spain—the first important discovery had been dug up in the archives.

Pablo Salvador Hernandez, a scribe who had accompanied Ulloa when he sailed north into oblivion had written a report. Its subject was the customs of the primitive Indians who then inhabited the San Luis Rey Valley. Here at last was proof that Ulloa had reached California and a strong hint that Hernandez must have made other reports.

Markey took off for Spain on the double. There he had Hernandez's report translated and copies made of the 30 sketches of Indian life that supplemented the report. Paintings developed from the sketches are now among those adorning the doctor's office.

"In a lot of ways," Markey told me, "the early California Indians were as epicurean as the Romans of Pompeii."

They had no inhibitions. Children attained puberty early. The women taught the boys how to stimulate their partners to repeated orgasms and various techniques for sustaining or varying the sex act. The men taught the girls methods of intensifying male passion.

Since the Indians felt invisible devils lurked everywhere, and survival was a constant struggle, their lives of fear and privation had only one great pleasure—sex. They concentrated on achieving the utmost enjoyment. Hernandez's report made spicy reading.

Markey's search went on. More letters and reports were found, some with torn pages. But there was finally enough information to piece together the rest of the story of the ill-fated expedition.

Ulloa had sailed north from Cedros Island in the *Trinidad*—a typical 35-ton caravel with a broad bow, a narrow high poop and lateen sails. With him were 25 tough, seasoned fighting men and five Mexican women to amuse them. Even though he had a fortune in treasure aboard, he was determined to find much more in wealthy Quivira.

Well over two years before the arrival of Cabrillo, Ulloa passed San Diego Bay. On June 30, 1540, he reached the mouth of the San Luis Rey River at the northern limits of the present city of Oceanside. For two days the ship lay at anchor while the vessel's casks were filled with fresh water.

Reboarding the *Trinidad*, Ulloa continued north, charting the coast, until he reached the Santa Barbara Channel. But he noticed no indications of an overland route east as promising as the one at San Luis Rey.

"From what I've heard about the location of Quivira," Ulloa told his men, "we are too far north. We will return to the river where we filled our casks."

As the expedition returned south, the first plague struck the crew—scurvy. It weakened them, caused diarrhea and vomiting, and lowered their resistance to the infections that came later. Their gums were swollen and inflamed. Many of the men began losing their teeth.

On August 21, 1540, the caravel again cast anchor off the river mouth and Ulloa made preparations for an expedition overland.

Hernandez and two other men were assigned to remain with the ship. Taking arms, provisions and camping equipment, the rest of the men and the five women landed at what is now the municipal harbor at Oceanside. Since the men were inveterate gamblers and they might meet natives who recognized the value of gold, they took with them a quantity of coins in skin bags.

The party tramped inland for several miles until they reached the top of a ridge, roughly following the present route of California Highway 76. Looking down into the valley, they saw a lake almost a mile in diameter. Along the shore, strung out like beads on a chain, were a dozen small Indian villages.

Ulloa's party proceeded down into the valley and set up a camp near the lake shore. The Indians overcame their caution and were friendly. In return for trinkets, they brought rabbits, fish and women. But their primitive vocabulary was limited to life's fundamentals. Questions about golden cities to the east produced only stares of bewilderment.

Contact with the ship was maintained. Each day Hernandez or one or both of his companions aboard visited the camp. But unlike some of the men who had tired of their Mexican mistresses, Hernandez suffered no new temptations.

"Everything connected with the natives was burdened with offensive odors," he wrote bluntly. "And the women were no exception. They smelled like long-dead fish."

The lake was at once the bathtub, the cesspool and the drinking fountain of each village—a sad prelude to California's elaborate irrigation system. And now the second and last plague that would doom the expedition claimed its victims. The Spaniards, lacking the immunity built up over centuries by the natives, rapidly died from contact with the lake's filth.

"Our gracious captain," wrote the scribe, "had hoped that fresh water, fish and meat . . . green leaves and roots, would diminish the illness (scurvy) from which most of our company had been suffering. But instead of an improvement, many of us, on the second day at the lake, were seized with prostrating abdominal cramps and a most malignant form of dysentery."

Ulloa himself was stricken on the third day.

Hernandez went to see Ulloa. Pain glazed the dark eyes of the officer, and he nervously stroked his short beard. "The illness must come from the stench," he said. "I've ordered the men to keep away from the villages and leave the women alone."

At the end of 10 days the camp by the lake was abandoned.

Circling the lake, the party skirted the east shore and moved to the north. There they found a gently sloping hill. At its top was a primitive fortress of giant boulders.

Ulloa must have looked upon the many archaic petroglyphs carved in the huge boulders with the same bewilderment that confronts scientists today. There are over 60 designs—weird symbols of a forgotten race that vanished in dim antiquity.

Hernandez and two of his shipmates escaped illness. They refused to eat food received from the natives or drink water from the lake. Living aboard the ship, they ate food from its stores and drank wine.

But at the fortress the scourge con-

COMING . . .

A baseball dialogue
Frank Merriwell never heard

BO 'N' STU TELL ALL

Candid conversing on
the national game by Bo
Belinsky and Dick Stuart

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

tinued. One by one the conquistador's died. The survivors took utensils, knives and clothing from their dead comrades and traded them to the Indians for provisions.

On the second day at the new encampment, Hernandez found Ulloa lying inside the circle of fortress rocks.

"Too many are dying," the captain said. "Have all the men put their gold together and bury it. Take it two leagues or more away where no natives will see you. Mark the location well. When the illness has passed, those who live can recover it."

The scribe obeyed the captain's order, then returned to the fortress.

"We should have returned to the ship," Ulloa said. "Now I fear it's too late. The illness is painful. I'm very weary."

The following morning, 15 days after he had left the *Trinidad,* Ulloa died. He was buried in his armor beside the fortress boulders.

A cave had been found several miles away, and there the bodies of the rest of the dead were carried. Then a storm raged down on the surviving men and women. They escaped it inside the cave, burying the dead beneath them. For six days they listened to the relentless fall of rain outside. When the skies cleared, only four men and one girl were still alive.

Three days later Hernandez and his two shipmates arrived outside the cave to find all the men dead and the camp's last survivor, one of their Mexican mistresses, dying. Hernandez found a heavy rock. When the dying whore's head was turned, he dropped the rock, crushing part of her skull. He carried her body into the cave, placed some rocks in the entrance and returned to the ship.

Since three men could not handle the sails of the caravel, they outfitted the ship's longboat with sails, water and provisions. Hernandez made a drawing of the ship's position, hoping he could return in another vessel and recover the caravel and its cargo—a forlorn hope.

Weeks later the trio reached Mexico City and found that Cortez had left for Spain. Hernandez, himself, returned home in 1542 where his reports were filed and forgotten. He died in 1571. The abandoned *Trinidad* was never seen again.

Included in the scribe's reports were three sketches. One showed the ship's anchorage and the second, the fortress and the location of Ulloa's grave. Here was the first proof that Markey had found the old conquistador's bones.

The third sketch provided a valuable clue. It showed the location of the burial cave.

Northeast of the fortress is a high conical hill. Hernandez had stood on top of this elevation, an outstanding landmark, and measured his various locations in distances from this peak.

Perhaps the hoard of gambling money too, was in or near the cave.

No time was lost. Filled with fresh enthusiasm, Markey and his fellow society members drove to the hill, then tore through the five miles of brush and rocks to the cave's location. It was the end of July, 1951.

"Admit it, mother. No matter where Fred travels, he has this fantastic ability to blend in perfectly with the local population."

"At first we couldn't see anything that looked like a cave," the doctor said. "Then on a hillside one of our men found a small hole among some rocks, almost hidden by brush. The opening was about a foot high and maybe two feet long. Since Hernandez's day earth and stones had fallen over it."

With picks and spades the California historians went to work. As the soil and rocks were heaved aside, the opening grew large enough for the doctor to crawl into the dark cavern. Small animal bones littered the floor, but the Indians, superstitious about burial places, had never disturbed the interior.

The cave floor was several feet below the opening. In the light of battery-powered lamps, Markey began excavating. The surface was hard, but below it the dry, protected soil was easily moved. Within minutes a femur bone came into view and then a skull. The skull was partially crushed.

"Female!" said Markey to his companions. "I'll bet it's the Mexican girl Hernandez had to put out of her misery."

The work continued. More skeletal remains were unearthed. The excavation job was performed slowly and carefully over a period of days. Eventually 22 skeletons were found. Hernandez's record, made long ago and discovered in faraway Spain, had proved exact.

Metal detectors were used in and around the cave as they had been used earlier around the fortress. But no gold-signaling buzz disturbed the anxious hush of the gentlemen treasure hunters.

Stories of Ulloa's treasure were published in local newspapers. Immediately, although the valley is roughly eight miles wide and 30 miles long, independent treasure hunters invaded ranches, usually at night, haphazardly digging holes. Armed ranchers were forced to patrol their land and have trespassers arrested.

Meanwhile, in Madrid and Seville, the search of musty archives went on.

It was a warm September morning in 1957 when a registered letter came from Spain. Dr. Markey opened it. More material on Ulloa. Then he froze. It was a sketch of their valley, copied from an original in a Spanish library's cellar. It was the long-awaited treasure map that Ulloa had ordered made.

Tense with excitement, six society members gathered in Markey's office. Quickly spades, pickaxes and electronic metal detectors were surreptitiously loaded into cars parked in back of the office.

Once again the members drove east from Oceanside over State Road 76, turning north at the San Luis Rey Mission toward the marine training area, Camp Pendleton. And once again a bearing was taken from the conical foothill but in an entirely different direction from the cave or the fortress. The angle and the distance—almost seven miles—were then plotted on a geological survey map.

The trail, like the one to the cave, led the party to an isolated, brushy area. Fortunately there were no roads or houses nearby; no curious outsiders to notice the searchers with their metal detectors.

"Dear Helen Gurley Brown . . ."

Markey, leading the way up a gradual slope, stopped to check landmarks on the sketch. With a steel tape he measured a certain distance from a large boulder.

"This has to be it. Everything figures!"

The detectors were turned on and the circular heads moved restlessly over the ground. The searchers listened through their earphones to the steady hum, tense and silent.

Suddenly one of the detectors began buzzing. After a minute of excited digging, the coins—along with rotted remains of skin bags—again glinted dully in sunlight. They were so close to the surface that four centuries of erosion could have easily swept them into oblivion.

In the first handful of coins Markey grabbed, he found coins from Rome and England as well as Spain. Evidently the soldiers had hoarded all gold, no matter which country coined it.

This discovery of 2,000 gold coins, many of them exceptionally rare and valued by collectors at over $250,000, was in September, 1957—417 years to the month since Hernandez had left the valley. The ones that are clearly inscribed extend in vintage from around 1500 A.D. back to the Roman Empire of the first century B.C.

"Yes, Ulloa gave us quite a chase," the doctor said as we sat in his office. "That's the old boy there," he added, pointing at a painting hanging on the wall. "We got it from his descendants in Spain."

The portrait showed a breast-plated conquistador, a cloak over his broad shoulders. His long mustache and short black beard made his features stern. His dark eyes seem to be looking at some goal that was beyond blue hills, far, far away. Perhaps the Kingdom of Quivira that had only existed in Indian dreams.

Today the San Luis Rea valley is dry, and only a few scattered ponds remain to mark the site of the lake known to Ulloa and his followers.

A "No Trespassing" sign is up at the ancient fortress on the Ellis Zahniser ranch and the property is surrounded by barbed wire. It can, however, be observed from the Camp Pendleton Highway, a quarter mile south of the camp's San Luis Rey gate. A wooden cross and small picket fence placed on Ulloa's grave by the historical society can be viewed from a dirt road that skirts the bottom of the hill to the west.

The society owns the tracts of land that include the cave and the treasure site. Guards are residing on the properties.

"But treasure hunters on land are just wasting their time," the doctor informed me. "It's extremely unlikely that any gold remains on shore. Ulloa's crew carried only small amounts from the ship, and they would not have buried it in two places. Hernandez plainly told us where to look. You can bet we turned up all that was there."

The *Trinidad*, of course, is a different story, and in its hulk lies the bulk of the treasure still to be found.

It was in September when Hernandez and his companions watched the vessel drop below the horizon as they sailed south in the longboat. Left with only sea anchors, it seems probable that the caravel broke loose from her moorings during the same month when seasonal storms hit the coast.

To check the ocean currents for a likely location of the wreck, each September for three successive years, Dr. Markey and his associates loaded rafts with scrap metal until they weighed 35 tons, towed them to the site of the ship's anchorage, then cut the rafts loose. All three times the rafts drifted along the coast and foundered off Point La Jolla, north of San Diego. But after four centuries currents have doubtlessly changed.

Meanwhile around 150 scuba divers combed the ocean bottom at various locations, including the point, without success. Later a strong current came down the coast, cuttting a new channel in the seabed. A long-buried fishing boat reappeared.

In the spring of 1961 a determined girl diver used a metal detector along the beach and in the shallow water at low tide where Loma Alta Creek enters the sea, off the 1600 block of Pacific Street in Oceanside. The location is slightly over two miles south of the *Trinidad's* last anchorage.

At various points up to 200 feet from shore, she found the half-dozen mysterious gold coins. They were Roman, of the same type found inland, and undoubtedly had washed ashore from the lost vessel.

It now appears that the ship is on the bottom offshore from the creek. The coins washing in indicate that the hulk is breaking up, but that part of it is still above the ocean mire. The heavier gold articles would remain with the wreck.

With this lead, the ship should soon be found—and if currents and waves can wash coins to the beach, the hulk cannot be very far from shore. The search is wide open, and professional and amateur divers—many of whom are more interested in lining their pockets than museum walls—are racing the society to find the *Trinidad*.

But once the wreck is found, the freelance diver will have a choice of leasing or purchasing expensive recovery equipment or employing a salvage firm. He will probably have to secure financial backing. An agreement will have to be made with the state of California, which has a claim on valuable salvage along its shores.

On the other hand, the San Luis Rey Historical Society is interested in preserving the cargo and fixtures for museums. Recovery equipment is already owned by the society and members will be able to quickly raise the cargo at a low cost.

When a diver locates the wreck and is sympathetic with the society's purpose he will be eligible for a $10,000 reward. Terms of this contract are currently being prepared, but one condition will be that only society representatives will be judges of whether the caravel has been found. This is because other wrecks lie offshore that could be mistaken for the *Trinidad*.

"We are concerned about and will not honor fraudulent claims," Markey said. "The real trouble is the chiselers—crooked lawyers and treasure hunters alike. Southern California is a happy hunting ground for the fast-buck boys who look for easy ways to have their expenses paid."

The doctor grinned reminiscently. "But we're not buying dreams or schemes—no bent stakes twitching for treasure. When anyone comes along with adequate equipment, sufficient skill, the knowledge of what we're looking for, plus a reputation for honesty, we'll hire him. Or at least make a contract with him."

That's the story. If you're a diver, you have an opportunity not only to locate a treasureship with millions in gold, but help preserve priceless relics of the Aztec age.

And you would not only be $10,000 richer, but your name, too, may be remembered in revamped history books. Not a bad fee for getting your name in print. —**Vincent H. Gaddis**

PIONEER HUNT IN VIRGIN MOUNTAINS

[*Continued from page* 51]

it along?" he suggested. "It just might save somebody plenty of footprints." The airlines people couldn't figure how to squeeze it into the luggage compartment and they wound up strapping it into a passenger seat.

We assembled in Norman Wells, as bleak a tar-paper settlement of 120 souls as any vagabond sportsman is ever likely to see. The date was September 10, about three weeks too late to catch the best weather in that country on top of the continent. For two days we huddled in the local hotel, which was really an old storage shed teetering unsteadily on piles driven into permafrost.

On the third day, by dodging snow squalls all the way, a charter pilot maneuvered us about 80 miles to a lonely lake called Florence. He had never been there before, and it took three trips with a Beaver to transfer the whole crew, the camp supplies and the Honda. Besides Brewster and the three of us from Ohio, the crew now included our cook—McRae "Scotty" Horn, fresh in from Australia.

"This ain't," Scotty said, "like the Outback atall." It surely wasn't.

The camp we built beside Florence Lake wasn't very elaborate, but it was far more comfortable than the hotel in Norman Wells. And when you could see it through a swirling snowstorm, the setting was extremely beautiful. The spectacular front ridges of the Mackenzies towered directly above our tents.

The first night in camp was a memorable affair. Somebody mixed bourbon highballs and somebody else filleted lake trout for Scotty to deep fry. Everybody wound up stuffed and optimistic. But early next morning we had a rude awakening. More snow had fallen during the night, to make walking doubly tough.

The Mackenzies are not high mountains. The tallest peaks in the region we planned to hunt were only 3,500 feet or so. But that's a misleading figure because we were starting out at sea level. Although the mountains are virtually treeless, the slopes are steep and spongy, in some places so spongy that progress upward is nearly impossible. Here and there you sink down to your knees. It was difficult to reach even the first ridge behind camp. Without all our stadium workouts, it would have been pure torture.

We quickly found it impossible to follow drainages to reach high country. All of them dead-ended in nearly vertical canyons too steep to climb. The only way to gain the tops of ridges was to climb straight up between drainages and hope no impassable rimrock blocked us. By careful glassing, we were able to increase the odds to about 50 percent.

Our days at Florence Lake did not produce the trophies we were after. But we had seen the blond grizzly our first evening, and one day Frank and Jack stalked and filmed a band of 12 Dall ewes and lambs. At daybreak on another blustery day we spotted a small bull moose opposite camp. On still another day, Bud and I flushed a cow moose and calf from a thicket. The half-charge which the cow made was the most exciting thing to happen in more than a week. Because of terrain and snow, I doubt if we were ever able to travel farther than three or four miles from camp in any one day's hunting. Horses would have made a big difference, but the nearest nags were probably over 500 miles away. And except for traveling the gravelly fringe of the lake itself, the motorbike was useless in the soft tundra.

"The nice thing about moving," Jack commented when the charter pilot arrived to fly us to another camp, "is that civilization is farther away."

It was a 30-minute hop to the next camp on a lake the pilot called Mirror. It had no other name. For a change no cold wind was blowing, and the lake's surface gave a perfect reflection of the Carcajou Range of the Mackenzies. If possible, it was a more picturesque camp site than the first one.

Breakfast finished, we started climbing in two parties in two separate directions the next morning. Our aim was first to penetrate high country. Then Frank and I would work southward while Jack and Bud explored to the north. It was the hardest kind of labor to reach the ridge above the Carcajou River, but the magnificent view alone was worth it.

Neither of us would have enjoyed it, however, without the conditioning at home. We hunted all day and I can't ever remember returning to camp so late. But we were still not drained of enthusiasm.

Jack and Bud had spotted six bull moose, glassing them at extremely long range. Even more encouraging, they kept crossing sheep sign. "From the size of the hoofprints in soft earth," Bud beamed, "I'm sure they were rams."

It was ironic that Jack and Bud, who had neither licenses nor rifles, spotted all the game. Between charley horses in both legs that night, I dreamed of meadows full of critters, all of them in the record-book category. Then all at once it was morning and Scotty had coffee brewing in the cook tent.

That day we changed partners. Bud and I hunted in the direction of the moose. We covered plenty of country in a steady drizzle, but Bud couldn't relocate the bulls. Finally, late in the afternoon, we found fairly fresh sheep tracks—rams from the large size of them—and that was like a shot in the arm. All the tracks were heading toward the west and the heart of the Carcajou Range. In other words, away from camp.

Our report of more fresh ram sign had a remarkable effect on Frank. He would rather hunt sheep than be a millionaire and, even after years of hunting them, mountain sheep have the same effect on him that gold rushes and wildcat oil strikes have on other men. All at once Frank wasn't weary any more.

"Our best bet for rams," he said, "is to get back farther into the mountains. Why don't we hike out of here and set up a spike camp?"

Previously we had figured that a three-mile radius was the most area we could cover from any camp in that difficult terrain—three miles out and three miles back per day. By setting up a spike camp six miles from our main camp and then hunting a three-mile radius, we could get nine miles back into the mountains. Next morning we loaded bedrolls, tarps and food on our backs and were away just after daybreak.

Fall weather in the Mackenzies is often pleasant, but always damp. Now as we headed for spike camp it changed from damp to downright wet. First it began to drizzle. Then the drizzle turned into sleet. The sleet collected on the packs we carried, melted and then drained down the backs of our necks. Cold, wet pack straps cut into my shoulders.

Before noon we had to ford three creeks, all of them too deep to cross without getting wet. We began to stagger, rather than walk. Somebody started to sing a ribald song and everyone joined in. Late in the afternoon we made the first camp ever pitched in a sheltered valley which we estimated to be seven miles from our starting point.

While sitting around a roaring fire, toasting our feet and boots like marshmallows, somebody pointed up to the hillside far above. There in the increasing gloom were the unmistakable white forms of Dall sheep. Even with glasses we couldn't decide for certain whether they were ewes or rams. But I was thinking rams when I crawled into my damp sleeping bag and fell asleep.

Every muscle in my body complained when Frank and I started uphill the next morning.

"This should be sheep country," Frank said, "and that's all there is to it."

It *was* sheep country. We hadn't glassed very long when Frank spotted them—a band of eight, more than half a mile away. They were rams, we were fairly certain, but it wasn't possible to tell the size of the heads.

"Our best bet," I said after looking a long time, "is to climb above and around them."

"Let's get going," Frank answered.

Maybe the rams were farther away than we estimated, but more than an hour passed before we reached a point above them. Even then more than 400 yards separated us from the bedded animals. One ram, however, now was standing up and we counted nine instead of eight altogether. Hugging the cold, wet ground, we glassed the sheep again. But something went wrong.

One by one the other sheep stood up and looked directly toward us. Then one nervous ram turned away and bolted in the opposite direction. The others followed immediately. It was a bitter disappointment because 400 yards is too far for a running shot.

COMING . . .

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AT WAR WITH THE WILD ONES

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

We continued the climb and eventually reached a ridge which we turned to follow. Through infrequent breaks in the overcast, we could guess that it extended for miles toward the south. Sharp peaks and rimrocks gave it an unearthly look. Although the east slope we had climbed was steep enough, the west slope was a sharp dropoff—a nightmare of rock piles and sheer rock walls. The crest of the ridge was covered with good tracking snow.

We traveled nearly a mile, moving slowly, poking into draws and glassing the terrain ahead. Once we crossed the tracks of a fairly big grizzly, probably made during the night or earlier in the morning. We briefly considered following it, but grizzlies are vagabonds in perpetual motion.

"That one could be 10 or 15 miles ahead of us by now," Frank said.

The bear tracks were scarcely forgotten when we began to find other, fresher tracks—the unmistakable hoofprints of mountain sheep. In this case they were big mountain sheep. And just ahead there were five oval-shaped spots where the snow had been melted away. Beside each one were small piles of soft droppings.

"Sheep beds," I whispered to Frank, "and sheep were in them not too long ago."

Now we moved as cautiously as burglars. We knew we were near to sheep and maybe even among them. I felt slightly unsteady in the hand; my mouth was dry. Tracks crisscrossed everywhere, and grazed areas where snow had been scraped from clumps of Arctic grass told the rest of the story. But the weather was working against us. Low clouds and snow flurries reduced visibility to nearly nothing.

More or less following the general pattern of tracks, we topped out each hummock along the ridge on hands and knees. And with each topping-out, the tension and pressure increased. I was wet and cold from groveling in the snow, but we never noticed it. Something had to break soon.

Frank was a yard or two ahead as we crawled to the crest of a small rise. I saw him stiffen, drop back and motion me to move up quickly. Then he eased his rifle forward. In the next instant five startled white rams were racing to get the hell away from there.

I swung the scope on the nearest and instantly judged that it was a small head. Then Frank's rifle cracked and the lead ram stumbled and fell.

I found another ram in the scope and this one also appeared small—at least not a full curl. Still, in a kind of desperation, I almost squeezed on the animal until I happened to notice another break away from the group and head for the rocky rim of the ridge on my right. That one had a full curl and I squeezed.

But at my shot the animal kept going.

Now I felt the first real disappointment of the trip. Even in the finest Dall sheep country of North America you do not get many opportunities at good rams. I'd missed my chance, probably my last.

While Frank hurried to check the ram he'd dropped, I walked to the rim of the ridge. I knew I wouldn't find anything, but then I spotted a patch of blood on the snow . . . and another. Just under the ridge and lodged in an alpine bush, my ram lay dead. I flopped down beside it to unwind.

Suddenly our expedition was a huge success—a howling success I would never forget. The two rams had almost identical heads with full curls measuring 36 inches, far better than average.

The next day was a rare one—bright and still. We returned to pack more of the sheep meat back to camp, but a black bear had found it during the night. After making a long, infantry-style stalk across a spongy meadow, I anchored the bear with a 350-yard shot. Now we had a heavy green hide to pack out along with the meat, but it was all downhill.

In the afternoon I made a final trip to the sheep ridge. It was late when I reached the top, alone, and after boning out two sheep hams to save weight, I lashed them to my pack frame. Idly I picked up my glasses before starting the long trip back down the mountain, and scanned a ridge just opposite. This new ridge hadn't even been visible two days

before. Four white rams were standing in the open and watching me.

I can't say for sure, because the range was long, but the smallest of the quartet of rams was considerably bigger than the two we had bagged. And the biggest was any sheep hunter's dream come true. Its horns were heavy and they flared outward in exactly the manner a ram's horns might be exaggerated by a calendar artist. If nobody back in camp believed my description of the rams, I guess I can't blame them. But they're still at large in the Mackenzies.

With a couple of ram heads, a bear pelt and loins of mutton lashed to our packs, it was an overloaded but exuberant procession which hiked back to base camp on Mirror Lake. Scotty met us halfway with an empty pack frame and took over part of the load. The hilarity and celebration in camp that night should happen to every big game hunter someday.

Collecting the sheep and the bear was almost like flipping a magic switch. Before then, game had been hard to find. Now it was everywhere.

Next morning Bud and I started climbing right from camp. The first time I had tackled that slope it had been slow, hard going. This time it wasn't too tough. Less than a mile from the cook tent and halfway up a steep shale slide, we stopped to rest and enjoy the bright September morning—and that's when I happened to spot a movement near the crest of a ridge which loomed above us.

Through glasses, the movement became a giant bull moose.

The animal was outlined against a completely open slope—the precise sort of high place you would never expect to find a moose. As we watched, it became apparent that the moose was traveling slowly along the ridge at right angles to our approach. The only cover anywhere nearby was a small brushy draw to the left and maybe 500 yards above us. But the brush was thin and couldn't have been more than waist high.

"I'd guess he's going to bed in there," Bud whispered, now lying prone beside me.

We never could tell whether the animal bedded or not because it disappeared from sight when it reached the top of the brushy draw. "Let's go take a closer look," Bud urged.

Having seen that moose was a remarkable incentive. It made climbing the mountain even easier than before. We hurried but my heart was pumping more with excitement than with exhaustion when we reached an altitude about even with the last place the bull had been visible. Then, crouching low and finally crawling to stay below the lip of the draw, we made the final stalk. The wind was completely in our favor, but just the same I remember thinking that even the easiest stalks—the cinch situations—often go haywire.

We reached the edge of the draw and slowly eased upward to look over it. I felt butterflies in the stomach, pounding in the ears. Less than a hundred feet away, lying down and looking directly at me at point-blank range, was the biggest live moose I've ever seen. I slipped off the safety and the bull stood up, still looking at me.

"Let him have it!" Bud whispered.

That was easier said than done. The scope on my 7mm. was set at six power, as it always is when I hunt in open mountains. Black hide filled the whole sight. Where was the neck or shoulder? I found what seemed to be the spot, squeezed and the bull lurched down the mountain. About 75 yards below, it stumbled, fell and never got onto its feet again.

Suddenly my hands were unsteady. But my legs, which had often felt like worn-out rubber bands during the weeks before, now felt 20 years younger. Any soreness in muscles anywhere else evaporated. The bull's horns spread 63½ inches and the circumference of both beams measured more than eight inches. Whether it's a record-book head or not depends on whether it must be classified (in Boone & Crockett) as a Canada moose or an Alaska-Yukon moose. In the latter case it will not make it.

My shot seemed to start a deluge of moose. We began to see them everywhere as soon as my bull was down. The country was suddenly alive with them. Even on the first trip back to camp carrying packboards full of moose loin, we spotted three trophy bulls, one smaller bull and a cow. I'm certain one of the bulls was bigger than the one I killed. Still that's only half the story.

Frank had also bagged a tremendous bull and had seen three others, plus a black bear. When you consider that all of this occurred within a 1½-mile radius of camp, you have to figure that we "discovered" extraordinary moose country. I have been in some of Alaska's great moose range, but have never seen the brutes so numerous as here.

The charter plane was scheduled to pick us up at any time the weather was good enough—and this meant we had several days to wait. Jack found a shoreline near camp where he could catch lake trout and grayling in any numbers, and everybody shot pictures when a big bull moose strolled within slingshot range of our tents. Other moose were bugling and wandering about the lake shore.

Twice we spotted another blond grizzly grazing atop the ridge above camp. On the second occasion, late in the afternoon, I made a try for him. But I lost a race with gathering darkness and returned to camp with knees tied in knots from the too-fast climb. Next day the charter pilot arrived to pick us up.

"We'll have to make an extra trip," he apologized, "to take out the sheep and moose horns." But nobody minded that.

—Erwin A. Bauer

ATTENTION HUNTERS

Big game hunting in the Mackenzie Mountains will be open beginning in August of 1965. For more information on licenses ($150 for four trophies: white sheep, grizzly, moose and barren-ground caribou), dates and outfitters, write to: Tourist Officer, Northwest Territories, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

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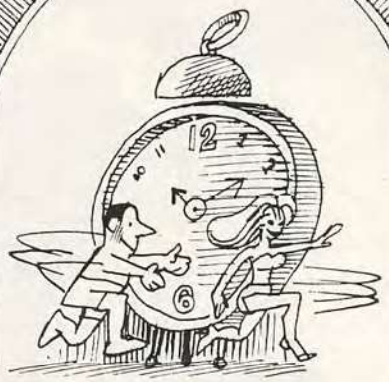

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THE MIRACLE MOTOR FUEL AND THE $500,000 FLEECE

[*Continued from page* 35]

water tasting like water, Louie, a poker-faced model of integrity, reached into a vest pocket of his tailored brown tweed suit, and produced a two-ounce bottle of greenish fluid. Tossing it to the man from the *New York Times*, he said "Just mix the stuff in that bottle with the water, and believe it or not, you'll have a mixture that'll make this car run." Then, throwing in a note of caution, he added, "Go ahead and smell what's in the bottle—but for God's sake don't put a drop of it anywhere near your lips or you'll die instantly."

The greenish stuff, which had an almondlike aroma, was mixed with the water and poured into the gas tank, and then, with the *Times* man at the wheel and Louie sitting alongside him, one of the reporters heaved on the crank. The engine didn't catch. He heaved again. It still didn't catch—and one watching newsman broke into a loud guffaw. But at the third heave the four cylinders took hold in turn, and the little engine fed on water and green goop spat out its indignation at the doubters.

The bug-eyed *Times* man shifted into gear with all the care of an interne about to remove his first appendix, and the car chugged into motion. It darted happily around Farmingdale for half an hour, as Louie smiled and waved to friends on the streets, looking like a cat digesting a treeful of canaries. By the time the vehicle got back to the Enricht place the reporters were beginning to suspect that Louie was more real inventor than genuine screwball.

Practically all the newspapermen took a ride with Louie that day. A couple of the more suspicious, not wanting to rely on the inventor's hose, wangled some jugs of water from a downtown pharmacy. The result was the same as when the green fluid was mixed with Louie's aqua: the little car never seemed to suspect it wasn't popping away on gasoline.

The demonstration over, Enricht cracked open a bottle of very superior schnapps for the boys, and played his cards close to the waistcoat as the questions flowed. What was that almond smell and the greenish color in his invention? Louie said he was sorry, so sorry, but he couldn't yet utter a word about the details of his discovery.

The reporters who had gone to Farmingdale to scoff left to wonder, and Enricht got one hell of a fine press next day. None of the witnesses to the performance of the gasoline substitute made so much as a stab at guessing what the green stuff or the almond smell was. Nor was a single one of the ink-stained fraternity visited by a scintilla of doubt that Louis Enricht was on the up and up.

Louie had figured everything out in advance. He knew that when the story of his gasoline substitute hit the front pages, the world would follow its custom of beating a path to the door of the man who had invented a better gas trap. He couldn't have been closer to the absolute truth. His mail, most of it offering money to get in on the good thing, began pouring in at more than 200 letters a day. Official eyebrows headed north in Washington, west in London and—as it was one day to turn out—in Berlin. Technical experts from both the British embassy in Washington and the United States Army, as well as from some of the country's top industrial outfits, began wearing a path to Farmingdale seeking a talk with Enricht and, more specifically, a demonstration of the miracle stuff. But Louie, at the moment, wasn't answering door, phone or mail.

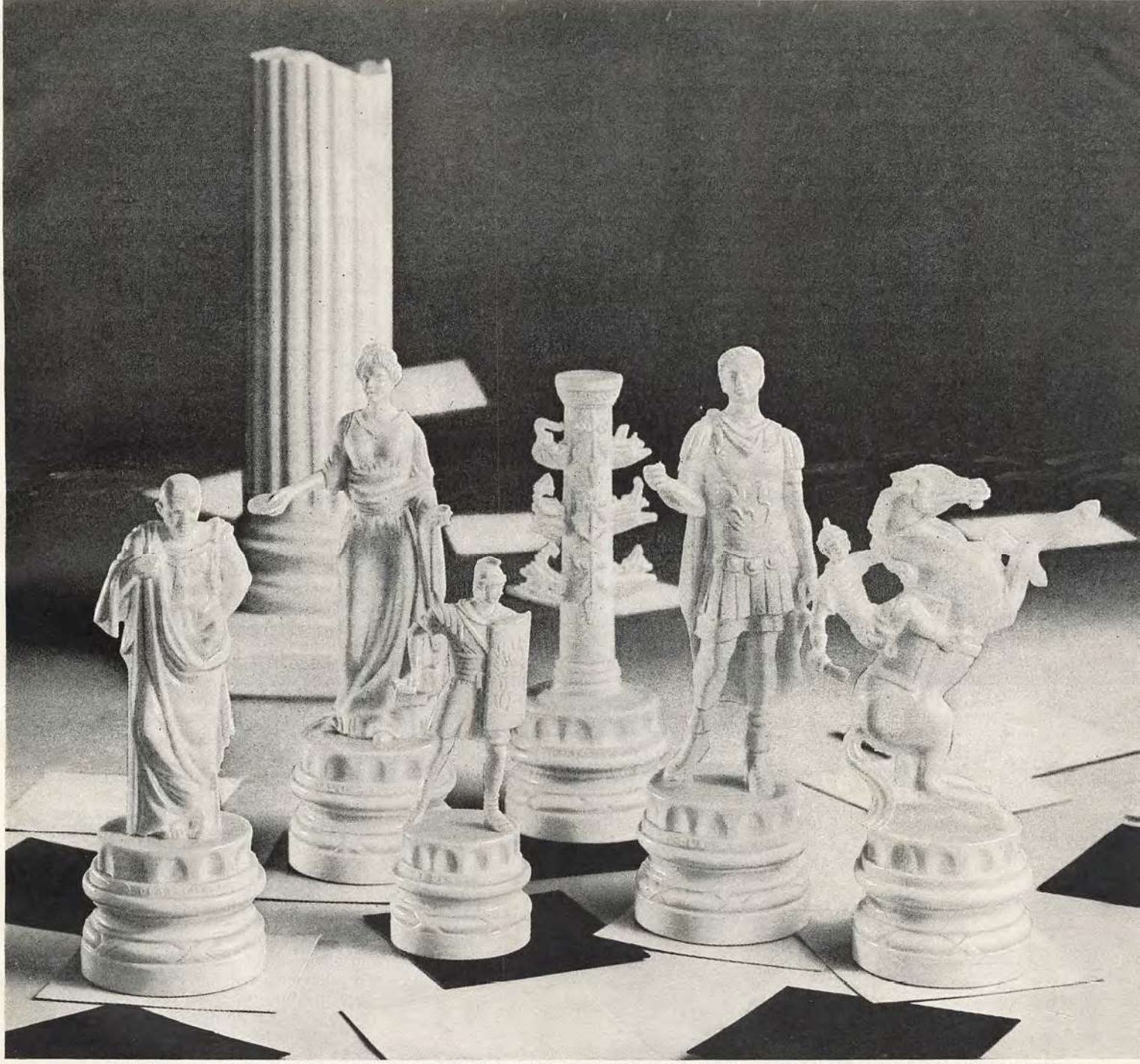
The combination of a favorable press and Louie's inaccessibility stirred things up. Several Congressmen let it be known they had dropped everything to draft a resolution demanding that Enricht give Uncle Sam first call on the invention that might well alter the course of history. In London, the Houses of Parliament were shaking with the thunderings of patriots who were demanding to know whether Uncle Sam was on the side of John Bull or the Kaiser. In Pittsburgh, several thousand citizens, furious because a man with a German name was holding back an invention that might defeat the Kaiser, paraded through the streets with placards demanding that President Wilson issue a proclamation ordering its seizure.

The men running the interested countries had more faith in Louie, sight and invention unseen, than had some skeptics in the laboratories. Dr. C. F. Chandler, founder of the Columbia School of Mines and a chemist of international repute, told the press: "This proposition of putting two ounces of anything in two gallons of water and making it a substitute for gasoline is absolutely and utterly impossible. There's something to this that doesn't meet the eye." Following that dirty crack was one from Thomas B. Freas, associate professor of Chemistry at Columbia: "There is absolutely no known chemical or combination of chemicals that can be added to water to make the water combustible."

Louie let everybody sweat and argue for more than a week, then called in the press again. "Great discoveries," he declaimed, "are usually questioned by the experts when the experts are not let in on them. My critics naturally don't know the first damned thing about my gasoline substitute because they're not in on the secret. It's just a question of sour grapes."

TRUE

"This is 'Flirtation Walk' and up ahead is 'Kissing Rock.' Beyond that . . ."



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Not all the grapes were sour. One morning, in the midst of the hubbub, Enricht's neighbors, working round-the-clock shifts keeping an eye on Louie's now-famous cottage, saw a familiar-looking figure drive up in front of it in a Model T. It was Henry Ford himself. Leaping from the lizzie, the chariot tycoon, grim of countenance and long of stride, made a beeline for Louie's front door and nearly pulled the bell out of its socket before Louie answered.

Enricht broke into a smile when he recognized his visitor—the first big fish to go for the bait—and, offering his hand, all but pulled Henry inside. In a little while the eavesdroppers saw Louie leading Henry to the baby car that did the tricks.

Ford got the same pitch as the scribes had—examining the car, drawing and testing two gallons of water, and mixing in two ounces of Louie's stuff. Then, after cranking the car, with the motor starting up as if on signal, Henry got behind the wheel and drove around Farmingdale with Louie for almost an hour.

Back at the Enricht cottage, where the little missus had prepared some tea and toast for her husband and his distinguished visitor, Ford started shooting questions and opinions. "I think," he said, "that almond smell might be prussic acid."

Chuckling, Louie replied, "Mr. Ford, you're just as smart as I've always heard you were. Of course it's prussic acid."

"Then prussic acid is one of your ingredients."

"Not at all, Mr. Ford. The prussic acid is there simply to disguise the odor of two other chemicals."

"But one of your magic ingredients is green."

"Maybe yes, maybe no." Louie was cagier than a bird collector. "The green could be hiding another color."

"I wish you'd do a little explaining to me," said Ford, "about what you really have in those two ounces you mix with the water."

Louis raised his eyebrows in mock astonishment at the request. "My discovery," he pointed out, "like many great discoveries of the past, is basically so simple that my attorneys haven't yet figured out a way of getting a patent on it. Until they do—and please don't ask me who they are—until they succeed in protecting me from possible theft, you can understand, I am sure, why I cannot go into detail."

But Henry was not an easy man to deny, and under pressure Louie did go so far as to reveal this much: "My mixture has a great affinity for the oxygen to be found in water and makes the oxygen atoms separate from the hydrogen atoms in the water. This separation causes the hydrogen atoms to be in need of oxygen atoms, so the hydrogen atoms get together with the oxygen atoms in the atmosphere—and I get the explosion that will run a motor."

When our boy let go with this remarkable explanation, which was damned near as clear as river-bottom mud, Louie and Henry were sitting in the room of the cottage serving as a library. One wall was lined with books, most of them well-scuffed volumes in German. Examining a few, Ford saw that they had been extensively marked up during what had obviously been a purposive study.

"How," Henry wanted to know, "did you get interested in a substitute for gasoline?"

"I suppose that in my heart I have always wanted to be of some help to my brothers," said Louie, his voice pious enough to be coming from a pulpit. "Gasoline at a penny a gallon will be a service to mankind."

Warming up to the pitch, Enricht said he had boned up on chemistry and assorted sciences by spending eight years at Heidelberg and other knowledge factories in Germany. He added that he had hit the U.S.A. a quarter of a century before.

It was all very interesting, but it didn't get Ford a millimeter closer to what he wanted to know. Hanging around Farmingdale for the next few days, Henry tried every trick in the bag to lay hands on as little as a thimbleful of Louie's green stuff so that he could have it analyzed. Unfortunately, Louie was never any farther away than one of Henry's elbows.

It was on the fourth day of this cat-and-mouse game that Ford, picking up the New York *Tribune*, read something which should have acted as a couple of gallons of ice water in putting the douse on Louie. The *Trib*, having done a little research, had come out with a scoop exposing Enricht as a slippery operator.

Right after hitting this country from his native Germany a quarter of a century earlier, the *Trib* said, Enricht had headed for Colorado. Soon he had picked up enough English to utter it with the suavity of a con man, if not the accent. For a dozen years he promoted the idea of a railroad from Canyon City to Cripple Creek—and collected a large load of lucre from a hoard of investors while producing nothing but impressive blueprints and high-sounding gabble. The operation had gone on until he was nailed on a charge of diverting other people's money to his own personal use. But with his fast mind, rattling tongue, and trust-inspiring eyes, Louie got off the charge—and out of the state—without a scratch.

Seven years before the time of his gas attack in Farmingdale, Louie had got into trouble with no less an adversary than Uncle Sam for using the United States mails to sell the suckers almost 50,000 acres of land in Kentucky and Tennessee that didn't exactly belong to him. When pinched for the fraud, Louie explained that he had been functioning on deeds to the acreage which had come down to him from Colonial times and had simply made an honest mistake. He made such a good case for himself that instead of going to the can for a stretch, he squeaked by on a piddling fine of $500 for bilking the boobs of 200 times that much.

As if this weren't enough, just four years before Louie announced the discovery of his magic motor fluid, he had gone through the bankruptcy wringer in New York City. It seemed that Enricht had formed a company, with a big boodle supplied by a group of Englishmen, for the purpose of turning sawdust, sand and ashes into stone through a six-hour process. Surprisingly, the project had wound up an abysmal failure, with the Englishmen, all hope gone of getting any part of their dough back because of Louie's voluntary bankruptcy action, convinced that the only stone in the whole deal was in Enricht's heart.

When Henry Ford had digested the *Tribune* blast, he got in his namesake and

TRUE

"I really shouldn't give you next week's allowance in advance, but I see it's for a good cause!"

put-putted over to Louie's. Enricht was behind the cottage fixing more of his miracle water. Ford confronted him.

"Have you seen the *Tribune* this morning?" the motor magnate demanded.

"*Those* bastards," said Louie, chuckling. "They're always out to get the man who makes a few honest mistakes. You've made a few mistakes yourself, Mr. Ford. *All* great men make them."

While he was talking, Louie cranked the car and the engine began the sound that had become, in the space of four days, the sweetest kind of magic music to Henry's ears. It was positively distracting.

While Henry and Louie were listening to it, Mrs. Enricht came running out. "Oh, Louie," she piped, loud and clear, "Mr. John D. Rockefeller is on the phone again. I do wish you would talk to him, dear, so he won't always be calling."

"Tell Mr. Rockefeller I'm busy right now," said Louie, "but that I will positively phone him later in the morning."

Louis Enricht already knew that Henry Ford was a man with a strange mind, and when Henry had it set on something, it was hew to the line and nuts to the chips. Thus, that morning in April when the *Tribune* story would have made most men run from Louie, Ford reacted quite differently. Thinking of getting a leg up on his competitors, and sure as hell not wanting Old Rocky to snatch Enricht's discovery for a couple of million just to inter it, Henry made his decision—as he was one day to admit to his attorneys.

Those being the days of the fast deal, when an hour often meant the difference between a fortune and the alms house, Ford yanked out his checkbook and dashed off a draft for 10 grand to Louie. The understanding was that the check would serve as a binder payment on the miracle liquid, with the total price and the details of a contract to be worked out by Ford's legal people.

After Henry left for Detroit, Louie, disguising his voice, got in touch with the press again. Using a phony name, he tipped the *Times* to the Ford deal. When that paper shot a man out to Farmingdale to check with Enricht, our clever Thespian made such a clumsy job of denying a deal with Ford that the editor decided the telephone tip had been genuine.

Next morning, when the story broke that Henry was negotiating for Louie's magic fuel, among the fascinated readers was Hiram Percy Maxim, the 47-year-old son of the inventor of the machine gun. Percy, no slouch in the head department himself, had come up with the Maxim silencer, which enabled a man to knock off his wife without disturbing her. The day was to come when Maxim must have thought of using his invention on Louis Enricht, but that morning, when Percy sat reading the *Times* in his office at the Maxim Munition Works in the wilds of northern New Jersey, his thoughts were not red but golden.

It wasn't that he needed the prospect of more dough. Things at the explosives empire were banging along in great shape, what with a European war on and the plant working three shifts to supply the battlers. But Percy, a man of foresight, could look into the future and see the sad times that would come with peace. So without breathing a syllable to his Uncle Hudson, with whom he was running the family shooting gallery, Percy impulsively plunged into his Rolls-Royce and instructed the chauffeur to hustle him out to Farmingdale, somewhere on Long Island.

When Maxim had located Enricht, he got right to the point: was the deal with Ford copper riveted? Louie, who could smell currency in the next county, stroked his beard contemplatively and replied, "Of course not. What do you have in mind?"

What Maxim had in mind was what Ford and, for that matter, Louie, had in mind: cleaning up more dough than any one man could count. Consequently, Louie gave Percy the same kind of show he had given Ford.

The demonstration over, Percy hardly listened to Louie's explanation for his reluctance to divulge the ingredients of his wonder fuel. Maxim had seen what Henry had seen: two gallons of water mixed with a couple of ounces of green goop which would run an automobile. Furthermore, Maxim was relying, as he was one day to tell *his* attorneys, on Ford's habit of holding everything up to the light and then walking around it. In other words, what Henry had considered good enough to shell out 10 grand for was good enough for him.

For some time there was considerable scurrying back and forth between Farmingdale and New Jersey, with Percy and Louie coming and going. Then, on the morning of May 4—less than a month after Enricht had put on his demonstration for the press—the *Times* came out with half a column under this headline:

MAXIM HAS RIGHT
TO NEW MOTOR FUEL

Said To Have
Paid Million

The enchanting details that followed quoted B. F. Taylor, the treasurer of the explosion works, thus: "Experiments up to this time prove that this invention, when fully perfected in some of its minor details, will be revolutionary in character."

The Maxim money counter, happily gazing beyond the horizon, added that he could see clearly the day when the Enricht creation would not only be running automobiles at 1/25th the cost of gasoline, but powering the machinery in big factories and the equipment on the nation's great farms.

It took him awhile to get over his dreaming, but eventually the treasurer got to the nub of the matter: the Maxim Munition Works, in addition to paying Mr. Enricht a million clams for the exclusive rights to his invention, was giving him a sizeable bundle for constructing a laboratory in Farmingdale. When the great day arrived, the treasurer went on, the magic fluid was going to be offered to the public in two forms—a concentration to be mixed at the ratio of an ounce to a gallon of water, and already mixed.

The *Times*, which now could hardly help accepting a gent with such bona fides as Maxim and Ford, had this to say editorially:

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Take a minute and worm your dog at home with **Sergeant's Sure Shot®**

For 76 years, farmers and hunters have used and trusted Sergeant's Sure Shot Worm Capsules—or Puppy Capsules for small dogs.

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MOTOR-MEDIC

- REDUCES ENGINE WEAR
- MAKES OIL LAST LONGER
- STOPS OIL BURNING

At Service Stations and Auto Supply Stores

"Let my wife try it for size!"

"If Mr. Enricht and Mr. Maxim between them can cut even by half the expense of running explosive engines, they will have conferred an enormous benefit upon the world, and only the viciously envious will begrudge them the huge fortunes they will certainly make."

Henry Ford popped an inner tube when he heard about the deal with Maxim and phoned Louie. "Is it true," he demanded, "that you've sold out to somebody else?"

"Quite true, Mr. Ford."

"But you accepted my check."

"Accepting a check and cashing it are two different things," said Louie. "Your check is on the way back to you by registered mail."

"You've just used me!" yelled Henry.

"Look, Mr. Ford," said Enricht, "arguing will get you nowhere. And if you get nasty, I'll see to it that General Motors gets exclusive use of my penny-a-gallon fuel in the automotive field."

After dropping that bomb he terminated the conversation—and any further dealings with Henry Ford.

When the Maxim moolah began to come in, Louie showed some discrimination in distributing it. At the time he first hit Farmingdale a couple of years before, he had given all the appearance of a man who didn't have a pot to bake beans in. He had been down at the heels and frayed at the cuffs because of a built-in habit of betting big bundles on bangtails that came in at a quarter past five. Now, while he exploded some of his fuel profits on also-rans, he had plenty left over with which to buy schnapps by the case, as well as a couple of new Fords, furs for the frau, some good paintings and several expensive custom-tailored suits. He also laid a little of his loot into Maxim stock—which seemed only proper.

Along with this blossoming out came the Maxim-financed laboratory, which Louie had erected next to the cottage. The reporters, now making Farmingdale a steady beat, noticed that the windows of the building were hardly in before they were painted pure black. Louie explained: "The damned Kaiser has spies around trying to steal my formula. So do some people closer to home. I just can't take chances on anybody's looking in when I'm at work."

One morning in November, seven months after Louie had excited the newspapers, he phoned the cops. It seemed that his laboratory had been broken into and cleaned out during the night. "Who do I *suspect!*" Louie bellowed to a querying flatfoot. "I suspect more people than you can shake a club at!"

Another spate of publicity followed the reported burglary, but now the news accounts got mixed up in readers' minds with the emotions of impending war. For weeks, poison-pen letters flooded in to Louie—all, of course, anonymous. Some of the missives, claiming that Enricht had divulged his priceless secret to the Kaiser, threatened him with maiming or murder. Others guaranteed the same things because Louie hadn't revealed his secret for free to Uncle Sam.

When the pressure became too great for even such a robust specimen as Louie, he took to his bed with a sympathetic bottle. Then it was Percy Maxim's turn. Worried Maxim found himself waking up in the middle of the night with not a ghost of a chance of sleeping again. For Louie had still not disclosed his formula, the deal being that he would be required to only when it was legally protected with a patent. Since Enricht was well along in years, there was always the possibility that he would check out from natural causes—if he wasn't knocked off first.

It wasn't long before Maxim couldn't stand the loss of sleep. Dropping in on the genius one day when the snow was falling but it was warm and cozy in the Enricht cottage, he put the question straight to the man in bed: how would Percy be able to proceed with the formula if, God forbid, the worst happened to Louie?

The great inventor gulped a quick one and told Percy to keep his made-to-order shirt on. "Anna," he explained, "has a copy of my formula with instructions to give it to you if I should be taken."

Things rocked along on this basis until April of 1917, with the shaken Enricht spending most of his time in the hay. Then, just a year after Louie had let the world in on his discovery, Uncle Sam got into the war. Maxim's business boomed with new orders for munitions, and no longer having time to horse around, Percy called off the deal.

It now developed that the Maxim news release of the year before giving the impression that the company had paid Louie a million clams had been something of an overstatement. Louie had actually received only a lousy hundred grand when he had signed, the agreement being that he was to get the balance of the million when and if he produced his formula. But nobody was unhappy. The Maxims—and Louie, too—had cleaned up in the market on the bullish turn Maxim stock took after the million-dollar news release.

With Maxim out of the way, Louie didn't have to have 20-20 vision to spot somebody else to help him finance his betting. One of Enricht's neighbors in Farmingdale was Benjamin Franklin Yoakum, former president of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad and now a Wall Street coupon clipper. Ben Franklin, a man with one ear always to the ground, didn't exactly realize he was begging for it when he dropped in on Louie and said he had heard the Maxim sale was off.

Louie, knowing that Ben was a heartfelt patriot, measured him—moneywise—and scowled. "I happen to know," he told Ben, with some prevarication, "that the Maxim people are supplying munitions to Germany as well as to the Allies. While Germany is the land of my birth"—here his voice began to shake—"I love the United States of America, and now that we are in the war I want nothing to do with anybody dealing with Germany—even if this feeling for my great country is costing me $900,000."

Ben asked for a demonstration of Louie's wonder mixture. What had been good enough for Ford and Maxim was good enough for Yoakum, and a new deal was on. The banker, lousy with loot, peeled off a hundred grand for Louie, and the two of them formed the National Motor Power Company. But cagey Yoakum wanted the formula in case anything happened to Louie. "All right," said Enricht, waving a sealed envelope, "here it is—to be opened only in case of my death." The envelope was placed in a safe-deposit box in Farmingdale's First National jug. The box had two keys, one for Ben and one for Louie, and could be opened only when both keys were inserted.

Patriotic Yoakum dropped down to the White House and told President Wilson that he was prepared to offer the country

a gasoline substitute. Wilson, who had heard about the Enricht fuel, gave the nod, and the wheels began to turn.

The demonstrations Louie put on for Uncle Sam's experts sent them off talking to themselves. "It'll win the war for us," one of them told the press.

Everybody was set to shift into high gear—except, suddenly, Enricht. Louie, the man who could move so fast, went abruptly into neutral. He offered a variety of excuses to Yoakum for not being able to get going on a big scale. Ben, no dope in the pinches, got suspicious and hired the Pinkertons to do a little backtracking on Louie.

It didn't take the Pinks long to learn that Enricht, or somebody looking enough like him to be his identical twin, had been seen in a Baltimore groggery in the company of Franz von Papen. The German, who had been the Kaiser's military attaché in his embassy in Washington, had left openly when Uncle Sam started to fight. Later, not so openly, he had sneaked back to these shores from the submarine *Deutschland*, which had surfaced near Baltimore, and delivered orders to Germany's spies. The trouble was that Von Papen had come and gone before all this was discovered.

With that kind of evidence, Yoakum publicly branded Enricht a German spy and got official permission from the Supreme Court of Nassau County to have the safe-deposit box busted. When that was done, before Ben's eyes, he lifted out the sealed envelope he had seen Louie put in, and tore it open. It contained nothing but a few Liberty bonds.

When the word got out, the *New York Times*, souring on the man it had once heaped with praise, suggested that Uncle Sam could do worse than charge Louie with treason.

Back in the Farmingdale cottage, Louie read that and chuckled while he poured himself another one. Treason was a hard crime to prove. Even to get an indictment, Uncle Sam would have to lay hands on the Enricht formula—and if there was one thing Uncle couldn't lay hands on, it was that formula.

So Louis Enricht, hung with horseshoes, sat and drank the war out. In the course of it, his wife died. Then Yoakum himself kicked the container—thus eliminating any possible charge of fraud.

The war ended, and a couple more years passed before Louie returned to the front pages. This time he announced formation of the Enricht Peat Gasoline Corporation, the plot being to make a penny-a-gallon substitute for gas from peat. Since nobody, except a couple of sour-grape chemists at Columbia, had questioned the genuineness of Louie's original gas substitute, and since men like Ford and Maxim and the government experts had been impressed by it, you'd think someone would have asked why Enricht didn't make the green-goop stuff, instead of wandering off into a peat field. But nobody did, and Louie got a hundred grand from a new crop of investors before you could say, "Hello, sucker!"

Still, an ill wind was making up. The Nassau County District Attorney, totaling up the score, estimated that Enricht had taken the trusters for half a million clams in four years. There had been Maxim, then Ben Franklin, and now the new crop, with a hundred grand from each of the three, plus Enricht's gains on the Maxim stock rise and his probable take of a bundle from Von Papen.

His eyes peeled for anything that would put Enricht out of circulation, the D.A. got just what the Blind Goddess ordered by tracing a $2,000 check that an investor had given Louie for stock in the peat outfit. The D.A. found that Enricht, in the kind of thinking lapse that all great men occasionally experience, had endorsed the check over to a bookmaker. Tried for grand larceny at age 77, Louie, who had not served seven seconds for stealing half a million, drew seven years for sidetracking a lousy two grand.

Paroled because of his age after doing only a year, Enricht shortly checked into the other dimension without revealing just how he had made those automobiles run. The secret remained a complete puzzle until Thomas Edison and his chief engineer, Dr. Miller R. Hutchinson, addressed themselves to it. Old Tom had a sneaking suspicion that Louie had pulled off his con with something so scientifically simple that it would never have occurred to the massive minds involved.

After a hell of a lot of experimentation, Edison and Hutchinson came up with something that would make a motor run by combining the chemicals acetone and acetylene and mixing two ounces of the stuff with two gallons of water. Acetone is a colorless, flammable liquid compounded of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Acetylene is a chemical that can be liquefied. The combination, mixed with water at the ratio of an ounce to a gallon, colored green, and with prussic acid disguising the offensive odor of the acteylene, caused, with air, the kind of an explosion that would kick over a motor.

But there were two basic troubles with running a motor on this brand of green goop. One was that the stuff was more expensive than gasoline. The other was that the combination slowly corroded a motor. If Enricht had used the mix worked out at Edison's laboratory, he must have done a lot of secret work replacing worn-out motors with new ones—a minor cost he could have charged off to operating expenses.

Some students of the Enricht enigma think the Edison explanation oversimplified things. Whatever else he was, Louie Enricht was a guy with plenty of chemical savvy. After all, he did something that two great brains at Columbia said was impossible: run an engine on two gallons of water mixed with two ounces of *any*thing. It is just within the realm of possibility that Louie had actually come up with a genuine substitute for gasoline, and that he was, when giving those demonstrations, for once in his life telling the truth. To this day nobody has proved otherwise.

One thing is for sure: when Louie Enricht slid down the banister of life, the splinters usually ran in the right direction. —**Alan Hynd**

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MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

UPI

When the bombs of war end, the fireworks of peace often light up the sky.

Recollections of the ripsnorting pyrotechnics of the glorious Fourth when he was a boy put Alfred Zimmerman of Milwaukee in mind of a question about the fireworks of yesteryear. What, he wonders, was the biggest display ever staged?

The biggest in history occurred quite recently, and it didn't have anything to do with the Fourth of July. It was in London, on the Thames River, on June 8, 1946, and was presented as a belated victory celebration for the end of World War II. Three thousand set pieces blazed on invasion barges. In addition, more than 10,000 rockets, shells, and Roman candles were fired. Magnesium shells delivering 150 million candlepower lit up the countryside for miles.

The biggest U.S. fireworks display was set off a bit earlier, and it wasn't on Independence Day either. The scene was Brooklyn Bridge, in New York's Columbian celebration of 1892. The cables and arches of the entire bridge were festooned with set pieces. A gigantic "Niagara of Fire," occupied the whole center span. At the climactic moment, as it poured a brilliant flow of fire into the river, thousands of pinwheels went off and gigantic fountains of fire spouted from all the towers. The gaudy sight was witnessed by something over 1,000,000 people who lined the shores in Manhattan and Brooklyn.

New York City was also the scene of the most expensive—and one of the deadliest—fireworks spectacular in U.S. history. In 1902 William Randolph Hearst invited the populace to a mammoth victory rally in Madison Square, the general idea being to announce his election to Congress. Ten thousand aerial-bursting shells were to be fired from mortars at the great moment when the election returns showed he had the election cinched.

Unfortunately, one shell went off prematurely and hit a pile of shells, which exploded and set off the whole shebang. Every door in the Square was torn from its hinges, every window broken. Twelve people were killed and six of the hundred injured died later. Hearst won the election, all right, but he paid out millions in damages.

Another New York tragedy occurred just last year during Macy's annual Hudson River pre-Fourth of July fireworks display. A barge, heavily loaded with fireworks, exploded shortly after the display began. Five crew members of the barge were hurled into the river by the blast. Three men were taken alive from the water by a police rescue launch and the bodies of the remaining two were recovered shortly afterward. The explosion was believed to have been caused by a defective shell that failed to rise. It tipped, setting off cases of other shells. A crowd of 500,000, viewing the display from along both sides of the river, cheered unknowingly, thinking that the blinding blast was an intended part of the evening's display.

Q: I have heard the expression, "a hole is to dig," but certainly more reasoning must be involved for Project Mohole, plans to dig a hole in 1968 that would penetrate the earth's crust for the first time. Please enlighten. *John Bergen, Boston, Mass.*

A: Indeed, Project Mohole is far more than whimsy. So named because it will penetrate the Mohorovicic Discontinuity, an area separating the crust of the earth from the softer mantle, the project falls under the jurisdiction of the National Science Foundation. Plans call for the drilling of a hole through some 17,000 feet of earth lying beneath 14,000 feet of water at a spot in the Pacific about 100 miles north-northeast of Maui in the Hawaiian Islands. Purpose of the project is to bring up samples of matter that may help solve such mysteries as the origin of the earth and the cause of earthquakes. Cost to the government is estimated at $70 million for the first three years of organization and operation and approximately $8 million a year after that for continued drilling.

Q: What is the best fireplace wood for the Midwest? *W. D. Griffith, LeRoy, Ill.*

A: For heat, the rating of fuel wood is almost directly proportional to the density of the wood. In terms of species native to the Midwest, hickory, white oak, red oak, beech, birch and maple would make the best fuel wood, in that order. In terms of beauty, white birch is probably the most attractive in the fireplace. This species, however, is found in very limited quantity, except in the northernmost parts of the midwestern region. The relative beauty of other species would depend on the particular likes of the person concerned.

Q: What is the record speed of a stock car built for racing? *Eddie McClearen, Raleigh, N. C.*

A: Paul Goldsmith set the record at Daytona International Speedway on February 7, 1964, driving a 1964 Plymouth. He was clocked at 174.910 mph.

Q: Is there a special telescope used for observing the sun? *James Malcom, San Diego, Calif.*

A: Yes. Such a telescope is in use at the Kitt Peak National Observatory near Tucson, Arizona. The rays of the sunlight are funneled down a 500-foot shaft into the observation room deep underground where a 60-inch concave mirror projects the sunlight into a magnified image. The telescope stands on land leased from the Papago Indians who refer to the Kitt Peak astronomers as "the men with the long eyes."

Q: What is the world's indoor record for the 60-yard dash? *Tom Collins, Pickens, S. C.*

A: It is 5.9 seconds, set by Bob Hayes of Florida A. & M. at the AAU national indoor championships in New York on Feb. 22, 1964.

Leonard Lee Rue

Q: Please settle an argument. Don't beavers live on fish and fish alone? ***R. L. Stephens, Wapanucka, Okla.***

A: No. Although beavers are aquatic in habit and spend a great deal of time in the water, they are strictly vegetarians.

Q: Is the French Foreign Legion still in existence and how does one enlist? ***J. M. Cannon, Portland, Me.***

A: The Legion is still very much in existence in France, Corsica, the Sahara, the Mediterranean, Madagascar, and Tahiti. (Units which took part in the military insurrection in Algeria against home rule were disbanded by the French government on April 29, 1961.) Anyone with serious domestic problems may apply for enlistment at any Legion "Office of Information" in France.

Q: Many people believe that weather can be predicted by such things as heavy fur on animals, the fat on raccoons, the size of beaver huts, and the like. Any truth in this? ***William F. Miller, Mason, Mich.***

A: No. Weather lore, an enormous body of proverbs and adages, has been carried down from earliest man to the present generation. With few infinitesimal exceptions, all of it is nonsense.

Q: How is the "reach" of a boxer measured? ***David Croessman, Jefferson City, Mo.***

A: The fighter holds his arms outstretched in opposite directions and the distance from the tip of the middle finger of one hand to the tip of the middle finger of the other determines "reach."

Q: Did any American Indian tribe ever fight side by side with the white man against a common enemy? ***Mrs. Erin Hendy, Alberta, Canada.***

A: Yes. During the French and Indian Wars, the colonial wars between Great Britain and France, Indians were used by both sides. During the 74 years of declared French and English conflict, Indian homelands as far west as the Great Lakes and the Ohio River were bloody battlegrounds as Indians fought for both sides—and against each other. Indians also fought on both sides during the Revolutionary War and for the United States during the War of 1812, against Great Britain.

Q: Did Benjamin Franklin publish the first magazine in America? ***Victor Nicholson, Columbia, S. C.***

A: Andrew Bradford of Philadelphia launched *The American Magazine,* a 50-page "Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies," in February, 1741, three days prior to the appearance of Ben Franklin's *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for All the British Plantations in America.*

Q: From what state does water flow to the Pacific, the Atlantic and Hudson Bay? ***Ernest H. Richards, Modesto, Calif.***

A: Montana. The waters of the Triple Divide Peak have the distinction of flowing in three different directions, east, west and north, and on through a great maze of geography to eventually spill into the Atlantic, the Pacific, and Hudson's Bay.

Q: How much actual ham is contained in a genuine hamburger? ***Albert V. Smith, San Francisco, Calif.***

A: As most sandwich munchers know, none. The hamburger, consisting of ground beef, is believed to have originated in Hamburg, Germany, thus its name.

Q: Is there really an organization that believes all animals should wear clothes? ***Bill Greenfield, Brooklyn, N. Y.***

A: Yes, more or less. It's called SINA, The Society for Indecency to Naked Animals, which, in its own words, "is dedicated to the proposition that since we as humans are biologically animals, and accept the social custom of wearing clothes, then our animal friends should be allowed to share our propriety. SINA is concerned mainly about dogs, cats, horses, cows and other domestic animals that stand higher than 4 inches or are longer than 6 inches." Although the organization claims a number of loyal followers, its overall sincerity is somewhat dubious. As close as can be determined, a secret donor put up enough money to organize SINA and to keep it going for 10 years. Asking no dues or membership fees, the organization merely distributes literature on its philosophy, and occasionally pickets the White House. Its financial backing should expire by 1969 and undoubtedly the organization will expire with it.

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Q: What are the Baker Street Irregulars and what do they do? ***Gerald J. Leane, Castle Hot Springs, Ariz.***

A: The Baker Street Irregulars is a loosely organized literary society devoted to the study of Sherlock Holmes. Founded by Christopher Morley in 1934, the society has no formal entrance requirements except that all members must have a thorough knowledge of the Sherlock Holmes stories. The group received widespread notoriety recently when it publicly lambasted the producers of the Broadway hit *Baker Street* for so-called irregularities in the script.

Q: Did the German Navy have any aircraft carriers during World War II? ***J. B. Southard, Jr., Tallahasse, Fla.***

A: No. Two were begun, the *Graf Zeppelin* (bearing the same name as the airship) in 1936, and the *Peter Strasser* in 1938. Neither was completed and put into active service as an aircraft carrier. Meanwhile, Germany had plans of converting three passenger ships and one heavy cruiser into carriers, but these plans also were never realized.

Q: Does the moon influence the weather? ***B. Barnas, Gregory, S. Dak.***

A: Despite this popular belief, the moon has little influence on anything but tides and romance. It was once thought that when a new moon tilted to one side it was a wet moon and that water would run out and produce rain. However, weather forecasts based upon the phases of the moon or the direct influences of planets have been tested again and again and found to be as lacking in justification as predictions made on Ground Hog's Day.

HAVE A QUESTION?

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THE REVENGE OF RED SLEEVES

[*Continued from page* 31]

Red Sleeves took the dead chief's place and rallied the few dozen braves left alive. Commanding obedience by the intensity of his rage as well as his size, he sent messengers to bring in the warriors of scattered Mimbres camps that had escaped the deadly invitation. Yet even in his fury, he kept his senses.

"We cannot attack the town," he told his followers. "With soldiers shooting at us from the fort, we would only join those of our people already lost. But these Mexicans do not hunt for meat. They do not raise corn. Their food is brought to them by other Mexicans who carry away the metal they dig. If we can stop their food from coming, we will drive them out."

Santa Rita del Cobre went back to its normal business of mining copper and the great red stains in its streets and plaza gradually faded. But relays of hawk-eyed Apache sentinels kept permanent watch from the peaks to the south, waiting for the dust cloud of a supply caravan to appear on the plain beyond. Several weeks went by before Red Sleeves received the word he wanted. Then, using every man and boy capable of handling a weapon, he set up an ambush where the twisting trail climbed through the canyons.

The packtrain had a military escort, but few of its ornately uniformed members had ever before fought Apaches. Deadly arrows knocked soldiers and teamsters alike from their saddles, while the escort officer brandished his saber and his men fired their muskets blindly. The Mexicans tried to save themselves by abandoning the train, racing back down the canyon in panic and confusion. They ran into a band of braves led by an awesome giant whose huge hands alone were deadly weapons. Not one man from the supply caravan escaped, although a few made the mistake of letting themselves be taken alive.

"We have their horses and mules and their weapons," Red Sleeves announced with satisfaction. He ordered the prisoners hung upside down by their feet with small fires under their heads and listened pleasurably, long after the screams had ceased, for the surprisingly loud sound of baked brains exploding skulls one by one. "We have their food too, and while we watch the town and wait, there will be no need to send out hunting parties. All of us can stay close and ready."

Within a week after riding north again, he could see signs of worried unrest in Santa Rita del Cobre as he stared down day after day from the rimrock above. Citizens were gathering on the streets. An armed party was climbing a nearby peak to look southward each morning. The little mining village had grown so accustomed to the regular arrival of the packtrains that few emergency supplies had been stored. Before another week had passed, the men were refusing to go to the mines, and the crying of children could be heard when the wind was right. Clearly enough, the town was starving.

One day the big Apache saw a mass meeting being held in the square. He had no way of hearing what was said, of knowing that the commander of the presidio was announcing he'd ride south with his soldiers for help, while the fat alcalde and the rest of the citizens were fearfully protesting against being left unprotected. But Red Sleeves smiled approvingly at the outcome of that desperate debate. Taking all that could be carried in wagons, or on horses and mules and their own backs, the entire population of Santa Rita del Cobre—some 400 men, women and children—abandoned their homes and set out on the lonely caravan trail to the south.

"We will have no time to take captives," Red Sleeves reminded his band of about 50 warriors. "If you feel like sparing anyone and your hand becomes weak, then remember what they did to our people in the town."

Like wolves keeping pace with a buffalo herd, the lightly mounted braves followed the slow, cumbersome migration. They showed themselves constantly to terrorize the townspeople, staying just out of musket range and attempting to taunt the soldiers into chasing them. But throughout a full day of desert travel in the searing sun and choking dust, they contented themselves with picking off the stragglers. Not until the second morning, when the long cavalcade had wormed its way well into the mountains, did they slash down in earnest.

There was no possible way for the soldiers to defend the long line on the narrow trail. Shrieks and gunfire would come from far behind them, and they'd fight their way through a frenzied jam of their own people. But they'd arrive to find only the dead, then hear more screams and shooting break out far ahead. Circling back and forth through the seemingly impassable high country, striking and then vanishing again and again, the Apaches cut the column to pieces. The Mexican men shot at shadows in the defiles, cursed an unseen enemy, and heard only their own echoes mocking them. By noon, few of the soldiers were attempting to do more than defend themselves.

The possessions of a whole community were scattered through the canyons that afternoon. Even the bundle of scalps was abandoned. But the braves had no thought for plunder at the moment, only the steady, methodical killing. Night found the fear-crazed refugees fleeing wildly through the darkness, falling from exhaustion to lie huddled and fearful, clutching crosses and sobbing out prayers. But Apache ears heard them, and Apache eyes found them by moonlight. Then all through another hot terrible day, Red Sleeves' warriors combed the mountains to check every conceivable hiding place.

Late the following night, the surviving population of Santa Rita del Cobre—a half dozen people— stumbled into Janos, the next stop on the caravan trail, some 50 miles to the south.

Still, not even the near-total destruction of an entire town could satisfy whatever had snapped inside Red Sleeves since the massacre in the plaza. Scarcely had the Mimbres braves rested after picking up the plunder and packing it back to their encampments before he was urging them onto the war trail again, exhorting them to follow him on daring raids deep into Chihuahua and Sonora, even into Durango. And through the months and then the years that followed, the specter of a freakishly-huge Apache at the head of a small but incredibly destructive band became a recurring nightmare that haunted every remote

TRUE

"You're bluffing, Anderson!"

little hamlet and outlying ranch in northern Mexico.

Armies hunted him incessantly. Determined officers made personal crusades out of attempts to end his crazed, vicious career. But he and his raiders lived off the desert. They did not burden their mounts with food; if no game was available, they ate mesquite beans or roasted mescal. Even when the soldiers posted heavy guards at every known water hole, Red Sleeves's raiders rode through their country with unnerving ease, and the superstitious Mexicans began whispering that these desert demons never felt thirst. Actually, the Apaches were simply carrying their water with them, filling the intestines of dead horses and coiling these like gigantic snakes about their extra mounts.

No other Mimbres brave questioned this angry giant's right to the chieftainship. No one had ever questioned much that Red Sleeves did. Once, in the days before the 15-year truce, he'd brought back a beautiful young Mexican girl he'd captured on a raiding expedition, and by tribal custom was expected to give her to the several wives he already had in his lodge, as a slave for doing the heavier work. But Red Sleeves looked his squaws over, looked the girl over, and stubbornly refused.

"I have better uses for her," he bluntly announced.

This was an unheard-of defiance of Apache law, particularly when he made no secret of his preference in bedpartners. Not only his wives lost face; the families from whom he purchased them were gravely insulted. No brave ever objected when a sister was beaten by her husband; Apache women had tongues as sharp as any other, and regular lashing with a lodgepole was the accepted method of keeping a household in order. But openly favoring a foreign woman was unforgivable, and Red Sleeves was soon called to account by a brother of one of his squaws.

He and his brother-in-law stripped to breechcloths, and their left wrists were bound together with rawhide. At a signal, the pair were given their knives. The smaller man pressed close, staying inside Red Sleeves's reach and opening up great slashes on his side. But with a roar of pain and rage, the young giant twisted away to swing his tormentor bodily through the air by the bound wrist, slamming him hard to the ground, then killing him easily as he lay stunned. Perhaps encouraged by the big brave's heavy bleeding and hard breathing, another in-law repeated the challenge immediately. He was finished off even faster than the first. From that day on, the huge warrior's squaws had outdone themselves being kind and considerate to Red Sleeves's señorita.

He'd lost her in the copper mines massacre; she'd been killed by her own people that night in the plaza. The three strikingly-attractive daughters she'd given him had survived and were now growing old enough to bring young men piping on their willow flutes through the spring evenings of the early 1840's. But Red Sleeves had better uses for his girls than to give them to his own braves, no matter how many horses were offered. The Mimbres were but one of some nine separate and frequently quarreling subtribes of Apaches, and the huge chief wanted to see all allied against the hated Mexicans. His first daughter he gave to Cochise, the young chief of the Chiricahua Apaches; with the other two, he put chiefs of the Coyoteros and Mescaleros in his debt as well. He accepted no presents in return. Instead, he simply urged all to emulate him in the only thing that still held meaning in his life—his zealous, singular crusade of raiding and burning and slaughter.

The graying giant was delighted when the Mexican War broke out, and the U. S. Army came marching through his country in the autumn of 1846. "The Apaches will help you," he promised Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny when he met him at San Lucia Springs. "If you need horses and mules we have them. The Mexicans are treacherous and evil. Together, we will kill them all."

The general accepted the horses and mules, politely declined the offer of Indian auxiliaries and marched hurriedly on toward California, leaving Red Sleeves to go on waging his private war in his own way—with surprise attacks and ambuscades, with prisoners hung above small fires or staked out on anthills. In 1850, he led 175 warriors in a hit-and-run raid on Ramos, a heavily-garrisoned Chihuahuan town of nearly 1,000, and left its streets strewn with his victims. As much of a target as his huge form presented, strangely enough, no bullet had ever touched him in battle; and the legend was evolving among his people that he was invulnerable, that he fought under the special favor of the gods. The aging giant was becoming more than a chief, almost a deity himself.

The fact that Mexico had ceded most of Apache country to the U.S. meant nothing to Red Sleeves. When American soldiers camped near the abandoned copper mines in 1851, he welcomed them as friends and former allies. "You can pass by ones, by twos, by threes in our country," he promised, according to a preserved translator's report. "Your lives, your property, your animals will be safe. You can come and go in peace. Even your strayed animals will always be brought home to you again." The last thing he wanted was a new enemy at his back when he rode south to wreak his vengeance on the Mexicans.

But the Mimbres Apaches soon had trouble with the newcomers. First, the soldiers insisted on liberating the Mexican captives the Indians held. Next, one of the Army's Mexican employees murdered an Apache, and the officers would do no more than promise the man would be tried for the crime at Santa Fe. Then gold was discovered at a nearby spot known as Pinos Altos, and several hundred American miners swarmed to the new diggings. These were Indian-hating, fight-loving men for the most part, and their settlement was in the region where the Mimbres had grazed their ponies for generations. Clashes between the gold seekers and the braves grew even

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more frequent and even more ominous.

Red Sleeves thought he had a way to prevent further trouble, to get the miners out of Apache country by peaceful means. Entering Pinos Altos alone to prove his good intentions, he tried with the little Spanish he knew to talk to the suspicious, bearded men. "You want the yellow metal?" he asked. "In the mountains to the south, there is far more of the yellow metal than here. I will show you. I will ride there alone with you and show it to you."

"What's that big devil sayin'?" the miners demanded of a Mexican in their camp.

"He says if we follow him into the mountains," the interpreter explained, shuddering at the thought, "he will show us much gold."

"You mean he'll show us a bushwhackin'!" The miners looked at each other and snorted. "Or maybe just have the rest of his tribe rob us blind while we're gone!"

Not understanding, Red Sleeves kept nodding eagerly. "Come with me," he urged. "You will see."

"Let's learn that old fool a lesson," one of the miners roared. Suddenly, as the huge chief tried to explain, a dozen men jumped him, and he went down under their weight. A rifle butt slammed against the back of his head. Then his long arms were wrapped around a tree and his wrists tied together.

"Wonder just how loud an Indian that big can yell?" a thickset prospector muttered, testing a bullwhip in the air and then bringing it across the broad brown back with all his strength. But Red Sleeves refused to cry out, even when the man had exhausted himself and another had taken his place. A half-dozen men tried in turn, but there was no sound from the gigantic Apache, only the savage hatred in his eyes. Finally, his back a pulpy mass, the big Indian slumped unconscious. The miners gave up and cut him free then, leaving him to drag himself out of camp when he recovered.

They should have killed him—not for anything he'd done but for what he swore to do if he lived. From that time on, his rage fell on Americans as well as Mexicans, and horror flamed everywhere through the Southwest. From Arizona to the Big Bend country of Texas, the outlying ranches and stage stops felt his fury. For every scar the miners had put on his back, dozens of other men died. And his back was a solid mass of scars. Every military post in the region lost patrols to Apaches. Some posts were abandoned. Others, like Fort Davis, were taken and sacked. Hard pressed to defend its own installations, the Army could do little about protecting the settlements. Before long, Tucson was the only town in Arizona that hadn't been abandoned by its citizens, and only Presidio and El Paso still held out in the Big Bend.

Strangely enough, the aging giant—he was now 64—left Pinos Altos alone for some time. The moment the miners realized what they'd started they fortified their own town and began working their claims with one hand on their rifles, certain that a full-scale attack was coming at any moment. But Red Sleeves treated the settlement like a captive who wasn't to be given the favor of a quick death. Finally, at dawn on September 27, 1861, he approached Pinos Altos with 200 braves at his mangled back.

He'd planned an assault that would have done credit to a West Pointer—a surprise infantry attack to be followed by a cavalry charge from the opposite direction. Half his force was sent circling through the rocks under the command of his favorite lieutenant—a soon-to-be-famous warrior named Victorio. Then Red Sleeves led the rest on to dismount at the last point of cover. He watched his braves take off their shirts and fold them into their breechcloths, as always before a raid, baring brown skin to blend in with stone and earth. But he left his own shirt on to hide his shame, and his face was so twisted with rage that not even such faithful followers as a leathery old warrior named Nana or a young protégé known as Geronimo dared to speak to him. Tight to the ground, he began his slow, slithering stalk, and only with the first shout of alarm did he push to his feet and sprint on into the town, a revolver in each hand, firing as he ran.

The charging skirmish line raked all Pinos Altos with gunfire, because most of the braves were similarly well-armed; the many years of steady plundering had given them more than enough of the white man's weapons. And Red Sleeves's plan of attack was essentially the same one that had worked so well at Ramos. But the gold miners were a far different breed from the Mexican townspeople—these were men who died hard, men to whom a rifle was simply an extension of their senses. From every doorway and window, they defended their town with cool deadliness. Worse yet, the giant chief's scouts had somehow failed to inform him that a company of Arizona soldiers had moved in to bivouac nearby. They joined the fight immediately, even before the mounted Apaches came rac-

ing in. And for all the fury and frustration Red Sleeves felt each time he flexed the muscles of his disfigured back, he stopped himself from wasting the lives of his warriors in a battle that couldn't be won. Doubling up on the ponies, taking their wounded and their dead with them, the Apaches made an orderly withdrawal.

The aged chief had another trick to try, though—the same one he'd used against another mining town, the one that had started him on his bloodstained career. He settled down to starve out Pinos Altos, and when an Army supply train moved up from the Mimbres River, he promptly launched an attack. But with the wagons circled, the sharpshooting teamsters and escort soldiers held him off for a full 14 hours, and when a strong cavalry force arrived in relief, he was forced to withdraw a second time. All at once, the region seemed to be swarming with soldiers. So Red Sleeves took his entire tribe on a migration westward and ended up squatting before a council fire with his fellow chief, Cochise.

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For once, Red Sleeves had more than enough men to face such a force. At a mountain crossing that would be known ever afterward as Apache Pass, he made his preparations. A spring at an abandoned stage station on the crest of the pass held the only water along many miles of the trail, so he ordered stone ramparts thrown up on two peaks that commanded the spot and left his best riflemen there. The rest of his braves were deployed in a canyon ambush about two-thirds of the way up the steep, winding climb.

The trap was almost sprung prematurely, because scouts reported a party of about a dozen miners approaching from the east on the same trail. Racing out to meet them before they got within earshot of the soldiers, Red Sleeves was just in time to conceal his warriors in a gulch that crossed the trail. Most of the miners slumped from their mounts with the first surprise storm of silent arrows, and the rest were finished off in a single rush. Scattering some $50,000 in gold contemptuously across the flatlands, the huge chief and his band galloped back to the pass.

Closer and closer came the unsuspecting soldiers—an advance unit of California volunteers on its way to fight for the North in the Civil War. Dust-coated and exhausted, they were working a slow way up toward the water they knew waited at the top, when the late-afternoon hush was suddenly shattered by Apache shrieks and the blast of Apache rifles, echoing off the cliffs. The troopers sprawled helplessly behind what cover could be found and did their best to fire back at foes they couldn't see.

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Winter found the onetime leader of all Apaches camped with a small band of his own Mimbres in Arizona. One day an Army detachment led by Capt. E. D. Shirland sent out an invitation, under a white flag, to hold truce talks. Instead of ordering the messenger put slowly to death, Red Sleeves stunned his young braves by accepting. Geronimo argued bitterly with him, but the old giant refused to listen.

No one will ever know what moved in his mind as he rode off on that afternoon of January 17, 1863. He was probably at least 70 years of age then, and perhaps he'd turned senile, childlike and trusting. On the other hand, maybe he'd sickened of the constant killing after 25 years. Maybe he'd finally realized that nothing he could do would help, that the screams of the squaws and children slaughtered in the copper mines massacre would always be ringing in his ears, that his back would always pain him—no matter how many new victims he found or how slowly he made them die. Whatever his reasoning, he went to meet with Shirland alone.

The captain couldn't believe his luck. He was so overwhelmed with the discovery that the most wanted of all Apaches was in his power that he forgot all about white flags and truce talks. Ordering the giant chief held under heavy guard, he referred the matter to higher authority immediately. Late that night, Col. J. R. West arrived from Fort McLean.

"Men," the colonel barked at a pair of privates who were keeping watch on the sleeping prisoner, "that old murderer has gotten away from every command in the Southwest and left a trail of blood 500 miles long on the old stage road. If he escapes, I'll court-martial you both. Dead or alive—and I don't care which—I want him here in the morning. Do you understand me?"

The privates understood, only too well. One of them shrugged, let his bayonet rest in a fire until it reddened, then jabbed it into the blanket-wrapped form. The old Indian jumped to his feet and was blasted down again immediately with two rifle bullets in his chest. Even then, he thrashed about like a wounded buffalo until both men's revolvers were emptied into him. *Shot while attempting to escape,* read the official report. The huge skull was sold to an Eastern museum. . . .

That was the end of Red Sleeves—"the greatest and most talented Apache of the nineteenth century," as an Army captain named John C. Cremony wrote in admiration of a formidable foe. "He found means to collect and keep together, for weeks at a time, large bodies of savages such as none of his predecessors could assemble . . . and taught them to comprehend the value of unity and collective strength. . . . Take him all in all, he exercised influence never equaled by any savage of our time."

But the end of Red Sleeves's influence was a long time coming: he still seemed to be exercising it from the grave. Because the history of Indian warfare in New Mexico and Arizona from that time on was the history of men who'd been close followers of Red Sleeves—Cochise, Victorio, Nana, Geronimo. None of them was ever able to unite all Apaches again, but among them they kept Apache resistance alive in the southwestern U.S. for another 23 years. And below the border, these bowlegged little men were offering painful reminders that their name meant enemy long after that.

One morning, for example, a little Sonoran mining settlement near Nacori Chico woke to the hideous sound that is still an ancestral nightmare in rural northern Mexico—the exultant shrieks of raiding Apaches. Most of the miners wisely stayed hidden with their wives and children while the long-haired savages looted their town, but three men tried to defend the commissary store and were shot down immediately and horribly mutilated. Then, ponies heavy with plunder, reportedly led by a grandson of Geronimo, the Indians ghosted off into the canyons of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where an armed posse soon lost their trail.

The day was April 10, 1930. Nearly 93 years had gone by since the blood bath in the plaza of Santa Rita del Cobre, but the wrath of Red Sleeves was still being felt. **—Anthony Sterling**

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Red Sleeves finally rose from his bed, and his warriors kept their word—riding northward again without killing a single man or stealing a single horse or woman.

Still, something had died in the huge, aged chief. The black fire that had blazed from his bear-like eyes was now extinguished. His fellow chiefs waited for his orders—and he had no words. What of Pinos Altos and Tucson? they wondered. What of Presidio and El Paso, of the all-out war to drive everyone but Apaches from Apache country? They found themselves asking these questions of a tired, white-haired old man who wanted only to wrap himself in a blanket and sit back with the other old men. Within a week, the various sub-tribes were quarreling among themselves and dispersing.

Winter found the onetime leader of all Apaches camped with a small band of his own Mimbres in Arizona. One day an Army detachment led by Capt. E. D. Shirland sent out an invitation, under a white flag, to hold truce talks. Instead of ordering the messenger put slowly to death, Red Sleeves stunned his young braves by accepting. Geronimo argued bitterly with him, but the old giant refused to listen.

No one will ever know what moved in his mind as he rode off on that afternoon of January 17, 1863. He was probably at least 70 years of age then, and perhaps he'd turned senile, childlike and trusting. On the other hand, maybe he'd sickened of the constant killing after 25 years. Maybe he'd finally realized that nothing he could do would help, that the screams of the squaws and children slaughtered in the copper mines massacre would always be ringing in his ears, that his back would always pain him—no matter how many new victims he found or how slowly he made them die. Whatever his reasoning, he went to meet with Shirland alone.

The captain couldn't believe his luck. He was so overwhelmed with the discovery that the most wanted of all Apaches was in his power that he forgot all about white flags and truce talks. Ordering the giant chief held under heavy guard, he referred the matter to higher authority immediately. Late that night, Col. J. R. West arrived from Fort McLean.

"Men," the colonel barked at a pair of privates who were keeping watch on the sleeping prisoner, "that old murderer has gotten away from every command in the Southwest and left a trail of blood 500 miles long on the old stage road. If he escapes, I'll court-martial you both. Dead or alive—and I don't care which—I want him here in the morning. Do you understand me?"

The privates understood, only too well. One of them shrugged, let his bayonet rest in a fire until it reddened, then jabbed it into the blanket-wrapped form. The old Indian jumped to his feet and was blasted down again immediately with two rifle bullets in his chest. Even then, he thrashed about like a wounded buffalo until both men's revolvers were emptied into him. *Shot while attempting to escape,* read the official report. The huge skull was sold to an Eastern museum. . . .

That was the end of Red Sleeves—"the greatest and most talented Apache of the nineteenth century," as an Army captain named John C. Cremony wrote in admiration of a formidable foe. "He found means to collect and keep together, for weeks at a time, large bodies of savages such as none of his predecessors could assemble . . . and taught them to comprehend the value of unity and collective strength. . . . Take him all in all, he exercised influence never equaled by any savage of our time."

But the end of Red Sleeves's influence was a long time coming: he still seemed to be exercising it from the grave. Because the history of Indian warfare in New Mexico and Arizona from that time on was the history of men who'd been close followers of Red Sleeves—Cochise, Victorio, Nana, Geronimo. None of them was ever able to unite all Apaches again, but among them they kept Apache resistance alive in the southwestern U.S. for another 23 years. And below the border, these bowlegged little men were offering painful reminders that their name meant enemy long after that.

One morning, for example, a little Sonoran mining settlement near Nacori Chico woke to the hideous sound that is still an ancestral nightmare in rural northern Mexico—the exultant shrieks of raiding Apaches. Most of the miners wisely stayed hidden with their wives and children while the long-haired savages looted their town, but three men tried to defend the commissary store and were shot down immediately and horribly mutilated. Then, ponies heavy with plunder, reportedly led by a grandson of Geronimo, the Indians ghosted off into the canyons of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where an armed posse soon lost their trail.

The day was April 10, 1930. Nearly 93 years had gone by since the blood bath in the plaza of Santa Rita del Cobre, but the wrath of Red Sleeves was still being felt. **—Anthony Sterling**

THE BIG LIABILITY SCANDAL

[*Continued from page 36*]

in all directions. When the driver heard the soda dripping from the broken bottles, he was afraid his gas tanks had ruptured. This updated form of Chinese water torture reminded him of a wreck he had seen years before when he watched two people burn to death in a gasoline fire. The young man's lawyer was able to convince the jury that the incident had thrown him into a state of depression in which he was unable to work. The jury responded with a lavish $150,000.

This increasing penchant of juries to confer ridiculously high damage awards has achieved the proportions of a scandal. The reasons that compensation is asked are often as nonsensical as the amounts of the awards and in many cases bear little or no relation to the injuries suffered or the negligence involved.

In the preparation of this article, TRUE researchers collected, among other things, a veritable bushel of newspaper stories concerning the awards made to injured parties. In many instances the injuries were severe, sometimes permanent, and occasionally they indicated lifelong disabilities. But even more prominently reported in the stories was the recurrent theme of the staggering sums awarded. Almost every account contained these words: "In what may be one of the largest damage awards ever made in this city (or county or state) . . . ."

The damage suit for auto accident, personal injury, industrial accident, attractive nuisance, or what have you, has become not only big business, but a countrywide pastime for which the rules of conduct and the standards of our national character are being completely rewritten. The entire range of American society seems afflicted with the idea of "collecting" for the slightest mishap. Everyone, from the picaresque wanderer with the so-called lovable touch of larceny to the most upright, law-abiding citizen, shows signs of subscribing to the slip-on-a-banana-peel-and-retire-for-life philosophy. Free-spending juries, passing out other people's money, are apparently determined to make this view the contemporary version of the American Dream.

Thus a Boston streetcar accident a few years ago resulted in 240 claims for damages by riders—though the streetcar had a total capacity of only 68 passengers. Incidents such as this are repeated in cities across the nation. But Massachusetts may be the national champion when it comes to liability-minded citizens. Incredible as it may seem, a recent six-year span produced 16,000 more personal injury suits resulting from auto accidents each year than the number of actual auto accident injuries reported by the Massachusetts Motor Vehicle Department.

Like the mass of an iceberg, the widest scope of the problem lies beneath the surface. Last year more than half a million of these damage suits jammed our court dockets—75 percent of all cases tried—with most waiting 20 to 60 months for a hearing. But this is only a part of the total, for 98 percent of all liability suits are settled out of court without a verdict. The mere threat of going before a make-'em-pay-through-the-nose jury forces a great number of out-of-court settlements.

Such conditions permit outright thieves to mine the rich lode of liability. For years, crooks have been expertly bouncing off cars to claim damages for broken arms—which had, in fact, been deliberately fractured in advance—or for hips thrown out of joint—again, beforehand, and as easily thrown back in. But perhaps the most successful of such operators has been the gang called the Yonkos, a diverse band of gypsies roving across the United States and Canada literally like accidents looking for places to happen. Organized into several groups, most of the band now seem to have been jailed or diverted into some other line of illicit endeavor. Those still in the family trade, however, practice one specialty, the rear-end collision. The potential accident victims cruise around a town in a clunker seeking a suitable accident causer. The latter invariably turns out to be an expensive car or a light panel truck bearing the name of a prominent local firm.

The wheelman in the jalopy jockeys into position in front of the unsuspecting pigeon's car and slams on the brakes. The rear end of the old heap, held together with baling wire and larcenous prayers, caves in with an agonizing rending of metal. The Yonkos struggle painfully from the car, moaning piteously and clutching "injured" limbs in heartrending fashion. Blood pours from one of the "badly hurt" victims, crimson testimony not only to the violence of the crash, but to the Yonkos' deft touch with a food chopper.

With the scene and the damage firmly established, the group moves in for the kill. The "guilty" driver is first upbraided, then offered the hope of squirming off the hook. "We're headed for Blankville," one of the clan says, "and in a hurry. If we can clean this thing up quickly, it won't be too expensive."

Clutching at this slim straw, the pigeon readily agrees to call his insurance company and get the adjuster on the spot immediately. The adjuster is suspicious, but the blood and expert fakery usually carry the day, and since the demand is a modest one (volume and a fast getaway being the keys to success), the claim is usually paid on the spot.

The cost of these and other settlements is rising like the size of jury awards. The

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spiral seems endless—and it is reflected in ever-increasing premiums which each year tack $10, $20 and more onto the cost of the insurance you must carry.

The courtroom trial has in some cases become a mere ploy in the hands of a skillful lawyer to force the defendant, either individual or insurance company, to raise the ante. The theory is a simple one—the bigger the demand, the bigger the settlement. Even when a settlement is not agreed on, padded claims, colored testimony and an absurd demand can be relied upon to sway jurors. In some cases these gullible decision-makers then award far more than the situations call for; in others they find for the plaintiff even when the defendant is demonstrably guilty of no negligence.

A boy was badly burned by a flare his brother had found in an abandoned building and brought home. The victim sued the property owners and collected $110,000. The money was handed over despite the fact that the original suit was thrown out by a District Court judge who ruled the defendants could not be held liable for the flare because they did not know it had been placed on the premises. The U.S. Court of Appeals overturned the dismissal and declared that the question of negligence must be left to a jury. That decision settled matters for the defendants, who quickly forked over $110,000 rather than face the possibility of a jury award for the astronomical $600,000 specified in the suit.

In San Francisco, the average amount demanded during 1963 in damage suits won by the plaintiff was $71,514. And in New York the average size of awards rose from $3,490 in 1940 to $12,068 in 1963—an increase of more than 245 percent. During the same period the cost of living rose only 119 percent.

Admittedly, not all these awards are unrealistic, unfair or fraudulent. The American citizen is entitled to use the law for a redress of his grievances, and there can be no question that for many people the increasing public awareness of the value of a man's life and ability to work has resulted in another view of what is just payment for injuries for which another was responsible. But increasingly, juries have taken the tack that it's "the insurance company's money and they're loaded, so let them pay and pay plenty." Thus, when the crewman of a Great Lakes ship appeared in a Detroit court demanding $50,000 for a broken shoulder and ribs, suffered when he fell while boarding the ship, the jury gave him *$4,000 more* than even he thought his bones were worth.

Make no mistake about it, that $54,000 is reflected in your insurance premiums, and they are rising. Explains N. Morgan Woods, manager of the Claims Bureau of the American Association of Casualty and Survey Companies: "The trend of jury awards has been upward for several years, sharply so in some areas. The trend has made its mark on the level of insurance rates. There are two reasons why insurance companies raise their rates: increasing frequency of accidents and the cost of settlements in and out of court."

Your problems don't, however, end with a mere rise in premiums. The average homeowner, apartment dweller, even the rootless traveler, is almost required to have a portfolio of insurance policies, covering every conceivable contingency—and even a few odd possibilities no one ever thought of before. If he doesn't, some weird, one-in-a-million event is apt to put him on the wrong end of a lawsuit that will insure his pauperhood for life. The different types of coverage needed have proliferated like the progeny of a pair of love-starved rabbits suddenly thrown together in a warm hutch. And the upper limits of coverage have zoomed in a vain attempt to match the liberality of juries.

Where automobile liability coverage of $10,000-$20,000 was once deemed sufficient, today $100,000-$300,000 is advised, and even these sky-riding figures may fall below a Midas-minded jury's idea of what you should pay for being in an accident.

Even outside your car you're prone to damage actions. The insurance companies recognize the average man's general vulnerability as a good thing, and provide policies that will cover you for such remote events as your son's roller skates causing a passerby to take a tumble, your power mower hurling a rock at someone three blocks away, your golf ball slamming another player on the head, or your cutting yourself in a friend's home and dripping blood all over his rug. In each case you could be sued and held liable for damages. Naturally the premiums for such insurance protection are expensive, and the cost comes out of your pocket.

But no area of insurance has felt the jury's bite as much as automobile liability. In some cities where accident and claims rates have doubled and even quadrupled in the last 10 years, rates have soared in a vain effort to keep pace. In St. Louis, the average auto insurance policy costs 50 percent more than the same policy in Detroit. The reason: far more claims for injury, and for more money. In Detroit 22 of every 1,000 persons involved in auto accidents put in claims for compensation. In St. Louis the rate is almost double, 42 per 1,000. The average claim in Detroit is $766; in St. Louis it is $866.

Despite the desperate attempt to boost rates to meet jury awards and high claims payments, many auto insurance companies are making something less than a huge profit. The American public paid a staggering $6.5 billion in auto insurance premiums last year, but in the last decade the insurance companies claim to have lost $900,000 on their operations. That loss, in case you don't know it, will be made up by you, the policy owner, in the form of ever-higher premiums.

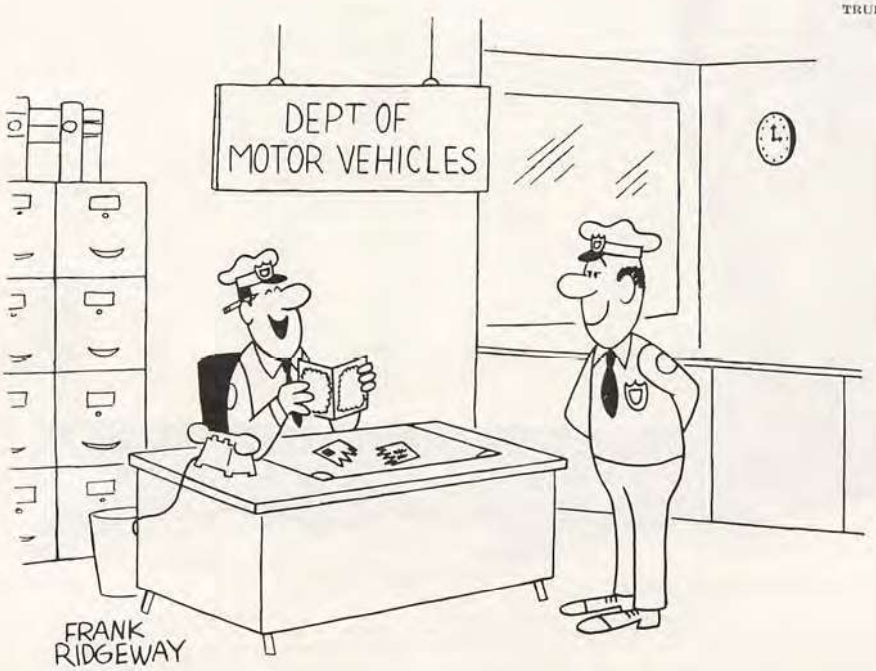
The fantastic cost of liability coverage is being extracted from the average citizen not only as a policyholder, but also in his long-suffering role of taxpayer. When your town gets clipped for a huge award, it's always the taxpayer who in the end must pay the damages. And the cost is going to balloon as a result of recent court decisions.

The legal tower of sovereign immunity which had always protected municipalities from suits by its citizens is under attack by the courts themselves. At least four states—Arizona, Illinois, Kentucky, Florida—have been completely stripped of their immunity, and others are about to be. In Alaska, as a recent example, the court permitted a $50,000 proceeding against the city of Fairbanks because its fire department, for lack of a long-enough ladder, did not save a person caught in a fire.

Where the court opens the door, a jury will inevitably rub its hands in glee and shell out the city's money with as much disregard as if the defendant were a private citizen.

Consider the action of a Kansas City jury which awarded Jamison Dodd a total of $108,541.29 in damages. Dodd had sued the city as a result of injuries

TRUE



"It's a 'thank you card' from a husband whose wife I flunked."

suffered while attending a sandlot baseball game. Suddenly a group of youngsters charged into the park and attacked spectators and players. In the melee, Dodd was slammed with a baseball bat and suffered multiple skull fractures. The jury decided the city was liable for Dodd's misfortune under an old Kansas law which defines as a mob a group of five or more persons conducting themselves in a riotous manner. The city countered that a gang of teen-agers was not a mob within the meaning of the law, and that the attack was so unexpected that no preventive measures could have been taken.

The jury was unimpressed with this logic, and the cost of government in Kansas City for 1964 carried an extra $108,000 item that will be paid for by taxes to cover the rise in the city's expenses.

The Kansas City award is almost chicken feed compared with a damage verdict brought in by a Morristown, New Jersey, jury against the Chatham Borough Board of Education recently. After four weeks of testimony, the supposedly responsible members of the jury deliberated only 110 minutes before awarding

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$1.2 million to a 17-year-old boy badly injured in a school gymnasium accident. The whopping award was bestowed despite the fact that the teacher, before leaving the room temporarily, had left specific instructions not to perform gymnastics while he was gone. But the real shocker was uncorked when the panel repaired to a cocktail lounge after the trial. There the members, as subsequently reported, were said to have toasted themselves as the "million-dollar jury," and to have chatted gaily about the insurance company's affluence. Morris County Judge Elden Mills ordered an inquiry into the affair and raised the question whether the jury's deliberations had been as casual as the alleged cocktail-hour conversation.

Judge Mills finally decided the award was excessive, and said he would grant a new trial if the plaintiff turned down the judge's suggested reduction to $335,000. The reduced award was accepted, but it was still $135,000 more than the school board's insurance would cover. A tax rise swiftly followed to make up the difference.

Reductions of excessive awards are often made, and some of the figures cited in this article will be reduced. But the reduction is often piddling compared with the whopping sum originally awarded. Even a sizeable reduction such as the $865,000 slash by Judge Mills still leaves the loser with a staggering burden. And occasionally an appeal brings an increase instead of a reduction. A few years ago Maureen Connolly, the former tennis star, won a $95,000 judgment after a cement truck had run into her as she was riding her horse and injured her leg. Even though the accident left her without a limp, the jury made the huge award. On appeal, the judgment was sustained and increased, with interest, to $115,000.

By some strange alchemy, the average, fair-minded American seems transformed into a kind of legal Robin Hood when he enters the jury box and hears a damage suit. The idea of a big, rich insurance company trying hard not to pay a lone, friendless Poor Joe, who has been hurt, swiftly springs to Robin's mind in a trial and is hard to dislodge.

Many insurance adjusters, even when suspicious of unjustified claims, are loath to bother with a jury trial. They know that statistically they'll get an even break (50 percent of all cases that come before a jury are won by the plaintiff; 50 percent—obviously—by the defendant), but they fear that the amount granted, should the case be lost, will be excessive—*even if fraud or perjury can be proved.*

"Many jurors actually resent having a defense lawyer expose lying and cheating," says psychologist Dr. Thomas F. Staton. "The policeman who is attacked by a mob for arresting a person violating the law is psychological brother to the attorney who, when he attacks a perjurer, finds the jury becoming hostile to him rather than toward the perjurer. Interviews with jurors," Doctor Staton claims, "have totally convinced me that this tolerance of putting your case in the best light possible carries over heavily into tolerance of exaggeration and misrepresentation even when they constitute perjury. Jurors tend to regard the result not as a criminal offense, but as a human weakness it would be uncharitable to penalize more severely than by a benevolent headshaking."

A case cited in point was that of a woman suing for $50,000 for alleged spinal and other injuries received in an automobile collision. The woman flatly denied ever having back or spine trouble before the accident. The defense attorney promptly produced hospital records to show that the woman had been hospitalized for eight days, only two-and-one-half months before the accident, for "acute back and leg pain."

Despite the obvious perjury, the jury awarded her $2,500. "Jurors," explains Doctor Staton, "are not happy at finding a sick and crippled woman also guilty of perjury. They may be willing to acknowledge tacitly her misrepresentations by refusing to credit her claims of injury, but do not wish officially to admit catching her in lies."

Seemingly, juries have thrown off all restraint when it comes to handing out other people's money. Nor is it insurance companies, large corporations, and municipal governments alone which bring out the "free-spending urges" of

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juries. Many uninsured and underinsured individuals for whom even a modest judgment would be an economic disaster are literally broken on the financial rack of preposterously high awards.

Barton Manders, a forklift operator in a Connecticut brick factory, sat in a courtroom last year and heard the jury award his opponent in an accident-damage suit $518,000. The injuries inflicted on the plaintiff—a stockbroker—by Manders' car resulted in his partial paralysis. No one denied the tragedy of the accident or the right of the stockbroker to compensation, but the colossal size of the award makes it virtually meaningless.

Manders carried a total of $20,000 liability insurance, had a take-home pay of $75 a week, a 10-year-old car and a few sticks of furniture as his sole assets. "I could never pay it," he said in despair. If 100 percent of his salary were garnisheed (an action the law prohibits), it would still take more than 130 years to pay off the judgment. Even if Manders, who on $75 a week could not afford larger premiums, had had the maximum liability coverage offered, $300,000, he would have wound up $218,000 in the hole—a burden almost as unbearable.

Yet another factor in soaring liability awards is the expanding scope of negligence law, giving juries previously untilled areas of private, business and public life to trample upon. Recently a man fleeing a policeman tripped and fell, then sued the cop for negligence and won the case. Silly—but it actually happened!

"The jury," noted a lawyer's newsletter, "could here properly infer that defendant [the cop] should have foreseen that his conduct would cause plaintiff's flight."

One of the key doctrines formerly used in interpreting negligence, and thus determining liability, is that of impact. In essence, it declared someone had to be hit by someone or something, for negligence to have occurred. The doctrine of impact has been overthrown in many states, and a rash of cases which formerly would have been laughed out of court have now become the basis for tidy awards. An Alabama grandmother, for example, sued and won a four-figure award by declaring she was stricken with "nausea, psychic injury and illness," as she watched a department store clerk use dirty waste matter to pack a gift she had bought for her grandson.

The widening reach of liability, the liberality of juries, and the quick-buck philosophy of a very few lawyers and grasping citizens is perhaps best demonstrated by the events in Washington County, Pennsylvania. In this small southwest corner of the state, insurance companies and the county bar association are battling what is claimed to be an unspoken working arrangement among some courts, lawyers, witnesses and claimants. Several Washington County judges have been repeatedly rebuked by higher state courts for their roles in the presenting of damage suits. One claimant who didn't miss a day's work after his auto accident was awarded $9,000 for a sprained thumb. In another case, two defense attorneys charged that the judge entered the jury room during deliberations to suggest a "liberal" award.

"Relax, Helen. There's a very simple explanation."

Such allegations may or may not be true, but one fact is inescapable—Washington County has the highest auto insurance rates, and its juries hand out the highest liability awards, of any county in Pennsylvania.

The stake that liability lawyers have in encouraging a jury's generosity is great. "Lawyers," states the Insurance Information Institute, "have a very large vested interest in accident cases because they generally receive a third or a half of the sum awarded to their clients."

This situation is due to the contingency-fee system, whereby a lawyer agrees to take a case without recompense if he loses. If he wins, he takes a percentage of the award which the bar association declares should be "reasonable" and not "unconscionable." Such vague guidelines leave quite a bit of latitude to the lawyer, and in fact make him a virtual partner in the plaintiff's case.

Yet the contingency fee does have a role in our legal system. Said the late Max Radin, professor of law at the University of California:

"Contingent fees are good when they assist an otherwise helpless litigant to secure his rights against a powerful antagonist. They are bad when they deprive this litigant of a substantial part of the compensation for his injury."

Since the contingent fee is virtually the only method under which a liability lawyer will take a case, his interest in ever larger awards is understandable. It is also the starting point for a number of unhealthy practices, such as increasing needlessly the growing logjam of liability cases in our courts. To sue or not to sue may often be the question in an injured person's mind. A liability lawyer soon resolves this dilemma by dangling visions of huge sums before the prospective client's eyes.

"Some lawyers," states Michael Leiter, counsel for the New York City Transit Authority, which gets a rash of injury claims every time the lights go out in a subway car, "have photostatic copies of the large checks presented to their clients after bringing suit. These photostats are displayed prominently under the glass tops of their desks to emphasize the point to prospective clients that injury can be profitable."

In presenting his case to a jury, the plaintiff's lawyer is well prepared, not only with the law, but with a dazzling display of courtroom theatrics that would draw rave reviews from Broadway critics. In its continuing efforts to win more cases and gain ever larger awards, NACCA, the National Association of Compensation Claimants Attorneys, a bar association the members of which specialize in liability law, maintains a sort of legal self-help road show to teach courtroom techniques. And often, before their annual convention, the acknowledged king of personal injury lawyers, San Francisco's Melvin Belli (TRUE, July, 1959) has held a seminar on tactics.

Belli's courtroom histrionics are legendary. No device, from a pair of skeletons displayed with shocking effect to a wicked-looking set of surgical instruments, is beyond him in his attempt to squeeze as much as possible out of a jury. In what must surely have been a classic bit, Belli once hid a one-legged client's crutches behind the counsel table. After the man finished testifying, Belli told him to "step down" from the witness stand. The client blinked in amazement and didn't move. Belli kept insisting he leave the stand until tears almost poured down the man's face. At last Belli sobbed, "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize I had left your crutches behind the table."

The jury got the rather obvious point of the man's loss, and responded with $120,000.

With tactics such as this adorning his record, Belli draws standing-room crowds to his seminars. At each NACCA convention he is backed up by more than 200 speakers who offer almost 75 hours of actual instruction in the nuts-and-bolts aspects of handling liability cases. The instructors point out, for example: "The

word *headaches* should not be used because of the simplicity with which they are cured on television commercials. Terms like *head pains, pressure in the head,* or a *vise applying pressure at the base of the skull* should be used.

"The word *backache* should be avoided. Every housewife on the jury has had a backache at some time in her life. Refer to a *hot spike driven into the spine,* or a *burning, searing pain up and down the back of the legs.* It is malpractice to permit your client to say he has simply a backache."

"Such trial tactics," declares N. Morgan Woods, of the insurance companies' Claims Bureau, "become a con game where the main idea is to win the confidence of the jury so they will bring in these outlandish verdicts."

Perhaps nothing reaches a jury as swiftly or as meaningfully as the expert testimony of a doctor—especially the doctor who has treated the suing patient and can describe all the agonies of the injury. In many instances, where there are no broken bones to display or gory tales of surgical debridement and suturing, the testifying physician introduces to the jury the now-familiar injury known as whiplash. Some doctors have become millionaires simply by treating so-called whiplash injuries and charging fantastic fees, confident the juries will see to it that the insurance companies always pay.

One doctor testified in court that he had treated 3,000 cases of whiplash in a five-year period. Ninety percent of them involved legal action, for which the doctor's average fee was $411. At that rate, declared the defense attorney, the doctor's 3,000 cases would have earned him $1,233,000.

Whiplash is the most common injury claimed by auto accident victims. Its prevalence can be seen in the blossoming plastic collars worn around the necks of the victims. These devices are known variously as cervical collars, Wallace collars and—wryly—insurance collars. Of more interest is the fact that not only may these contrivances not help the injury, they can actually aggravate it. Furthermore, the term "whiplash injury" is somewhat of an ambiguity over which doctors themselves often disagree.

Dr. Harold Crowe, chairman of the surgical conference at Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital, is the man who originated the term in 1928. "I have regretted this coinage ever since," Doctor Crowe recently told a medical meeting, "because the coinage proved to be counterfeit. The expression was intended to be a description of a motion—not of a disease."

But in the hands of a skillful attorney, backstopped by a client taking pain-wracked steps to the witness stand, his neck girded from collarbone to chin in a plastic vise, the effect on a jury is electric. Whiplash becomes the epitome of orthopedic agony, impressive enough to collect over $600 million a year.

Not surprisingly, the best cure for whiplash injury often is what Doctor Crowe labels the "green poultice"—money. Recently, presenting the results of his examination of 300 victims of so-called whiplash, he reported that only 18 would have benefitted from medical treatment. The remaining 282 patients had suffered "simple sprains which would get well if left entirely alone." Diathermy, heat treatments and orthopedic collars merely prolonged the pain.

Similarly, the pain in the pocketbook of the American public is being prolonged by everyone who thinks that liability is the quick way to get rich. Certainly not all the people mentioned in this article fall into this category, and for that reason their names have been changed. But willingly or not, they and thousands of other Americans are the not-always-deserving recipients of an inflated and costly bonanza known as the damage award. The continuing spiral of ever-higher awards is now the inspiration for just about everyone who ever dreamed of reaping a fast buck from a stubbed toe. Unfortunately, the ranks of such dreamers are growing, and the result is making a shambles of our courts and a mockery of the jury system, as well as adding a skyrocketing cost increase to our liability bill.

There have been some solutions offered to curb the more obvious mechanical defects in the liability procedure. New York State Supreme Court Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter has recommended the removal of all automobile accident cases from the courts. He suggested they be processed instead by compensation boards such as those already at work in Workmen's Compensation. "If this were done," Justice Hofstadter said recently, "court calendars would be reduced by more than half of all civil actions and by about 80 percent of tort [injury] actions."

This change might go a long way toward clearing the judicial decks of cases that merely clog the courts as lawyers jockey for a means of putting the squeeze on defendants. It might also remove from the hands of irresponsible juries the right to dispense prodigious sums of other people's money. Until such a revision of court procedures takes place, the liability scandal will keep snowballing. Eventually it must become so expensive that even the most ardent supporter of the let-them-pay-through-the-nose philosophy will come to grips with reality. For when you let *them* pay the outrageous price of easy-money liability, you really mean, let me pay. Can you afford it? —Fred Warshofsky

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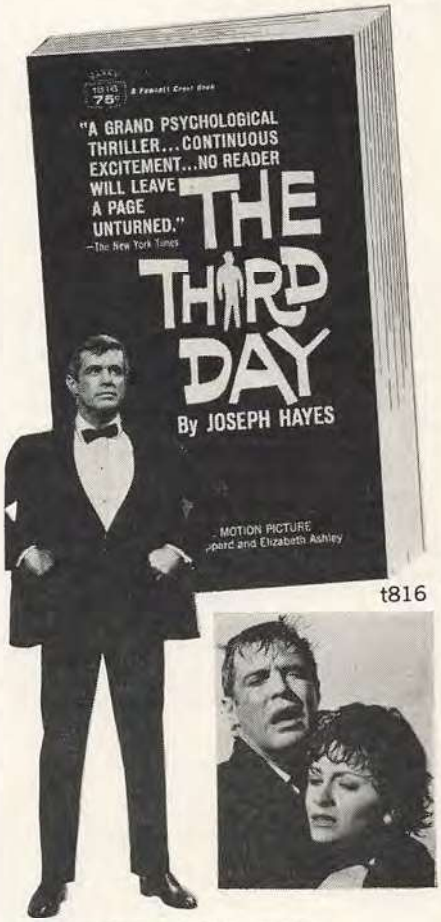

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THE MARRYING MURDERER

[*Continued from page* 46]

He postponed his trip till morning.

About 7 p.m., Fred Duderstaudt, who ran a ranch about 20 miles northwest of Kerrville, phoned Moore. "How're you, Sheriff?" asked Duderstaudt.

"Oh, I'm fine—but busy. You know how it is."

After a few more pleasantries, Duderstaudt got around to mentioning the purpose of his call. "Sheriff," he said, "we got an abandoned car up here."

Duderstaudt described an area near that Xed on the map.

"Tell me, Fred," drawled Moore, trying not to sound excited, "did you see any signs of—well, trouble?"

"No, I didn't, sheriff. I didn't want to get too close."

"Why not?"

"You see, sheriff, the car's all burned up and the stink is. . . ."

The Duderstaudt ranch, located about 80 miles northwest of San Antonio, lies in what people of that city fondly call the "hill country." To them its sparse knobs, covered with mesquite and scrub oak, is refreshingly pretty. But Moore and the deputy accompanying him did not dwell on these visual delights, as they roared along the dusty farm roads.

In the deepening dusk, he saw the car. It lay in a pasture some distance from the intersection of two well-traveled farm roads—just as the map had indicated. From a distance the car, a 1955 Pontiac, did not look damaged. But in the beam of his flashlight Moore saw that while the outside paint was merely blistered, the interior was consumed. Most of the upholstery was burned off, exposing scorched seat springs. Beneath the melted steering wheel was the skeletal remains of the driver, identifiable by the most prominent feature, the pelvic bones. Even hard-bitten Moore grunted at the sight. Then his flashlight glinted on a shiny object on the floorboard. Picking it up, he saw it was a man's wristwatch. By rubbing it on his pants leg and shining his light, he could barely see the inscription on the back: "James Burt Coward."

A few minutes later Moore accidentally kicked an object which lay in the scorched grass a few feet from the car. Almost involuntarily his light sought the object, then passed on. But Moore stopped, returned the light and bent over to pick up a billfold. It was fairly new and of shiny cowhide. Nice piece of leather, Moore thought. Opening it, he counted the bills, a ten, two fives and three ones. He investigated further. Driver's license. Social Security card. Picture. Nice looking woman and boy. Receipt from a motel. Credit cards. Lots of credit cards. Seems he was a traveling man.

Moore started to put the billfold in his shirt pocket, then pulled it out to look again. "Funny," he muttered, "this here billfold wasn't burned up. Ain't hardly been touched." He checked the name again. James Burt Coward.

Only a half decade before, Coward had stood in the airport at Phoenix, Arizona, and watched in a mood of bemused resignation as a plane landed and taxied to the terminal. Its door slowly opened and out stepped the stewardesses and the first of the passengers. For a moment Coward's eyes hopefully traveled a willowy blonde as she descended the steps to the ground. No, it wouldn't be her, and he smiled at his wishful thinking.

When Gladys Stinchcomb, fifth grade teacher from Boston, emerged from the plane he knew her instantly—and he had never laid eyes on her before. But he didn't need to. He had seen too many frustrated, lonely old maid school teachers. She was unmistakable in her navy blue suit, sensible shoes and hat like a spring bouquet. Why did they always have to wear flowery hats? He watched her look around expectantly, then start down the steps. She was, to put it kindly, ample with sturdy legs, sizable hips and a significant middle.

Her mouse brown hair was arranged in a bun in back and her face round and not wholly unattractive, was both fearful and eager. He watched her negotiate the steps and catalogued her features, yet by the time she reached the ground, she had neither face nor form. She was not a person but a thing, which walked and talked and functioned. Though he might look at her, he would never see her. Though he heard her, he would not listen. Though he touched her, he would have no feeling. It had to be this way, for Gladys Stinchcomb was so physically repulsive to him he had to numb his sensibilities in order to do what he must.

Her arrival culminated months of letter writing: tender letters—dignified yet impassioned—carefully designed to reassure an old maid that she was attractive. The letters helped her head believe what her heart cried out and were calculated to extract, but not reveal.

Gladys Stinchcomb had, in addition to her 39 squawling fifth graders, a lovely nest egg, nicely liquid—cash. How thoughtful of her not to tie it up in real estate.

With a showman's sense of timing, Coward let her walk into the terminal and wait and wonder. Wasn't he going to be there? Had she come all this way for nothing? Just when she was starting to panic, he approached her. "My dear." She turned, startled, and he smiled broadly and doffed his Stetson. "My dear Gladys." The salutation from his letters. They always fell for it.

"Jarmand!" The word leaped from her lips. "Is it really you?"

"No one else. Jarmand Bart Cravelyeh at your service." He liked to practice the name. He had to get used to it.

"Oh, Jarmand. I never dared hope you'd be so handsome. I saw you standing there. I was afraid to hope it would be you."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but I had to be sure. Did you think I wouldn't meet you?"

She laughed. "Oh, I knew you would—but just for a moment I did wonder. Only a silly old woman would travel from Boston to Phoenix to meet a man she'd never seen."

He smiled warmly and put his hand on her shoulder. "Silly, no. Old, never. Woman, most definitely."

For a week they motored through the Southwest, through little towns and craggy spots of great beauty, stopping at the most marvelous places, but then all

TRUE

"I can tell you one thing, Reverend. If I had gone around turning the other cheek I'd never have been in a position to kick in five thousand dollars to your building fund."

places were marvelous to Gladys when she was with Jarmand. And they talked, about the future and his plans. He told of his first wife, who'd died giving birth to his son, and of how he had reared the boy all alone and how they'd joined the paratroopers together in World War II and how the boy had died in his arms in a drop over Normandy. Gladys had cried as he spoke. He talked of his job with an oil well drilling firm and his boss, a woman named Angela, his 1,200-acre ranch he'd scrimped for years to buy and his belief there was oil there. He was sure of it, and one day he'd have money to drill for it.

To Gladys he was just wonderful, so handsome, so distinguished looking—with his gray hair, gray mustache and that lovely scar on his cheek. He was the most compelling person she had ever known. He looked at her and she felt incandescent. He spoke and sparks went off. He touched her and her whole being disintegrated. He could make her do anything. Why he'd even used his gun—a .45 he called it—to shoot a rattlesnake. She'd always been terrified of guns. But not any more, not with Jarmand.

For him it was all dreadfully predictable. He found her lack of comeliness shared by her absence of originality. Everything was either lovely, beautiful or wonderful. Banalities dripped from her and soon he was not only able to predict her next remark, but to cause her to say it. His conversation was reduced to a series of cue words and he despised her. He despised her for being plain, stupid and a fool. Look at her, a fifth grade teacher running off to Arizona to meet a man she knew only through a correspondence club for the lovelorn. To think the education of American youth was in the hands of women like her.

He glanced at her and smiled and wondered if he could get her to call something "lovely."

"Gladys, dear, look at that sunset."

"Oh, Jarmand, isn't it lovely?"

They were married in Safford and for Gladys the desert bloomed, the spring gushed full and man and wife were one. In all things they were one. It was share and share alike, and on her wedding day she wrote out a check for $11,300—all she had. The money was to finance their new life together. With her cash he could drill for oil on his own land. And he'd find it. She was sure of it. After all, she was his good luck charm. Hadn't he said so?

Two days later he stormed into the motel room—in a rage. That big mouth of hers had ruined everything. She'd blabbed about his oil. Now everyone knew. His deal was ruined. Get out! Get out! He screamed. He shouted. And she wept and wailed that she had done nothing. But he wouldn't listen. Finally, he got out his gun, that awful gun, and waved it at her while she packed and ran. All the way back to Boston she ran.

Gladys was not the first, nor the last to marry the "man from Texas," as he became known. Many went to the altar with Jan Cartier or Armand Cary or Jan Bryk Cowart or Jan Sorenson. Some marriages were brief, as Gladys's had been. Others ran for weeks, as long as the "dowry" lasted. And money there was. Lots of it. United States postal inspectors estimate he made $50,000 a year for 10 years doing professionally what most men do as amateurs. At that rate between 40 and 60 women must have fallen for his short-lived charms.

But obviously the various mesdames he altared are not going to stand in line to admit they were swindled by a romantic, smooth-talking Texan.

From the Pacific at sunset to the Texas scrub country in the dark of night is a long stretch. TRUE in traveling it discovered many more pieces of the strange jigsaw puzzle that was James Burt Coward's life and uncovered the fullest explanation yet of the charred skeleton and cryptic note scrawled on Moore's map. Yes, there *are* some things a prostitute wouldn't do.

But the finer points of morality were lost on Coward. All that really mattered was that he had a good thing going for him. He made a handy bundle—although he didn't believe in being greedy—by a method he figured was foolproof. The beauty of his system was that none of his harem would talk. Each was too scared and humiliated—or still pined for his return, torch held high. And if one did squeal to the cops, what would that prove? He was her legal husband—as far as the law knew. And how would the cops go about finding him? They'd never heard of James Burt Coward. They would be looking for Armand or Jarmand or some other character, and his tracks were well covered. His letters were all postmarked Los Angeles and typed on a vintage portable so his handwriting couldn't be traced. Yeah, life seemed good for those who knew how to grab.

With Gladys hightailing it for Boston, Coward returned, as he did after each marriage, to a house in San Antonio. He dropped into another world. Again he became Burt Coward, solid citizen, family man, neighborhood spark plug. He returned from his "sales trip" like the Magi, bearing gifts. From the minute he returned, he commandeered the lives of his lovely, dark-haired, sloe-eyed wife Angela and their son, born in 1941. He filled each room with his presence and each minute with activity. Neighborhood youngsters adored him, because he told stories, played games and piled them into his car for outings.

For Angela, he was the end-all and be-all of life. She came alive when he returned and died when he left. Caring for him, cooking for him, loving him were all she asked or needed. They had met in Los Angeles in 1940. She knew very little about him—only what he'd told her—and this worried her a little. He had been born "somewhere in East Texas," he'd said, and in high school won a football scholarship to a college. He'd refused it, explaining, "I never felt the need of a college education to earn a living."

But what did the past matter? To Angela, just being with him was enough, even when the living wasn't easy. She often remembered how he'd chafed at their life in Los Angeles during the war. He'd hurt his foot and had stayed out of the service, working instead in an

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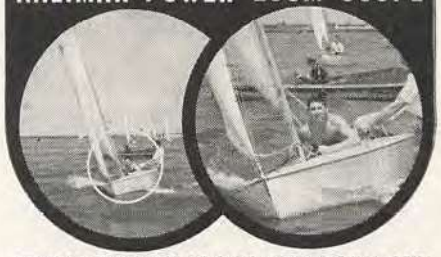

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"Frankly, Mrs. Smythe, I doubt that you can get a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty."

aircraft plant. Their house had been little more than a hovel, and he'd railed and promised to do better by her. Sure enough, after the war life had improved. He'd gone into sales. This took him away from home a lot, which she hated, but there was plenty of money and they'd moved into a nice neighborhood in San Antonio.

To Angela it was small wonder he was a good salesman. He could persuade anyone to do anything. He could talk on any subject and dominate every conversation—a capacity which never ceased to amaze her. Yet, she was not blinded to the abuse of his wit. He seemed to enjoy humiliating people. He'd sit in their home, like a poised cat, toying with visitors, warping their ideas, trying to entrap them into embarrassing admissions. Eventually, they'd leave, angry. Why did he do it? He was almost sadistic and didn't seem to be able to help himself.

For Coward the Magi role was one to be savored. The adoration he received seemed his just due. But sooner or later funds would begin to run short and the time for another business trip arrived. He always left abruptly, sometimes without even saying good-bye to Angela, never giving any idea when he would return. To each question about his work or his past, he had a pat answer, delivered levelly. "If I had wanted you to know, Angela, I would have told you." Then he'd drive off to Los Angeles, pick up his mail at a mail drop and check into a motel. Out would come his portable and he'd begin: "My dear Maude (or Ethel or Agnes) . . . I'm sorry for the delay in answering your sweet letter, but I've been away on a business trip and have just now returned to. . . ."

For years it was like this. The scheme worked to perfection. Then, in August, 1952, an attorney entered the office of the federal postal inspectors in Tucson, Arizona, and made a formal complaint to Inspector L. B. Tyer. The lawyer said he represented a Miss Leona Barstall of that city, who had answered an ad in a correspondence magazine published by the Club Elite of Los Angeles. She received a letter from a man residing at 427 S. Western Avenue, Los Angeles. He visited her several times telling of his ranch in the Rio Grande Valley on which he believed there was oil. Married in Lordsburg, New Mexico, she gave him $5,500 in cash and a diamond ring which he planned to have remounted. The attorney said Miss Barstall had reason to believe the man would use violence if necessary. His name: Jarmand Bart Cravelyeh.

Inspector Tyer listened attentively and made a formal report, which went to other offices of the Inspection Service throughout the country. Had any other inspectors received similar complaints? Tyer knew if they had not, Cravelyeh was Miss Barstall's legal husband and no law had been broken.

The attorney's action in going to the Inspection Service brought into the case a crack team of "Feds" whose work is little known and vastly underestimated. The Inspection Service, particularly its well-oiled fraud division, has made the mail fraud law one of Uncle Sam's biggest weapons for catching criminals both big and small.

Assigned to investigate Tyer's report was Inspector A. E. French of the Los Angeles office, a wizened, diminutive man, who couldn't have looked more inconspicuous if he had taken lessons. But then the Inspection Service likes its men that way.

French began a methodical investigation. At the Club Elite, a "lonely hearts" outfit, French found the Cravelyeh membership application easily enough and a detailed description of Cravelyeh, which jibed exactly with that provided by Miss Barstall in Tucson. So what did that prove? There was such a man and Miss Barstall was married to him.

But French continued to flip through the voluminous club records and turned up descriptions of two other men similar to Cravelyeh's. In March, 1951, Jan Cartier had joined the club, giving his address as a hotel in San Francisco. In February, 1952, an Armand Cary had joined, giving an address on N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles. The descriptions of Cary and Cartier were not identical, but remarkably similar. Very interesting, French decided, but no indication a crime had occurred.

A few days later French got his first break in the case. The nationwide net of postal inspectors turned up another possible victim. Inspector L. H. Miller in New York, acting on Tyer's request, reported having a complaint from a Mrs. Ruth A. Gribling. She had joined the Club Elite in 1950 and had received a letter from a Jan Bryk Cowart, whom she later married in Quartsite, Arizona. He had threatened her with a gun and disappeared shortly after she turned $5,800 over to him so he could develop his oil properties. Mrs. Gribling's description of her "husband" was phenomenally similar to that of Cary, Cartier and Cravelyeh. French believed all were one man. If so, he had married more than one woman and taken money from them. This was a swindle and he was using the mails to operate it. French stepped up his investigation.

The two addresses on Western Avenue proved to be mail drops, where, for the payment of a fee, mail would be received and kept for clients. Miss Louella Labor, who operated the Ask for Louella Service at 427 S. Western, had Jarmand B. Cravelyeh as a client. She remembered him well, quite distinguished looking and very polite he was. Yes, she had talked to him. In fact she'd found a room for him in her apartment house on W. Fifth St. The other drop, the Terry-Ann Service, had as its client J. B. or Armand Cary. He gave his occupation as "pro-

moter" and his residence as a motel. Not much, French felt, only a gray-haired guy who used a bunch of aliases to correspond with women. But who was he? The only possible clue to his identity was an offhand remark by Louella Labor. Cravelyeh had recently bought a new typewriter, she said.

"Did he tell you where he bought it?" French asked.

Louella thought a moment. "No, I don't believe he did."

It wasn't much, but all French had. He undertook the nearly hopeless task of inquiring at all the typewriter outlets in the nation's third largest city. Concentrating in the area around the mail drops, he worked for days, tramping the pavements, getting nothing but "no's" and shrugged shoulders. Finally, he entered the Type-N-Add Co., and talked to proprietor Ron Kann.

"You say his name may have been Cravelyeh?"

"Cravelyeh." Kann savored it on his tongue. "Cra-vel-yeh. Funny name. Seems like I ought to remember that. You say he was a big fellow? Gray?" He hesitated a moment, then headed for the rear of the store. "Just maybe. Wait here."

A little later Kann emerged carrying a ledger. "I may forget a face or a name, sir, but I never forget a typewriter." He spread out the open ledger for French. "Here's your man. Cravelyeh. Bought a portable last March. No. QT 2302489. And asked me to express an old typewriter back to his home. Said his son could use it."

"Really?" French couldn't quite make his voice sound casual.

"Yeah, sent it to Mrs. Angela N. Coward, San Antonio, Texas."

On October 13, 1952, French passed this information to inspectors in San Antonio. They surreptitiously investigated the house and obtained photos of Coward. Miss Barstall in Tucson and Mrs. Gribling in New York made positive identification of Coward as their long lost husband. Further investigation turned up Coward's fingerprint classification from his aircraft job in Los Angeles and car registration.

French felt he had enough evidence of mail fraud to convict Coward, but he wanted more. After all, only two, the Gribling and Barstall women, were willing to testify in court. So, he let Coward dangle, unaware of how close he was to arrest. Meanwhile postal inspectors combed the country for victims willing to admit they had been damn fools. Several were found, including a still wet-eyed Gladys. She, like the others, would talk—but only in private. "I'd positively die before I'd testify in court."

Therefore, in March, 1953, Coward was arrested in San Antonio and charged with only two counts of mail fraud. As his trial was scheduled for the fall of that year in Los Angeles, Coward protested his innocence. "I'm a respectable citizen and a happily married man," he insisted.

When the trial date neared, a third woman, a resident of Glendale, California, agreed to testify that she, too, had wed the ever-lovin' Texan and given him a bundle. So a third count was laced against Coward. With that, he capitulated. After pleading guilty to one count, he was sentenced to three years in federal prison, where the chances for free lance matrimony are somewhat limited —but not impossible. It was observed that Coward regularly received scented letters. Still, his prison record was clean and with an elaborate statement that he had learned the error of his ways, he was paroled after serving half his sentence.

As Moore studied the burned out car in the pasture, his first decision was that there had been no accident. Fenders weren't banged. There were no skid marks. And whoever heard of a car careening three-quarters of a mile into a pasture then catching fire? Moore's light flickered on the door of the car. Definitely no accident. Those bullet holes made it murder.

To a generation brainwashed by the TV whodunits, Moore is the antithesis of the slick, sophisticated detective. He is pure small town, plain of speech, straightforward and rather kindly. His voice is so low one has to strain to hear. For this reason he had to repeat his instructions to the deputy to radio for the coroner and undertaker and to notify Blackburn, the district attorney. His calls were monitored by the Kerrville town police, who alerted the Texas Rangers at Sonora, 70 miles to the west. Next morning ranger officer L. H. Purvis joined the case. From then on, he and Moore pursued the investigation together.

San Antonio police quickly provided identification of Coward as a convicted matrimonial swindler who had been paroled about a year before. The burned out car was registered in his name.

It most certainly looked as if Coward had scorned one woman too many and felt the hot lead slugs of her wrath. Still, Moore had his doubts. Everything was too pat. That billfold. If it just hadn't been outside the car, so new and untouched. Nonetheless, when the San Antonio papers trumpeted the news of Coward's death, Moore wavered in his conviction. He was, he felt, just a small town sheriff and those city boys were pretty smart.

October 30, the day after the body was found, investigation proceeded on several fronts. At the murder scene lab men from the Texas Department of Public Safety began sifting ashes from the auto's interior. Moments later, they were nearly overcome by fumes. From their retching and coughing they decided it was cyanide gas. The car must have contained at least a half pound of the lethal powder prior to the fire. Further analysis was suspended. But Moore doubted more than ever that the skeleton was Coward. After all, how many indignant whores bothered to pack cyanide in their purses.

At Austin, pathologists tried to make an identification of the body, but could determine only that the victim was male and had once had tuberculosis. Science would be of little help in identifying the murdered man.

In San Antonio, Moore and Purvis, abetted by city police, tracked down what leads they had. They learned Coward had been out of town several days and, more usefully, that a missing person report had been filed with city police on one Jack Jordan, 48, by his mother, Mrs. Vivian Jordan. She reported Jack was roughly the same build as Coward, had once worked as his chauffeur and had been visited by Coward only a few days before his disappearance. There had been talk of a trip to Sonora.

Moore and Purvis interviewed Angela Coward. She was in shock, dry eyed, but obviously greatly bereaved. She wanted to help, Moore believed, but knew almost nothing of her husband's activities. She'd never heard of Jordan. The most

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useful bit of information was that she had last seen Coward on October 23, the same day Jordan disappeared.

Moore, Purvis and the city police labored mightily, but the best they could do was put Coward and Jordan together in San Antonio on the 23rd. Apparently they left the city that day—but separately.

Moore and Purvis followed Coward to Sonora, located 180 miles to the northwest. A motel operator had put him up for the night prior to the murder. The trail died there.

Shortly thereafter, Moore and Purvis sat down to hash over what they had learned. Moore reviewed the evidence: the car, cyanide, unidentified body, insurance policies, the link between Jordan and Coward and, most of all, the undamaged billfold planted in the grass.

"Lieutenant," said Moore, "I know everybody says that's Coward's body we got. And it probably is—but suppose it isn't. Suppose it's that Jordan fella. Could be, for all we really know."

Purvis listened and nodded.

"Well, lieutenant, I got a plan which might flush out this Coward fella—if he's alive. Suppose we charge him with Jordan's murder. If he's dead, the charge ain't gonna harm him none. If he's alive, the charge might scare him up like a hound's baying skedaddles a rabbit."

On November 1 Coward was charged with murder.

Still, Moore had no idea where to begin looking for Coward, but on a hunch he went to San Angelo, 65 miles north of Sonora and the first sizable town west of San Antonio. He and Purvis pounded out days of legwork, visiting motels, hotels and restaurants, flashing a picture of Coward. It was a labor of sheer stubbornness. Most people believed Coward dead. In fact San Antonio detectives were so convinced they were about to exhume a body from a pauper's grave near San Angelo to prove it was Jordan.

But the sheriff and the ranger kept walking and, finally located a woman motel operator who had seen a man "something like that fellow in the picture." She had "put" him on a bus for Boerne, Texas, five days previously. Oh, yes. She had seen a suspicious looking bulge in his pocket. The gun?

Next stop: the bus company. Records were checked and the name and San Antonio address of the driver obtained. Moore and Purvis confronted him. Had he seen this man? The driver peered at the photo. Maybe. There was a guy something like that a few days back. He'd let him off in front of a hotel that fronts the highway in Boerne.

It was shortly before midnight on November 8 that Moore, Purvis, Sheriff Douglas Kuebel of Kendall County, where Boerne is located, and a deputy drove quietly into the town of 5,000 about 20 miles northwest of San Antonio. They parked and entered the hotel, a two-story white frame building with a cluster of cabins around it. They confronted the somnolent manager.

"Sure, I know that man," he yawned. "He registered the same day he got off the bus. Staying in cabin two."

The four lawmen surrounded the cabin, guns at ready, not overly willing to test how desperate Coward was with that gun. Then Purvis and Moore knocked loudly on the door.

"Open up, Coward. It's the law."

They waited perhaps two minutes, during which time they heard someone moving inside.

"Open up, Coward, or we'll knock the door down."

"Just a minute."

Seconds later the door opened. There was Coward, far from dead, and dressed in undershorts.

"I'm surprised it took you so long to get here," he said.

"All right," Moore said, in his most fatherly fashion, "come along nicely and there won't be any trouble. Just get your clothes on."

"May I go to the bathroom first?"

The officers nodded.

Coward went into the bathroom alone and emerged perhaps a minute later and was again ordered to get dressed. He complied, donning his shirt and trousers. He sat on a chair to put on his shoes.

Suddenly he blanched and grabbed his middle, in great pain. "I can't breathe," he gasped, and slumped to the floor.

The lawmen carried him to the bed and the deputy raced for a doctor. Coward lay on the bed, sweating profusely, groaning and retching. In five minutes the doctor came, but he could do nothing. Within 20 minutes of the knock on the door, Coward was dead.

Between the bedspring and the mattress Moore found two empty vials of cyanide. Now he knew how Coward had used his extra minutes—probably a rerun of an earlier scene—with his friend Jordan.

In Coward's luggage the officers found two small packages of cyanide, two plastic bags of clothes, which they later learned he had stored in San Angelo before the crime and picked up afterwards, and two letters, one to Angela and one to an attorney. These made it clear Jordan was the man in the car and implicated Coward in his death.

Since there had been no trial the law officially closed the case by ruling it a "murder by person unknown and suicide" and burying Coward and Jordan side by side in the Kerrville City cemetery. Coward's effort to disappear and start his racket again had failed.

One question remained. Who mailed the map to Sheriff Moore from San Francisco? Coward would not have had time to journey there himself. The answer appeared about a month later when a distraught female in Los Angeles phoned Lt. D. G. Hertel of that city's police to—confess.

At her home he found a sobbing 55-year-old widow. She had a lover, she wailed, a man named Coward. He'd asked her to mail a letter from San Francisco. Later she'd read that he'd killed a man and . . . and . . . didn't that make her an accomplice? She was afraid.

Hertel ultimately calmed her enough so that she could listen. She was just an unwilling victim, hardly the first, and no charges were to be placed against her.

"How long did you know Coward?" Hertel asked. "Did you know him before he went to prison?"

"Oh, yes," she said, sniffling, "I visited him there and wrote to him."

"Why didn't you testify at his trial?"

She was shocked that he should ask. "Of course I wouldn't testify. The poor man was framed." She dried her eyes. "But Lieutenant . . ."

"Yes?"

"Do you know if there's any way to get my $18,000 back?" —**Robert A. Liston**

TRUE

"I covet my neighbor's wife and Ferrari."

VIRTUOSO OF THE TOP TRAP GUN

[*Continued from page* 58]

fortune and a hard-pressed family, he is going to blow the rest of the morning demonstrating the new Ljutic firelighter, a perforated fiberboard soaked in paraffin. In the Ljutic voice, a cross between an artillery barrage and a viola concert, he declaims, "I was accumulating these boards by punching out the famous Ljutic Mono-Wad for shotshell reloading. The wad spaces between powder and shot, one wad, and the old way used two. Ljutic figured out how to punch a perfect wad at one whack. Then it hit me like thunderclaps. 'Ljutic, you dumb Slavonian,' I says, 'you been burning these punched boards, and you could sell them for charcoal lighters.' Now I got standing orders in L.A. and points west. Wait until you see this fire."

The search for a match takes us through the dipping room with its vat of molten, highly inflammable paraffin. Two men are wad punching and dipping, turning out an esoteric product prized only by gun nuts.

"If you haven't got a match, I'll kill you," Ljutic warns them. No matches. Then he rampages through his junk-littered yard, firelighter half forgotten. "This here is stuff I'm saving for a rainy day, only it don't rain in Nevada. Do I need to expand; look at all this stuff! That there is our speedboat; the kids wanted to go water-skiing. I'll finish it some time. Right here is my wall for the new factory. When Ljutic builds a wall, he builds a wall. Fourteen blocks a day for 14 years, them is higher mathematics which the dumb old Slavonian eccentric doesn't understand. Guns I understand. Where the hell are we going to find a match? Everything is electric. Do you know what I had to fight to get electricity? The power commission, the ICC and the damn governor!"

Ljutic carries the match hunt into the Ljutic-built house (finished), through the living room office where he and Nadine Ljutic sleep, keep their books and rhapsodize about their future. It is in these cramped quarters at elbow's length from the galloping Slavonian, his wife, dog and three children, that the drama of the Ljutic struggle comes through. The great wealth is still on the books, you can see, and every buck has been dropped on new equipment such as a $30,000 automatic stock maker, so that Ljutic doesn't have to shape the wood gun by gun.

"I'm living like a ground squirrel," Ljutic shouts. "I can't even afford a match. The Ljutic lighter will save the day; the shotgun is a bust; I never want to see another shotgun."

The match hunt rages on into the machine shop where Ljutic bridles Ed Hall, Jr., a quiet, smiley toolmaker who drifted job to job until Ljutic grabbed him as one of those fiddlers who had the patience to build something special. Hall is tenderly filing gun parts to fit in a dark, unlighted corner.

"Eddie, how can you work in the dark?" Ljutic demands.

"I can *feel*, Al," Hall grins.

But Hall has no match. Now Ljutic weaves his way among jackstrawed equipment—lathes, drill presses, unused metal stock, hunting gear, mounted deer heads—and reaches the second of his two Mono-Gun helpers: Lothar Alias, an ex-German cannon maker with a micrometer for a brain.

"Fourteen blocks a day! I gotta expand. I gotta have air, the Slavonian is strangling," Ljutic shouts, tripping over something. Lothar Alias jumps three inches. "A man working to half a thousandth," says Ljutic, "he can't stand much shock. Tickle it, Lothar, tickle it. Gentle as a baby." Lothar nods.

Matches? He shakes his head, squirts cutting oil on a milling-machine head spinning out gleaming shavings. The oil hisses. Ljutic hisses right back at it.

"The hell with matches," says Ljutic. "Come on, I'll show you how the Slavonian puts the supreme touches on a priceless barrel."

We dodge to a bench on which rest 15 finished Mono-Gun barrels and several stock blanks in various stages of completion. The genius gunsmith pounces toward them, purring, "Whammy, whammy!" and waving his fingers in an occult motion. "Zing! Five new records are going to fall. Whammy!"

Not that Ljutic needs more records for his guns. Dan Orlich had just broken 100 straight at the full 27-yard handicap mark, tying a world record. Orlich's all-time straight run at 16 yards is about 1,300. The former Green Bay Packers end has been a big-time money winner in trap for several years and shoots a Mono-Gun exclusively in singles. In 1964, Orlich was number two man at the Grand American. Top shooter Gene Barnhart of Kansas City, Missouri, another Mono-Gun shooter, told me, "She shoots like a rifle. You get almost all your shot in the pattern. My singles score average last year was 99.28 percent." Barnhart goes on to emphasize that the success of the gun on the line is tied to its barrel. He says, "If you want to find out what makes the Mono great, find out why it doesn't warp under the intense heat we get in competition."

Now, in the Ljutic shop, Al sets up a barrel on the lathe. "I'll tell you and Rotten Shot Orlich will tell you, the barrel is the key," he tells you. "Watch while I ream one with superhuman accuracy."

Reaming is a delicate process wherein a tapered, multibladed cutter is drawn through a section of bored rod or tubing. The problem is making a perfectly straight ream, and then following up with an exterior series of cutting passes to give the barrel an outside taper to the muzzle that will be absolutely concentric with the inside dimensions.

"The perfect barrel," Ljutic croons, hunched over the lathe, "is the barrel that's got uniform wall thickness from head to toe. Pulling that off, buddy, is a machinist's nightmare!"

Seeing Ljutic now in this hunched position, you realize there is something wrong with his back, and the curvature makes him seem to wrap right around the machine. The reamer squeals while Ljutic curses and cajoles. "Steady there,

If you want to STOP SMOKING here's how!

by Whitey Ford

The famous Major League pitcher who holds the most World Series records tells what happened when he decided smoking was not good for his physical fitness.

I talked to my doctor about smoking and he advised me to quit. I did. But it was hard. Then I heard about a little pill called Bantron. I was surprised to find that it helped a lot to keep me from smoking. Now, when I feel like relapsing, I just take Bantron instead.

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"He's always been a *taker*, never a *giver*."

you sonofabitch. Easy, baby, easy." A thousand bucks is spinning in front of his eyes; that is a lot of loot to this ambitious son of an immigrant Nevada silver miner.

When it is done, the great Ljutic chest heaves. "You got no business in here," he announces. "The last guy yakked at me, I turned the tool the wrong way on an outside pass and cut the barrel in half. From now on, nobody is in the joint when the eccentric is working. Now I'll show you something."

Ljutic sets the barrel on centers so it can spin under the delicate finger of a feeler gage that will measure off-centeredness. When Ljutic turns the barrel, the needle flickers a maximum .002 of an inch.

"Two thousandths!" Ljutic triumphs. "Those other clunkers will be out eight. Who but Ljutic would think of using aircraft seamless tubing? I start with very close inside and outside diameters and on top of that I've got walls that didn't get formed by boring. See, that cuts the fiber. I've got forged walls. That gives you denser metal, better fiber, a stronger and stiffer barrel."

Given this ingenious barrel beginning, Ljutic adds the delicate handwork that is dying in the arms industry, where automatic barrel borers handle several guns at one setup. The fact that Ljutic has designed the gun, ultramachined it from the ground up, and selected its materials is linked to the fact that his life has been spent at the bench as a working machinist, and to his ambitiousness.

Ljutic sets his 14 daily concrete blocks now, adding to a wall that has the professional mason's touch. "Flawless," he says as his level's bubble centers. Washing his tools under a hose, he starts talking about the early days of struggle.

"Look at that wall," he chortles. "Not bad for a dumb Slavonian. My mother! You know what she told me? 'Son,' she says, 'dumb as you are and smart as he is, you can be as smart as he is, dumb as you are.' "

Ljutic waits for this to sink in, then he adds coyly, "I found this to be true in my long lovely life—the trouble is, I'm always getting sidetracked. I've also got a horrible personality, and I can't hit a piss-pot anymore. But I sure can make shotguns, and the Ljutic firelighter ain't so bad, either."

Ljutic dries his hands on his shirt, and with his two boys and 10-year-old daughter, takes a few whacks at the half-finished speedboat. The real Ljutic is Daddy Ljutic, completely at home with his kids, sanding, drilling and pounding, easing them along with the work.

"Mom said you'd take me to ballet lesson tomorrow," his daughter tells him. As if on cue, Lujtic pirouettes off around the house trilling some unknown song in wavering falsetto. Actually, Ljutic does have a reputation for a scratchy personality among some shooters who do not know him closely, and that reputation is probably due to the same abruptness he is showing right now at home.

For example, at a big New York State shoot on Travers Island, Ljutic spotted an important shot whose cheek was bandaged. "You must be shooting that worthless so-and-so," said Al, mentioning a brand the man had loved for years. The fellow spun on his heel and never got to hear Ljutic say, "I only wanted to tell him about a gun that don't kick—my gun. I really like to help people shoot better."

When Ljutic renders a verdict on something or someone, he brays like an apoplectic donkey. One time he chewed out his wife with such apparent bitterness on the trap field, for some fault of shooting form, that a bystander stepped to her side.

"How can you talk to a woman like that?" the stranger pleaded.

"That's no woman," said Ljutic lightly, "that's a trapshooter." Yet in a single year, Ljutic's lashing and a Mono-Gun put Nadine Ljutic into the top rank in national women's competition.

Nadine is here now, fresh from the supermarket with a load of steaks and a box of matches. Soon the Ljutic firelighter is sending a sinister spiral of black smoke into the pure Nevada sunshine.

"Wait till it hits the wax," says Ljutic. Suddenly the paraffin vaporizes, and the grille and briquets are choked in clean flames.

"Bikini!" says Ljutic, jogging to the kitchen to pick up the meat.

Once Ljutic has settled down at the big handcut wood-slab kitchen table for lunch, he is willing to satisfy your curiosity about his past in the gun business; from what you've heard, his life has been more than checkered.

"I'm born in Tonapah, Nevada, in 1917," Ljutic begins. "My father came there around 1900 from Serbia. A Serb is of the Slavic people, a Slavonian. All Slavonians are dumb, but they get things done."

When Al was 5, his family moved to Richmond, California, where his father found carpentering work. "I didn't do too good in school among the decimal points," Ljutic recalls, "but I was good with tools, although I couldn't work with my old man. We had our indifferences. I took to machine work, and I boxed to let off steam. I fought 40 semipro and lost two. In the ring I learned about guts, but one night Max Baer refereed us and he said, 'Kids, go in there fighting, but don't take a beating for the man on the outside, it isn't worth it.' I listened to that, and then one time a man says to me in the shop, 'Al, what you know, and the way you handle tools, what do you want with working for the boss, *you* be the boss,' and I listened to him, too."

But Ljutic's decision to go it alone was made for him. In 1936 when he was hunting mule deer in the Coast Range, he came close to death.

"I loved to hunt and shoot," he recalls. "I was carrying a buck out of the mountains across my back, and I got on a loose slope and started to slide. I slid right over a cliff. My buddies dragged me out, and when I woke up in the hospital I was two inches shorter. A bunch of vertebrae were smashed and fused up but the nerves are okay; I just lean like the Tower of Pisa, but I don't fall over, not Ljutic."

When Ljutic got on his feet he rented a hole-in-the-wall shop in Fresno. He says, "I took anything I could get to stay open and at night I started working on some gun designs I had in my noodle. The work I took to stay alive! Once I made up a die for a spaghetti factory—you know, the piece with the holes to squeeze the dough through. Half the spaghetti in California had the Ljutic shape."

By 1941, Ljutic's nocturnal experimentation paid off. In a sandbagged range behind the shop he was already testing a gas-operated rifle. "I was surrounded by

[*Continued on page* 106]

TRUE goes shopping

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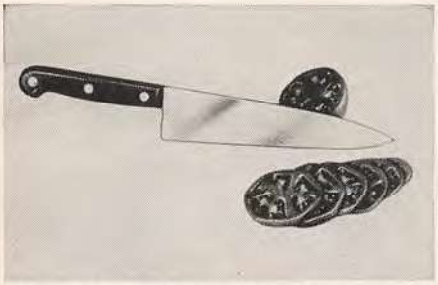

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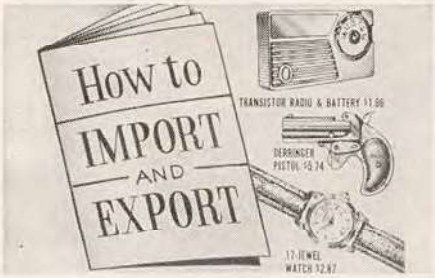

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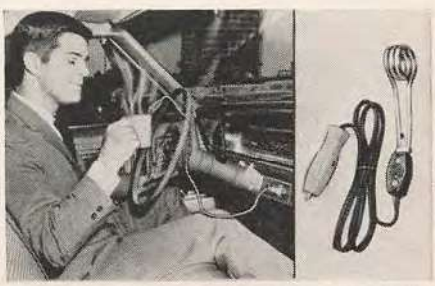

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[*Continued from page* 104]
a college, and they thought I would shoot the coeds," he remembers. "I kept fighting and shooting, and when I was ready I wrote the Defense Department."

One of the untold stories behind the fight for the Garand rifle early in the war was the testing of the Ljutic rifle. The bum-backed ex-boxer, still in his twenties, actually was called to Aberdeen Proving Ground to show off his notions. Talking about it, Ljutic glows red-hot. "I had a better rifle than Garand," he storms. "I flashed through the mud and sand tests, and I hit. But hell, I was lucky to get tested, me, a mere child."

With the war over, service rifles and machinists were a drug on the market, and Ljutic's boxing days were over. But he was as ambitious as ever. Whenever he ran into his father he felt the needle of old-country domination; he was nothing but a know-nothing dumb Slavonian, he decided.

When it looked blackest, Ljutic ran into an FBI agent at a shooting range who said, "Where did you get that rifle? That's what the FBI really needs, something just like that."

"You're kidding!" said Ljutic, but the man wasn't. That night, Ljutic started cutting the test model that would cost him 10 grand in time and cash. "I was sure this was going to be it," he recalls angrily, "but they shipped her back in a box, and I hit bottom."

Ljutic was coming apart—he even drove a taxi—when he met Nadine, a robust, intelligent girl with a master's degree in physical education. She found herself suddenly married to an obsessive, hard-smashing dreamer as full of self-doubt as of ability. She started taming him by defending him—when Ljutic's father turned up once too often berating Al, Nadine lit into the elder Ljutic with strong words.

"We haven't seen him since," Ljutic smiles whimsically.

About that time, Ljutic made a connection which eventually led to an offer of the assistant managership of Harold's Gun Club in Sparks, Nevada. Ljutic went over in 1950 for a nominal salary, an apartment, and promise of quarters for his experimental shop.

"I just begun to fight," says Ljutic. "I had me a Quonset out back full of tools, and I got swell cooperation from Harold Smith, the Harold that owns the gun club and Harold's Club, the casino in Reno. At the gun club I saw fine trapshots come and go, and I took it up. But I was still a rifle maker. After the Defense Department and the FBI, I had my last fling with Winchester. Half their brass came out to see my stuff, and they popped 14 grand for a year's option on the design. I moved across the street and built the place you're in now. I waited. The year goes by and the stuff comes back in a box.

" 'Okay, boys,' says Ljutic, 'if you don't need me, I don't need you.' I had made some observations, and this dumb Slavonian could see that nobody shoots a rifle often enough to pay what the supreme effort for perfection would be worth . . . but a shotgun!

"These trapshooters belt the pants off a gun in six weeks, and they have to have the best. So I could afford to do something nice. So Ljutic analyzes the animal from the ground up. That's 1951, and by 1954 Ljutic is on the All American team, and Ljutic is shooting the trap gun he designed himself. They laughed at me—but they all wind up looking for the Luigi now."

That is the Ljutic biography, capsulized by removal of the sputterings caused by eating two sirloins, drinking half a quart of California red, and chastising three children, a wife, a dog and anybody else who ever concocted a firearm.

Ljutic washes the story down with black coffee, then heads across the road to Harold's Gun Club to practice trap.

Out on the trap field, Ljutic unwinds his banter with the speed of a nightclub monologist, whilst tossing claybirds into the air by hand and snapshooting them. He has missed three straight when Dan Orlich arrives from Reno, where he is a shift manager at Harold Smith's gambling casino.

"Rotten Shot Orlich," Ljutic calls gleefully, then close, expectantly, "How did you do in Lost Wages yesterday?"

COMING . . .

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"I shot for the money."

"Ah, the Luigi!"

"I lost the shot for the car."

"Who won the car?"

"Barnhart won the car," says Orlich. "He's still shooting a Mono, Al. I guess he likes it."

"You bet he likes it," Ljutic laughs. "But you're the Fritz Kreisler of shooting, Rotten Shot. This here gun is just the Stradivarius, that's all."

"Let's see how *you* play the violin," Orlich jabs. They are off to the trap layout to shoot a round of practice at 16 yards. It is a sport so fast, requiring such reflex and judgment that Ljutic buttons his lip, except for soft kibitzing on subtleties of the gun still under consideration.

Orlich has no part in Ljutic's enterprise, but he has been considerable help on practical suggestions; he still thinks out loud. At first, Orlich was unimpressed by Ljutic's claims. With a big-time football career behind him and five years in the top-money circle in trap, Orlich thought the success of the early Mono a matter of "Palmer and his putter—you buy one and putt like a dream. Confidence."

But when he tried the Ljutic, he found himself picking up a tough bird here and there, making the better buck. Orlich pitched in with his own ideas and field-tested changes. Gradually the present model took shape.

Trap is shot with steady rhythm as the five-man squad fires from each of five stations. When five shots have been fired, each man moves to the station at the right. Twenty-five shots make the round, four rounds the match, usually.

"Pooool!" Ljutic yells, and the bird zips out of the trap house. *Blam* and it turns to dust.

"Ugh!" calls the next man; a *blam* and a hit.

"Pull," says Orlich carefully. He breaks.

Each shooter calls in his characteristic way, but with tightening tension as the squad builds the perfect score higher and higher. One thing you notice is that of the guns on the line, the three Monos powder the birds but the other guns cut them into visible fragments or large sections. Too, the Ljutic is taking a bird on the periphery of hitability.

Off the line, Ljutic says, "Bing, bing, that's trapshooting. You've got a 98 and two to go for clean, and the old butterflies start bouncing. In the clutch, the gun makes the difference in those shoot-offs for the big money."

Al Ljutic goes home. He eats a couple more steaks while philosophizing about a country in which a dumb Slavonian can get famous selling a bunch of holes for lighting fires.

The phone rings.

"Ah!" croons Ljutic. "Now you want the Luigi. How good do you shoot?" Silence, then, "If you shoot so good, how come I never heard of you? Okay, okay. I'll put you on the long list." There follows a hassle over measurements, then Ljutic hangs up. Shortly, the doorbell rings: another buyer. After the man goes, Ljutic sighs, "That cleans up that production run. Fifty guns, 75,000 simoleons. Not bad for a dumb Slavonian."

The Nevada night is cool, crystalline, when a restless Ljutic strolls the desert to settle his nerves. He howls mockingly at a sliver of moon. "I'm gonna shoot a buck tomorrow, I'm gonna walk up that ridge and shoot a buck, I need to shoot a buck."

So you leave as he darts into the house for a rifle, the simple Slavonian in perpetual motion. . . .

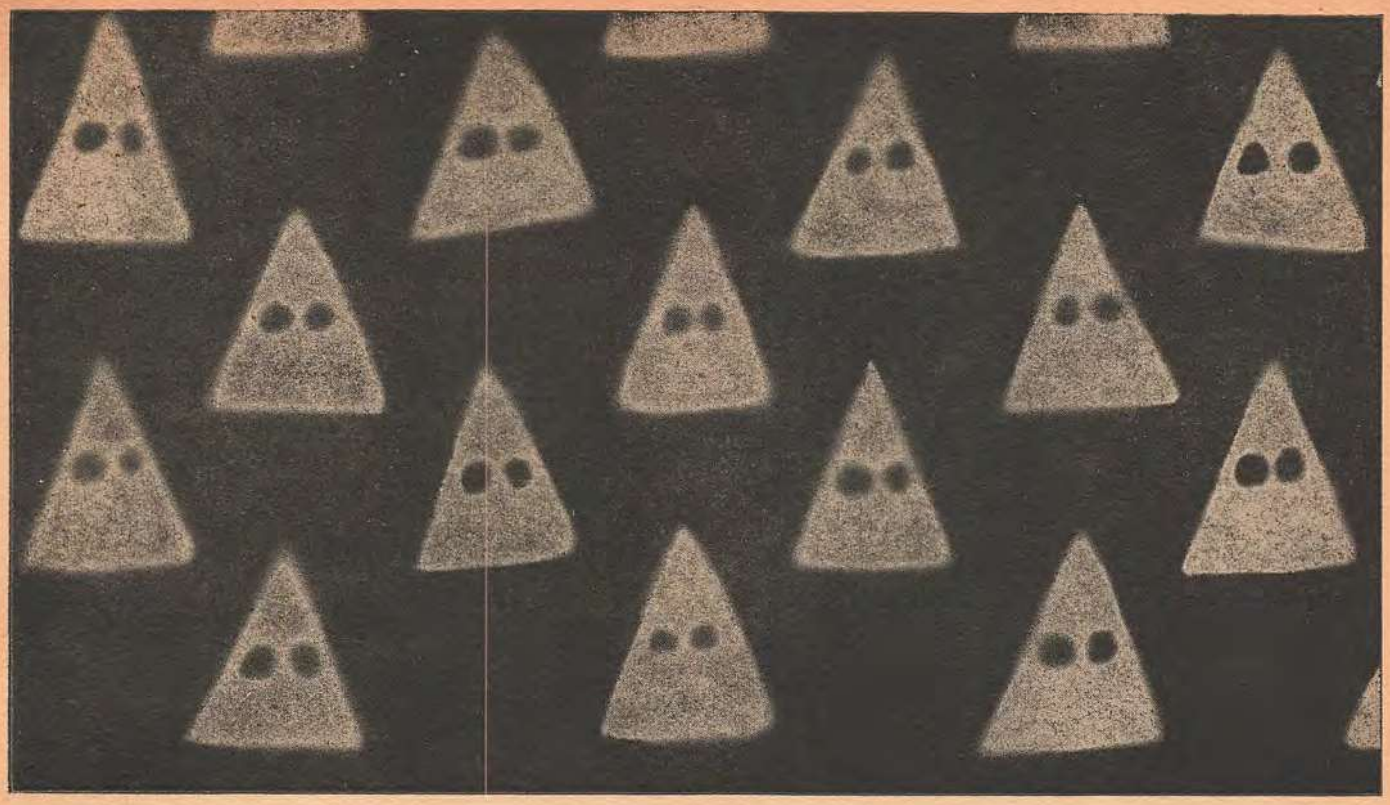
Just before press time, I managed to reach Al Ljutic on the phone in case he had some new development to tell me. He had. His place had burned to the ground and he had moved to Yakima, Washington, where he is building a modern plant for which he was wildly enthusiastic.

"Remember that wall I was building?" he shouts. "My wall stood like Gibraltar. Good honest Slavonian workmanship."

He rambled on about the lovely, rolling apple country where he has relocated and his plans for a roomy plant at last.

"I eat eight apples a day; I'm in training. Say, do you know where I am now? I've got a phone in my *car*." He sounded like a kid with his first slingshot. "Never underestimate a dumb Slavonian," he shouted joyously.

It is doubtful that anyone who owns one of his guns or has merely met him ever will. —**Dale Shaw**



Hooded Americanism

[*Continued from page* 39]

were a "rough bunch of boys." The method of the Klan was violence. It threatened, exiled, flogged, mutilated, shot, stabbed and hanged. It disposed of Negroes who were not respectful, or committed crimes, or belonged to military or political organizations such as the Loyal and Union Leagues. It drove out Northern schoolteachers and Yankee storekeepers and politicians, and "took care of" Negroes who gained land and prospered, or made inflammatory speeches or talked about equal rights. It assaulted carpetbag judges, intimidated juries, and spirited away prisoners. It attacked officials who registered Negroes, who did not give whites priority, or who foreclosed property.

The invisible but very apparent order was founded in December 1865, but it did not spread throughout the South until 1867, the year in which the Radicals in Congress displaced the state governments set up by Lincoln and by Andrew Johnson. Under the presidential programs for reconstruction, the reins of government had been passed back to white citizens in each state, once they had given evidence that they realized that the war was truly over. These new Southern governments accepted the emancipation of the Negro but accorded him only varying degrees of limited citizenship, always excluding the ballot. The inequalities and restrictions placed upon the freedman by these Southern "black codes" upset many Northerners. So did the eruption of race riots in Memphis and New Orleans that looked primarily like occasions to massacre the Negroes. Bitter disagreements with President Johnson, concern over the return to public life of so many former rebel leaders, anger over the Southern rejection of the Fourteenth Amendment, concern for the Negro and for the future prospects of the Republican party, led the Radical majority to reject the Southern version of reconstruction. Dividing the former Confederacy into military districts, Congress decided to start over again.

It was this overturn of governments that made the Ku Klux Klan an important force in Southern life. In practically every one of the states in which the Klan rode, it sprang or expanded into active life with the advent of the new Radical governments of 1867 and 1868.

This was not a struggle of massed armies and big battles. The Civil War had been fought through once, and no one was really ready to try it a second time. The North knew that it had won and hoped to avoid having to actually use troops to rule the ex-Confederates, who in turn were not at all interested in forcing them to do so. Altogether, there were not enough regular army forces stationed in the South to have taken on a single corps of the old Army of Northern Virginia during the war. Most of the soldiers were in Texas and the rest were kept in camp, off the streets and out of the countryside. When hard-pressed and frightened Radical governors requested troops, they were more than likely refused.

If the Negro in politics meant continued Radical rule, then to change things meant disposing of Union and Loyal Leagues and the militia. The purpose of the Klan, according to the historian, Francis Simkins, was to secure the "political impotence and social subordination" of the Negro. To this end the night riders particularly attacked the Negro militia and Negro suffrage as the two institutions through which the freedmen exercised their citizenship. And so militiamen were whipped, their officers murdered, and Negroes frightened away from the ballot box or into promising to vote Conservative.

The night riders struck against the Negro as a citizen, rather than a lawbreaker. And few Negroes, even militiamen, banded together to fight back or even protect themselves. From the general record of race riots in the South during Reconstruction, it was probably just as well that they did not.

Although Klansmen occasionally sortied out across the moonlit countryside to punish criminal behavior, they most frequently called upon Radicals, Union and Loyal Leaguers, Republican candidates and Northern schoolteachers. The purposes were clearly to destroy the basis of Negro political effectiveness by driving out its leaders, white and black. The particular opposition to schoolteachers seemed based on the reasoning that the Negro was not capable of learning anything other than political insurrection and insolence toward whites, and in the years before the war, teaching a Negro to read had been a serious crime. Now there was a veritable reign of terror which saw schools burned and teachers whipped, tortured, murdered and driven out of the state.

Others suffered because they violated the racial mores. The Klan punished Negroes who associated with low white women. White prostitutes in South Carolina accused of receiving Negroes were tarred and driven away. A Negro was killed and his daughter whipped because she "had caused embarrassment" to a white family by bearing the child of one of its members. Another Negro girl was beaten for "breaking the peace" between a wife and her husband.

By 1869, the Klan was both increasingly successful and in

serious internal trouble. A secret, masked society, composed of autonomous units, dedicated to the use of force, operating in unsettled times, proved impossible to control. The better citizens were dropping out and the quality of membership in many of the states was declining. In January of 1869, the Imperial Wizard, Forrest, ordered the dissolution of the order and the burning of all of its records and appurtenances. His explanation was that the Klan had become perverted in some localities and that public opinion was becoming unfavorable to masked orders.

Most Klans followed instructions, and activities were apparently liquidated in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas. In a number of these states important strides had been made toward the restoration of prewar white rule, and the more responsible leaders were willing and perhaps a little eager to call off the Klan. Elsewhere, in the Carolinas, there was still work to be done, and the possibilities of masked opportunism continued to create and maintain new formations. Although Forrest could truthfully tell congressional probers that the order no longer officially existed, it remained for the Federal Force Act, martial law, mass arrests and confessions (even though relatively few convictions) to join imperial disbandment and growing disapproval in bringing the Klan to an end by 1872. By this time, as Walter Fleming, the able pro-Southern historian wrote about Alabama, the Klan had done its work successfully. It had kept the freedmen quiet and gotten rid of "alien" and "aggressive" leadership among them. It had stopped incendiarism and generally toned down the Negro, normalized relations, and established law and order. In other words, although Radical control lingered on for a while longer, its revolutionary social and political drives had been blunted. The eventual return to "normalized relations" had been initiated, even if not yet fully achieved. Other organizations were to function in the declining yet bitter days of Reconstruction, and violence smoldered and flared, but it was not masked and did not ride at night.

In the last years of the 19th century, Thomas Dixon, Jr., grew to manhood, scratching his way up from the lean days of Reconstruction to shining brilliance at Wake Forest College and then on to the new graduate school at Johns Hopkins where he made friends with another young Southerner, Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Where Virginia-born Wilson followed a meteoric path upward, first through the theory, and later the practice of politics, Dixon succeeded in everything and followed through on very little.

In 1902, after a promising career in the pulpit and on the lecture platform, he turned to literature. His account of how his native Carolinas were twice redeemed from black degradation, told in *The Leopard's Spots* (1902), was a sensation. The sequel, *The Clansman, an historic romance of the Ku Klux Klan,* published in 1905, far outdistanced it.

The Clansman was just too good to be hidden between the covers of a book and so Dixon successfully adapted it for the stage. He himself took the lead in one of the several touring companies and tried to organize his own movie company, imagining that he could do it in color. Dixon never got it going, but Biograph's talented young director, D. W. Griffith, had been saving his money to set himself up to do greater things. The idea of filming *The Clansman* excited him. In a world of short slapstick quickies produced for the 15-cent admission nickelodeons, Griffith set out to create a masterpiece. Griffith took Dixon's scenario for *The Clansman* and added bits from the author's other books. But this wasn't enough and so the young director dipped further into American history.

The first half of the picture told about the arrival of the first bondsmen, how the New England slavers profited from the trade, and how the Negro lived a not unhappy life on the Southern plantations. But the twin spirits of abolition and secession were rising in the North and South. The war came, with its battles: Gettysburg, Petersburg, Appomattox; and its heroes: Lee, Grant and, particularly, Lincoln.

With a skill that was to shape the creative techniques of the industry, D. W. Griffith restaged the history of the nation as his ace cameraman, Bill Bitzer, took it all down on film. Working without a detailed script, writing and rehearsing his players on rainy days, and always desperately short of funds, he created an epic. Panoramic battle scenes copied after Matthew Brady's famous photographs, the shifting camera's eye, close-ups, medium and long shots, expanse and detail, contrast and symbolism, the cameolike iris of the destitute family expanding to show the devastation created by Sherman's army, one image contrasting with another, created the excitement and the pathos of the war between brothers. Against this setting, Griffith told the perilous, tangle-beset romances of the young lovers and of the prostrate South.

The special score, written for a 30-piece pit orchestra, wove in Negro spirituals with passages from the classics. Most of them were from Wagner and each of the principals had his own theme. The screen had memorable scenes of battle and of the returning soldier, of Mae Marsh as the heroic Confederate officer's little sister who threw herself over the cliff to die rather than yield her honor to a Negro rapist and of Lillian Gish as a Congressman's daughter besieged in a cabin by lust-crazed freedmen. The tension became unbearable. An orchestral passage from *Die Walkure* heralded the assembling of the Klansmen. A bugle blast from the pit brought the audience shouting to its feet as the hooded horsemen rode to the rescue. The orchestra matched passages from *The Hall of the Mountain King* to the galloping of the horses' hoofs, as the scene shifted back and forth between the approaching Klansmen and the pale heroine in the cabin surrounded by frenzied blacks.

No wonder the picture, released in 1915, was a sensation, with sellout crowds paying an unprecedented $2 admission to watch the unmatched two-hour-and-45-minute epic. At first Griffith used the novel's title, *The Clansman,* but when Reverend Dixon saw a preview showing in New York, he called out to Griffith that the title was too tame, it should be called *The Birth of a Nation.*

To the Kentucky-born Griffith and the North Carolinian, Dixon, the picture was no more than fair. To many indignant viewers and nonviewers, such as Harvard President Charles Elliott, Jane Addams and Booker T. Washington, it was inflammatory. Protest mounted. It was egged in New York City, protested by riot in Boston and nearly banned by the Massachusetts legislature. In most major cities of the North and West it ran into censorship difficulties, despite packed houses wherever it was shown. In the South the reviews were triumphant. Dixon and Griffith were initially puzzled over how to successfully fight back the opposition, but Dixon had already laid the way for a telling counterstroke. He called upon his friend, Woodrow Wilson, now President of the United States, and a showing was arranged in the White House for the Chief Executive and the Cabinet and their families. When it was over, the Southern-born President was much moved. "It is like writing history with lightning," he said, "and my only regret is that it is all so terribly true."

Word of official approval smoothed the path and the picture opened triumphantly in New York. Before it was retired to the art theaters and film clubs, *The Birth of a Nation* grossed almost $18 million.

With the book and movie doing so well, why not a revival of the Klan itself? When *The Clansman* first appeared, Dixon was urged to take the lead in some sort of a Klan revival. Correspondents suggested such titles as "The Aryan League of America," "The White Heart League" and the "Sons of the Clansmen," but though he was alarmed about the future and the peril of miscegenation he replied that such suggestions were premature. When the revival did come, it was not Thomas Dixon who led it.

In the fall of 1915, with *The Birth of a Nation* scheduled to open in Atlanta, an ex-minister named William J. Simmons sprang into action. He gathered together nearly two-score men from various fraternal orders, including two members of the original Klan and the speaker of the Georgia legislature. They agreed to found an order based on the Ku Klux Klan and Simmons picked Thanksgiving Eve for the formal ceremonies.

When the members gathered at Atlanta's Piedmont Hotel, Simmons had a surprise prepared. The ceremonies were to be held on Stone Mountain, an immense, striking, granite slab, rising from the earth 16 miles outside of Atlanta. The late-November nights are cold in northern Georgia and some of those present refused to go, but 15 piled into the hired sight-seeing bus which Simmons had waiting at the door. Using flashlights they picked their way to the top of Stone Mountain, and, under Simmons' direction, his shivering company gathered stones to

make a crude altar and a base for the cross of pine boards which Simmons had brought there that afternoon. He touched a match to the cross which he had padded with excelsior and drenched with kerosene. Then, "Under a blazing, fiery torch the Invisible Empire was called from its slumber of half a century to take up a new task and fulfill a new mission for humanity's good and to call back to mortal habitation the good angel of practical fraternity among men."

When *The Birth of a Nation* opened a week later, an Atlanta paper carried Simmons' announcement of "The World's Greatest Secret, Social, Patriotic, Fraternal, Beneficiary Order" next to the advertisement for the movie. And so, with an assist from D. W. Griffith, Colonel Simmons' "HIGH CLASS ORDER FOR MEN OF INTELLIGENCE AND CHARACTER" was launched.

By 1919 Simmons had garnered several thousand members. This was not, somehow, tapping the full potential of as big an idea as the Klan. There was much more money in it than Simmons had touched thus far.

Perhaps realizing his limitations and yearning for success, Simmons, the mystic, looked for apostles to spread his gospel. They came in the persons of Edward Young Clarke and Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler. Together, they were the Southern Publicity Association. Clarke had drifted from newspaper work into fraternal salesmanship, and then went on to become a not very successful publicist. He was slim, graceful, with a mass of curly dark hair. The eyes behind his horn-rimmed glasses looked cultured, and his nervous intensity passed for drive and intellectuality. Bessie Tyler was a large woman, with blue eyes and auburn hair. She favored black, from her patent-leather pumps to her broadcloth cape, and her definiteness and decisive manner of speech gave her an air of forcefulness. Clarke was running a Harvest Home Festival in Atlanta and Mrs. Tyler had handled the "Better Babies Parade." They were attracted to each other, and they saw a joint future. Their business venture was the Southern Publicity Association. They handled fund drives for the Anti-Saloon League, the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Fund and Near East relief. The accounts differed on who found whom first, but Simmons was in need, and he had what Clarke and Mrs. Tyler considered to be a potentially good thing going. "He was a minister and a clean-living man," Mrs. Tyler later told the newspapers. "After we had investigated it from every angle, we decided to go into it with Colonel Simmons."

The expenses of mass recruitment and high-class publicity would not be small, but Klan affairs were stagnant, and if they could get things going it would be worth the 80 percent they asked. As the colonel later remembered it, Clarke seemed insightful as to the nature of the movement that he was about to join. "I have lots of friends among the Jews and Catholics," Clarke told him. They had helped him in drives such as the Red Cross, and he could not afford a break with them unless the price was right.

In June of 1920 the contract was struck. Clarke was to be in full charge of recruitment. His department was to receive $8 of the $10 paid by each recruit it brought in, plus $2 from the membership fee of those who were signed up by the already organized Klans. Mrs. Tyler explained that their hopes had been modest and primarily directed toward the South. "But the minute we said 'Ku Klux,' editors from all over the United States began literally pressing us for publicity." The news value of the Klan initially caught them all by surprise. When Simmons and Clarke refused to pose for a press photographer, he rigged up his own costumes after those he had seen in *The Birth of a Nation* and hired Negroes to pose in them for two bits a man. The picture sold like wildfire.

The Klan was doing better than anyone had dreamed. Fraternity, secrecy and white supremacy were not enough. A broader program of action was necessary and Simmons, Clarke and Bessie Tyler responded to the need. From the lip service to the traditional racial values of the white South, the Klan shifted into a pyrotechnically aggressive defense of 100 percent Americanism.

Upon being introduced to an audience of Georgia Klansmen, Colonel Simmons silently took a Colt automatic from his pocket and placed it on the table in front of him. Then he took a revolver from another pocket and put it on the table too. Then he unbuckled his cartridge belt and draped it in a crescent shape between the two weapons. Next, still without having uttered a word, he drew out a bowie knife and plunged it in the center of the things on the table. "Now let the Niggers, Catholics, Jews, and all others who disdain my imperial wizardry, come on," he said.

By the summer of 1921, almost a hundred thousand Klansmen had paid their money and stepped across the mystic threshold to take their chances in the Invisible Empire. Clarke, in his newly created role of Imperial Kleagle, or chief of staff, sent a small army of recruiters fanning out across the country. The nation was divided up into regional sales districts or domains, each headed by a district sales manager, the Grand Goblin. Each region was divided into state realms, headed by King Kleagles, under whom the ordinary Kleagles, or recruiters, worked. To aid them the national and state organizations sent out lecturers, usually ministers, to spread the more exalted parts of the Klan gospel. Of every $10 initiation fee (Klectoken), $4 went to the Kleagle responsible. The King Kleagle of the state realm got $1. The Grand Goblin got 50 cents and the rest went back to Atlanta: $2.50 for Clarke and Mrs. Tyler, and $2 for Simmons.

The newly recruited Klansman, with or without sheeted regalia ($2 for costs and $3 to $4 for Klan headquarters), belonged to a provisional Klan, headed by the appointed Kleagle. Only when the region had been thoroughly combed for members did the Klan chapter receive a charter.

The usual Klan pattern was to approach the local Protestant minister. He would be offered a free membership and urged to take office in the to-be-formed local, either as its chaplain (Kludd) or higher up in the leadership structure. Hundreds upon hundreds did join, and in some areas constituted a major portion of the local officialdom. Others left their flocks for the wider Klan calling as either organizers or speakers. Almost all of the national Klan lecturers were ministers. Usually the presence of a Klan in a town was announced by a Saturday night parade of hooded horsemen down Main Street, a cross blazing on a nearby hillside, or a sudden appearance in the midst of the Sunday service. Robed in white, masked, they would divide into three columns and march silently down the aisles congregating in front of the pulpit to present a purse of $35 or $40 to the minister. If their appearance was not completely unexpected or unwelcome, they might file into the front rows that had been left vacant, while the minister or one among them propounded the principles of the Klan and read from the 12th Chapter of Romans, calling upon them to present their bodies, through the Klan, as "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." Or, having made the donation, they might march out again while the church choir sang *The Old Rugged Cross* or *Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

As the Klan grew, so did its problems. Klan violence was increasing and with it, demands that someone—the law, Congress, the Justice Department, the Postmaster General, or the President—do something about it.

President Harding and the Justice Department decided that the Klan was exclusively a state problem but pressure for congressional action mounted. According to a resolution introduced by a Massachusetts Congressman, the hooded order had been guilty of violation of the First, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Thirteenth Amendments, in that it had outraged religious freedom and the prohibitions against illegal seizure, trial, punishment and involuntary servitude. In addition to illegalities and brutalities, the Klan had not been paying its income taxes. The Rules Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives agreed to hold hearings in October, 1921.

Edward Young Clarke was scared. And further, the *New York World* had come up with embarrassing information that was already causing considerable unrest in some Klan circles. In 1919, the stories went, Clarke and Mrs. Tyler had been arrested, somewhat less than fully clad and sober, in a police raid on a house of questionable repute. They had been found guilty of disorderly conduct, and fined $5.

The hearings before the Rules Committee lasted little more than a week. This was a rambling, rather than a probing investigation. The committee heard testimony about Klan finances and organization, a good deal of internal gossip and some details of Klan violence. Then it was time for Simmons himself to testify.

The Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire made a pleasing

impression on the stand. His appearance was that of a politician of the old school and the Old South, a colonel of the fraternal volunteers. He moved his tall frame with dignity. He wore a Prince Albert coat and a stiff-necked collar, the kind around which the whole of the necktie is looped with stately dignity. His vest was crossed by a gold chain weighted down by dangling fraternal keys. His vest pockets bulged with fountain pens and a large case for the spectacles which perched on his long, thin, prominent nose. His complexion was sandy, his lips thin but firmly composed, and his red hair was beginning to recede noticeably.

Having informed the Rules Committee of the perilous state of his health: tonsilitis, which, combined with laryngitis, had developed into bronchitis and threatened pneumonia, he settled down to defend the Klan. Parrying all questions with good humor and rhetoric, he told of his efforts to build his fraternal order and how he had remained steadfast against adversity and treachery. His only intent had been fraternal and benevolent. The strange ritual and titles of the Klan were standard in the lodge world. No, he didn't think that Clarke was getting too much money. Of course the Klan maintained a monopoly on its regalia. Why let someone else profit from it when the income would help the Klan? Was he being imperialistic in his use of power within the Klan? No, he explained; was it imperialistic for a father to command his own child? As for investigation, he had always welcomed it. The oath and ritual of the Klan were copyrighted and a matter of public record.

On the vital topic of violence, he always disclaimed knowledge and sought to disassociate himself and the Klan. Because a few had acted wrongly, the whole organization should not be punished. The Klan, he claimed, with some justification, was blamed for all masked crimes and a myriad of unrelated wrongdoings. He didn't believe that the Klan was involved in the incidents for which it was denounced, but if any Klansmen were, they were violating the principles of the order.

On the third day of hearings Simmons showed strain, speaking hoarsely and rocking unsteadily on his feet, as he told how he had suffered from treasonable action within the Klan. Caesar had his Brutus, he declaimed, Washington his Arnold. "If this organization is unworthy, then let me know and I will destroy it, but if it is not, then let it stand," he orated. Turning to the spectators he announced his desire "to call upon the Father to forgive those who have persecuted the Klan." With the conclusion of his peroration, he swayed and sank senseless to the floor.

The Klan had come off better than many of its leaders had expected. Simmons maintained later that it was because Congressman D. W. Upshaw had introduced a bill which threatened to extend the investigation to all other secret societies. Most probably, however, the committee had been seeking information rather than legislation. How anyone expected the national government or Congress to handle the Klan was never clear. Then, too, the Klan situation was both too vague and yet too alarming, for cautious politicians to willingly tackle. When the committee chairman, Congressman Philip Campbell of Missouri, was defeated at the next election, many able politicians nodded knowingly.

Ten state realms were chartered during the reign of Colonel Simmons. Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas formed the Klan's great Southwestern empire. Realms in Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia and Alabama flourished in the heart of Dixie. Then the Klan leapfrogged across the continent to establish itself in Oregon. North Carolina and South Carolina were latecomers to Simmons' Klan, and there was relatively little activity there during his time.

In all these states the Klan's story followed a similar pattern. The first recruits were frequently men of "quality" and high social position. Then, as the Klan's membership climbed, the organization's activities degenerated into violence. In most states the Klan reached its peak in numbers and influence in the middle of the '20's. Then its record of violence, scandals and internal splits brought on public revulsion and decline in strength.

In Texas, for example, where over 75,000 Klansmen turned out for a rally greeting the Klan's second Imperial Wizard, Hiram Evans, several murders and over 500 floggings swept "Ma" Ferguson into the governor's mansion on an anti-Klan platform. Ma's triumph was the Klan's downfall, and Texas became one of the most anti-Klan states in the Union.

In Louisiana in 1922, two young men from the town of Mer Rouge were whipped, crushed to death under a road-grading tractor and their dismembered bodies tossed into a lake. Federal agents recovered the bodies and investigated the case, but two successive grand juries failed to indict anyone. The result was a nationwide furor against the Klan.

Typical of opposition to the Klan were the editorials of Julian Harris, owner of the Columbus, Georgia *Enquirer-Sun*, who called the Klan "a cowardly hooded order founded and fostered by men who have been proved liars, drunkards, blackmailers, and murderers." Harris and his paper won a Pulitzer prize for their work in 1925, and by 1926 the Klan was on the wane even in the state of its re-birth.

But long before the Klan itself had begun to decline the reign of Colonel Simmons had been brought to an unexpected close.

The beginning of the end for Colonel Simmons' regime came in 1921 when four dissident Goblins (regional sales managers) talked to the press about the Klan publicists, Clarke and Mrs. Tyler. The Goblins declared that charges of immorality against the two had brought resignations flooding in. Clarke, they said, had padded payrolls and misappropriated funds and was holding unlawful sway over an ailing and disintegrating Simmons.

The Goblins were dismissed from the Klan. They sued Clarke, and Clarke sued them. When the furor died down Mrs. Tyler had resigned, the protesting Klansmen had departed the realm and the positions of Clarke and Simmons had become, unbeknownst to them, decidedly shaky.

To a group of the bright young men in the Klan ranks, several things were clear. In Simmons' weak hands and Clarke's greedy ones, violence and scandal were hurting the Klan. Both men would have to go. The young Turks met in Atlanta's Piedmont Hotel the night before the opening of the 1922 Klonvokation (convention) of the Klan.

The conspirators were a roly-poly, glad-handing cut-rate dentist from Dallas, now in charge of the Klan secretariat, named Hiram Wesley Evans; an ex-New York waterfront detective now Klan chief of staff named Fred Savage; Louisiana's H. C. Ramsey; Texas and Arkansas Grand Dragons H. C. McCall and James Comer; and the rising light of the Northern Klan, David C. Stephenson of Indiana. Here was a group of ambitious men, men on the make, the new territorial magnates of the Klan.

They agreed to kick Simmons upstairs and give the real power to Evans. Stephenson and Savage were delegated to visit Simmons in his mansion on 1840 Peachtree Street. They called on the Imperial Wizard at 3 a.m. and told him there was a plot to attack his character from the floor of the convention. The only way to foil it was for Simmons to refuse to allow himself to be considered as a candidate to succeed himself for the Klan's supreme office. "Temporarily, for emergency purposes," Simmons would name Hiram Wesley Evans as his successor. The befuddled Imperial Wizard agreed, and the subsequent Klonvokation acclaimed his decision.

Within a few months Clarke was fired, and the outraged Simmons discovered that the Klan Constitution had been altered so as to render his "temporary" stepping down permanent.

Simmons fought back within the Klan, in the newspapers and in the courts. Two years of conflict, conspiracy, law suits and publicity followed before Simmons was finally bought off for a lump sum of $146,500. Simmons later sued the go-between for this deal, an Atlanta real estate man, for making off with over $50,000 of the money.

Both Clarke and Simmons dropped off in retirement. Simmons spent many years in a little suburban home in Atlanta, passing his days in the lobbies of downtown Atlanta hotels, telling of the days of glory and treachery; finally he moved to Luverne, Alabama, where he died in 1946.

This battle cost the Klan dearly. The sources of Klan weakness were great, and they were not helped by so public a display. The order was never to be free of schism, and, for a benevolent nonprofit organization, too many people were making too much money. For a secret terrorist organization, or at least one dedicated to creating awe and respect, there was something incongruous about it settling its own affairs in the courts. Too much of the Klan's public reputation lay soiled upon the ground.

But despite its continuous internal battles, the tide at the beginning of Evans' reign—1923—was running in favor of the Klan. The Invisible Empire spread rapidly, and its power now extended beyond the South. It amazed many that the Klan, born and enshrined in the South, should find so many eager followers in all parts of the country, but the reasons for this were plain.

Men were not yet over the emotional binge and the habits of violence stirred up by World War I. Military service and migration from country to city was changing the status of the Negro. A new wave of Catholic, Slavic and Mediterranean immigration distressed the older settlers. The Russian Revolution of 1917 had created the spectre of Bolshevik subversion. The country was passing through a bewildering series of economic ups and downs. Jews were accused of being both leftist subversives behind the communist menace and the capitalists behind the country's financial problems.

The Klan's main concern during the '20's, however, was Roman Catholicism. Klan demagogues found the Pope an even better symbol of evil than the bearded Bolshevik, the Jewish banker or the leering Negro. The Klan rallied its millions of followers in regions where the "old American" stock felt themselves under attack by hordes of immigrants thought to be under the hierarchical control of Rome. Colonel Simmons had earlier voiced their fears: "What were the dangers which the white men saw threatening to crush and overwhelm Anglo-Saxon civilization? The dangers were the tremendous influx of foreign immigration, tutored in alien dogmas and alien creeds, flowing in from all climes and slowly pushing the native-born white American population into the center of the country, there to be ultimately overwhelmed and smothered."

The Klan appealed to the puritanical streak in "native" Americans. Almost everywhere it championed Prohibition. It made itself the guardian of small-town morality, beating and sometimes killing couples found riding in cars or parked in lovers' lanes. In place of the pleasures of alcohol and sex it offered its members the satisfactions of whipping, torture, castration, ritual murder, and anti-Negro and anti-Catholic pornography.

Another reason for the Klan's power was its political strength. For those interested in politics, it became the smart thing to join or to work with the Klan. During the 1920's 11 governors and 16 United States Senators were elected with Klan help.

But ignorance, fear, the pleasures of violence and political ambition were not the only things the Klan had to offer. It provided recreation and a sense of belonging. Its mass initiations, masks and robes, parades, picnics, barbecues and other ceremonies, its field days and its midnight cross burnings enlivened the life of the American villager.

The fascinating hierarchy of Klankraft consisted of four stages —K-uno, duo, trio and quad. The pyramiding organization was full of strange names, almost always beginning with the mystical-sounding letters Kl. A member of the Ku Klux Klan gained access to a ceremonial language. When two Klansmen chanced to meet, their fraternity could be quickly established and affirmed:

AYAK? (Are You A Klansman?)
AKIA. (A Klansman I Am.)
KIGY! (Klansman, I Greet You!)
CLASP. (Clannish Loyalty A Sacred Principle.)
CA BARK (Constantly Applied By All Real Klansmen.)
SAN BOG (Strangers Are Near, Be On Guard.)

And so it went. In the proud days of the 1920's, this language was a universal passport for the traveler. In taverns in Hialeah Gardens, Florida, or the suburbs of Atlanta, cautious strangers might ask the fellow on the next stool, "Do you know a Mr. AYAK around here?"

The Klan offered mystery and a thrill of power. It gave the Klansman the chance to live a second, more fulfilling life within the Invisible Empire. Where else could one get so much for $10?

During the Evans regime the Klan infested every state of the Union, and its political power grew apace. The Klan blocked the mention of its name in the Democratic platform of 1924. The Klan marched, 40,000 strong, down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., in 1925. The Klan fought tooth and nail against the nomination of anti-Prohibition Roman Catholic Al Smith at the Democratic convention of 1928. The Klan backed victorious candidates Coolidge in 1924 and Hoover in 1928. During this peak period of its power the swish of the Klan's sheets was heard in the streets of small towns and big cities and its voice was heard in the halls of government from Maine to California.

In California as elsewhere, the Klan counted on the oft-proven brew of puritanical morality, fraternalism, opposition to drink and Rome, and violence. In Kern County there was a literal reign of terror. Men and women were threatened, flogged, tortured and forced to leave town. In Taft, a doctor who was suing for divorce was taken to the local ball park. There, before a large audience including his wife he was stripped, hanged until unconscious, then revived and three times flogged into unconsciousness again with knotted ropes and wire whips. Then the Klansmen cut his back, warned him against continuing the divorce action, revealing what happened or remaining in town, and left him on the ground.

One Bakersfield victim who refused to leave town was twice flogged, tarred and feathered. A Maricopa druggist was left on a road with fires burning on either side of him, to keep his coat of tar hot.

In 1922 the Klan backed Friend W. Richardson for governor, and after his victory Sacramento's Klan chaplain took over pastoral duties for the Senate. But Klan violence brought a popular reaction, and in 1924 the state passed an antimask law. From then on the Klan declined in importance in California.

In Colorado during the 1920's the Klan helped elect a governor and both United States Senators. The Klan's most energetic opponent was reforming Judge Ben B. Lindsey. At one meeting a woman screamed in the judge's face: "You cur, you dirty cur, you dirty cur." Having been responsible for over 50 laws for the protection of various rights for women, Lindsey was appalled by her hatred. "Madam," he asked, "why do you call me a dirty cur?" "You are not 100 percent American," she screamed. "You are against the Klan."

Less than three months after the Klan's election victory at Colorado's polls in 1924, Judge Lindsey had Grand Dragon Dr. John Galen Locke up before him on charges of conspiracy and kidnapping. When the son of a Denver hotelman was indiscreet, he had been kidnapped and brought to Doctor Locke's office. There, faced by the operating table and glittering array of scalpels and other surgical implements, the boy was given the choice of wedlock or never being able to father a child again. A minister was brought, and the wedding ceremony was held in Dr. Locke's office. The airing of this and other peccadilloes led to Locke's dismissal by the Klan's national headquarters. He led his followers out of the Klan, forming a separate organization called the Minute Men, and the Colorado Klan never recovered from this schism.

The Klan was not as politically influential in the inland states of Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas and Minnesota, but it made its presence felt. One candidate for office in Missouri, a former artillery captain and an unsuccessful haberdasher named Harry Truman paid his $10 initiation fee, though the Klan did not support him in the subsequent primary. Accounts of what happened next differ, but all agree that Truman withdrew almost immediately and was never an active member.

In Kansas the Klan backed a successful gubernatorial candidate, but ran afoul the courageous editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, the Kansas keeper of the nation's conscience, William Allen White. Besides attacking the "moral idiots" who joined this "organization of cowards" in the *Gazette*, the middle-aged, rosy-faced, baldish editor stumped the state as an independent Republican candidate for governor on an anti-Klan platform. In the later part of the decade, owing partly to White's campaign, the state legislature passed a series of stringent laws that put the Klan out of business there.

The Klan was active in the border states of Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland, but it was a northern state, Indiana, that was the Klan's most powerful citadel outside the deep South.

Anti-Catholic feeling ran high in the state. The Pope was a popular enemy, and if he were not the bread and butter, he had at least long been the dessert of many pulpits in Indiana. In North Manchester a Klan lecturer reportedly alerted his listeners: "He may even be on the northbound train tomorrow! He may! He may! Be warned! Prepare! America is for Americans! Search everywhere for hidden enemies, vipers at the heart's blood of our

sacred Republic! Watch the trains!" In the face of such an injunction, what else could the people of North Manchester do? The next day, more than a thousand strong they went down to meet the northbound train to Chicago. The one passenger who alighted was a ladies' corset salesman, and they gave him an uncomfortable half hour until they convinced themselves that he was probably not the Roman Pope in disguise, and put him on the next train out of town.

The rise and fall of Indiana's Grand Dragon, David C. Stephenson, was the great success and horror story of American Klandom. The personable, shrewd, ambitious Stephenson built a Klan Empire and practically annexed the state as an appendage to it. Behind his outer office full of henchmen, the bronze bust of Napoleon, the battery of eight phones—including a fake direct line to the White House, and his books on psychology and salesmanship, he pretty well ran state affairs from his suite in the Kresge Building in downtown Indianapolis. In an age when advertising man Bruce Barton could write a national best seller by depicting Jesus Christ as the world's most efficient sales executive, it was not completely beyond reason that the Klan's Indiana Dragon might aspire to the White House itself on a religious belief in salesmanship. At 33 he was "The Old Man" of Indiana politics. By the time he was 36 he was in the Michigan City penitentiary for life.

The year 1922 brought golden days for the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana. Every week brought thousands to be naturalized into "Steve's" expanding empire, for there was no nonsense about the careful selection of the kind of person to be initiated into fraternal klannishness. Steve was building a mass organization as the basis of a political machine, or better, a political tidal wave. In a growing hysteria of belonging, Klansmen and the auxiliary Ladies of the Golden Mask turned out by the thousands, and ten of thousands and scores of thousands for meetings, parades and field days in Hammond, Valparaiso, Fort Wayne, Crawfordsville, Jeffersonville, Winamac and Kokomo. Faceless, sheeted men, with arms folded across their chests, marched through the torchlit nights of Indiana towns in seemingly endless columns, to the slow incessant roll of drums. Horses pranced, crosses burned. An enormous flag which stretched from curb to curb was paraded down Kokomo's Main Street, gathering contributions to build a new hospital so that suffering Americans need not be turned over to the Catholic nuns.

Steve's inauguration as Grand Dragon, in July of 1923, was the occasion for the greatest single rally of the sons and daughters of Hoosier Klandom. Joined by the Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans, more than a hundred thousand Klansmen gathered in Kokomo's Melfalfa Park. The bands played, the ministers waxed eloquent, Evans gave his favorite "Back to the Constitution" speech, and the faithful lunched from block-long rows of tables. Then an airplane roared in from the south. It circled above the packed, excited Klansmen and came in to land on the waiting meadow. Clad in his silken purple robe, D. C. Stephenson eased himself out of the rear cockpit to be conducted to the speakers' platform. Raising his hand to still the crowd, Stephenson addressed his followers:

"My worthy subjects, citizens of the Invisible Empire, Klansmen all, greetings. It grieves me to be late. The President of the United States kept me unduly long counseling upon vital matters of state. Only my plea that this is the time and place of my coronation obtained for me surcease from his prayers for guidance."

When he had crowned himself and completed his plea for "Straight Americanism," he turned to go. This was Billy Sunday country and the Klansmen trained in religious ecstasies knew what to do. A shower of coins, rings, charms, pins, and pocketbooks fell about Steve's feet to show that his moment of glory had truly reached its climax.

Steve loved organizations and organization. Not only did he develop his private police force, but he fashioned his headquarters after the military model. In addition, what he called his "Military Machine" was the best political organization anywhere in the whole Invisible Empire. Staffed by Klansmen with titles running from corporal to colonel, it kept watch on its fellow Hoosiers, Klansmen and non-Klansmen alike, on a block-by-block basis. The Military Machine gathered information on all candidates for office, passing it up to the top, where the decision was made as to whom the Invisible Empire was to support. Once it was decided and the word passed down the chain of command, Klan members were expected to give their support with Bolshevik-like fidelity. Annotated lists of candidates were stuck into clothespins and tossed on porches or inserted in Sunday-school papers. If a candidate were "favorable," "neutral," or "unfavorable," it was so marked. If nothing appeared next to his name, the faithful knew he was actually a member of the Klan. Since the Democratic and Republican parties commanded almost equal strength, the Klan word and the Klan vote were often decisive.

By 1924 the governor and both Senators were friendly to the Klan, as well as a host of county and municipal officials. Stephenson's growing power worried Imperial Wizard Hiram Evans, and there was a public break between the two attended by the usual litigation and bad publicity for the Klan. But Steve remained the kingpin of northern Klandom until he made a disastrous mistake.

Weighing 145 pounds at five feet four, Madge Oberholtzer, a minor state employee, was on the plump side and not particularly pretty, if her pictures are to be trusted. At 28, she was unmarried. "The Old Man" in his middle 30's was fond of women and usually moved in a faster set, but he liked Madge and she was flattered when he took her out. One night early in March of 1925, Madge came in early from a date and learned that Steve had been calling and wanted her to call him back. When she did, he sent over one of his bodyguards to escort her back to his Irvington house. Stephenson had been drinking and "forced" her to drink with him; then, against her will, Steve and his bodyguards hustled her aboard his drawing room on the train to Chicago. She was unsteady from her drinks and he pulled off her clothes and pushed her on to the berth. He attacked her and then began chewing all over her body. The next morning they got off the train at Hammond, on the Indiana side of the Illinois line and the Mann Act, and went to a hotel, while Steve's car was being driven up from Indianapolis. Madge got money from Steve to buy a hat but purchased poison, which she took. Thoroughly frightened, but confident that he could find a way out, Steve offered to take her to a hospital if she would marry him. Madge refused. During the long drive back to Indianapolis she was in agony, but they refused to stop and get a doctor. After keeping her for another night in the loft apartment above his garage while he tried to win her promise of marriage Steve had her taken home. When she died several weeks later, her father charged "The Old Man" of Indiana Klandom with murder.

The defense questioned Madge's reputation as well as discrepancies in her dying testimony and maintained that she had died at her own hand, not Stephenson's. The defendant himself never took the stand, later claiming variously that he feared for his life from Klan assassins, and that he had been shielding the name of the woman with whom he had spent the night in question somewhere else. Still confident of his power in the state where he had liked to boast that he was "the law," he felt sure that his friends would come to his rescue. He had helped too many on their way up and knew too much to believe that they would dare desert him now. Even as the doors of the Michigan City penitentiary closed behind him and he began his life sentence for second-degree murder, he was certain that Ed Jackson, whom he had made governor, would set him free.

Stephenson's former friends preferred to forget him. Madge's death and the well-publicized trial badly hurt the Klan. It was too large and too well entrenched throughout the country to fade away immediately, and Al Smith's campaign in 1928 saw a resurgence of Klan feeling. After the Stephenson trial, though, the Klan began a slow decline in membership and power not only in Indiana but all over the country.

Decade after decade, the great Klan salesman, D. C. Stephenson, languished in prison. He was still protesting his innocence, and friends still labored on his behalf. In 1950, a depression and a war later, he was released on parole, disappeared, was found working as a linotype operator in Minneapolis, and went back to prison. In 1956, when he was released again—after 31 years in prison—no one much cared.

The Klan's activities in the states near Indiana: Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, were not nearly so spectacular. The career of the Illinois Klan was marked by a veritable civil war in Williamson county that cost 20 lives.

This activity in states across the country was the foundation

for the Klan's ventures into national politics. With its Southern members mostly Democrats and its Northern and Western members mostly Republicans, the Klan was not sure what it wanted in 1924, but it meant to be counted. Imperial Wizard Evans and a retinue of lesser potentates lobbied at the Republican convention, at which the nomination of Calvin Coolidge was a foregone conclusion, and the Republican platform made no reference to the Klan.

There was no such calm at the Democratic convention in Madison Square Garden two weeks later. The party was split by a deep division between its Northeastern wing which tended to be immigrant, Catholic, wet and big-city and its Southern and Western portions which were mostly dry, Protestant and old-stock American. When the Resolutions Committee could not agree on whether to condemn the Klan in a plank in the Democratic platform, the fight was taken to the floor.

Speeches for and against the naming and condemning of the Klan were greeted with wild enthusiasm, demonstrations and heckling from the galleries. One anti-Klan speaker declared, "If 343 members of the Klan who are members of this Convention can control the action of the other 800, if the Imperial Wizard has got us all in his pocket, I, for one, am going to crawl out."

The most forceful speaker against the Klan was a young Georgia politician of impeccable Southern lineage named Andrew Erwin. "I come from Georgia," he said, "and we have been trying for five years to get you Yankees to talk about this proposition." The Klan was an enemy to freedom of conscience and societal peace and harmony. In the name of the Confederacy's Father Ryan and Judah P. Benjamin, and of the Americans who died in France, he called upon the convention, and particularly the delegates from Georgia, to erase the stigma of the Klan. The hall erupted in a torrent of cheering and applause, and fellow Democrats paraded carrying Erwin on their shoulders.

William Jennings Bryan, patriarch of the party, spoke for those who preferred not to name the Klan. "I am not willing to bring discord into my party," he said. Applause and catcalls greeted his conclusion. William Allen White later called his speech "an apology for expediency."

The convention defeated the "name the Klan" amendment by one vote—532 3/20 to 531 3/20. The battle so divided the Democrats that it took them nine days and 103 ballots to name John W. Davis their presidential candidate.

Running for president, Davis decided that the South would remain Democratic no matter what, and that he had already lost the Klan vote in the North and the West to the Republicans. Therefore he attacked the Klan by name in his speeches, although his party's platform did not. Coolidge said nothing about the Klan, and November was a runaway victory for "Silent Cal" and the Republican party. It is difficult to determine what effect the Klan issue had on the election, but the results added to the prestige of the Invisible Empire.

After Coolidge's election, Hiram Evans took a month-long trip to survey a Western empire that stretched from Canada to the Rio Grande. In addition to the states mentioned earlier, the Klan had overflowed into Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico. The tour of inspection was a triumph, for 1924 was the Klan's year.

Besides the Western states, the Klan was flourishing in Florida, where in one county as many as five people were lashed every Saturday night—two of the victims died and there were women among the others—Virginia, where floggings, lynchings and harassing of Catholic priests were stirring up public sentiment against the Klan; Pennsylvania, where anti-Klan workingmen in Carnegie, Scottsdale and Lillie met violence with violence, and bloody riots ensued; New Jersey, where the Klan was more on the receiving than the committing end of violence, as when a particularly savage mob in Perth Amboy routed hundreds of Klansmen, injuring many; and New York.

The Klan looked on New York City as the enemy capital, but a small sales staff had a crack at it nonetheless. Mayor John Hylan alerted the city's police. On the reasoning that the Klan belonged in the same class as anarchism, the job of making the city uncomfortable for them was turned over to the bomb squad, which flushed out a Klan nest feathered with a cache of weapons including hand grenades at the home of Klan leader Wilson Bush.

Nevertheless the Klan was active and successful in Nassau and Suffolk counties on Long Island, in Westchester and in much of upstate New York. In Buffalo a young Roman Catholic policeman who had worked his way into the hooded order was shot dead by Klansmen on a street one dark night. Despite such incidents, the Klan never became a dominant force in New York State, but from Freeport, Long Island, to Buffalo it did express the way many people felt about life in the '20's.

In New England, what the Klan feared had come to pass. The newly arrived waves of immigrants had poured over the countryside until, by the 1920's, the sons and daughters of the Puritans were being reduced to a minority. Naturally the Klan had a go at organizing the defense of the values and virtues of old-stock America. The Invisible Empire never garnered the mass support that it did in many other parts of the nation, but it was still sufficiently important to become a local issue in parts of Connecticut and a statewide one in Maine. In Vermont, Klansmen raided a Roman Catholic church. In Rhode Island part of the Klannish National Guard had to be disarmed, and in Massachusetts the Invisible Empire might well have needed arms, as Klan meetings touched off a string of hostile riots.

During the days of his early success, E. Y. Clarke, the Klan's chief salesman, dreamed of extending the Klan's dominion to include all Anglo-Saxon, Germanic and Scandinavian portions of the globe. It was only a passing fantasy, however, for the Klan had enough fat to fry at home to keep it busy. Apart from the establishment of branches in Alaska and the Canal Zone, the Klan did little foreign business. This did not keep others from trying their hand, however. During the 1920's, stories filtered in from time to time reporting the establishment of Klan chapters in Hawaii, New Zealand, Shanghai, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, England, Cuba and Mexico. There is no way to judge the truth of these reports, but it does not matter much, for there is no indication that any such chapters operated actively or long endured.

Only in Germany were there any reports of headway. Several naturalized Americans returned to the fatherland in 1925 and organized *Der Deutsche Orden des Feurigen Kreuzes* (German Order of Fiery Crosses) in Berlin composed of some 300 merchants, mechanics, clerks and laborers.

Only in the fair Dominion of Canada to the north did the call of the Klan evoke a substantial answering response. Naturalized ex-Canadians in Oregon and Washington joined the Riders of the Red Robe which the Klan had created for foreign-born, but otherwise eligible, right-thinking people. North of the border there were continuous rumors of hooded expansion, and when a series of incendiary fires ravaged Roman Catholic churches, including the historic old Quebec Cathedral, the Klan was blamed. However, not until 1926 was a church bombing, that of St. Mary's in Barrie, Ontario, successfully pinned on the Invisible Empire.

In the summer of 1925 the legions of the Klan massed on the parade grounds of Washington and trod the avenues of presidents and heroes in solemn processional. By Friday night, the 7th of August, endless caravans of dusty cars were pouring into the city, and the first count of charter trains included 15 from Pennsylvania, two from Cleveland and Akron, Ohio, five from New Jersey, and others from Long Island, Buffalo, Erie, Columbus, Toledo, Pittsburgh and Jacksonville, Florida. The streets of Washington were alive with crawling, swarming vehicles, flying the American flag, or carrying signs, painted or chalked on their sides. Klan Headquarters was hastily moved to the New Willard Hotel while the rank and file found shelter where they could. White-sheeted Klansmen met the trains at Union Station to pass out information. Hotels and boarding houses were filled. Klansmen settled down for the night in large camps which were set up at Fifteenth and H Streets, N. E., Bethesda, and on the side of the Baltimore Pike. Many Klansmen had come prepared for an outing, like the Elmira, New York, contingent which set up its headquarters tent at the "100-percent-American camp" in northeast Washington, and the Freeport, Long Island, contingent which had brought along four trucks loaded with food and cooking equipment. Others slept in their cars or under the trees.

From midafternoon until dusk on Saturday, a great avalanche rumbled through the Washington streets, channeled by walls of spectators as some 40,000 sheeted Klansmen and -women paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue to Fifteenth Street, where they wheeled left towards the grounds of the Washington Monument.

The Klan legions marched in close, well-drilled formations, 16 to 20 abreast, with their arms folded across their chests. Most wore their regular white robes with their faces showing, their masks folded upon the hoods. Contrasted with them were the bright capes and uniforms of special drill teams, costumed American heroes, bands, banners and occasional horsemen. Sometimes they marched silently, but usually the bands blared patriotic anthems or hymns such as *Onward Christian Soldiers* and *Adeste Fideles*. Leading the parade were a masked horse and rider carrying the national emblem, then the male and female color guard, the police and the potentates of the Invisible Empire. The Imperial Wizard, Hiram Evans, wearing a flowing royal-purple robe, trimmed in gold, and surrounded by the rich-colored garments of his Dragons, Klokards and Kleagles, bowed continuously to applause from the crowd. After him marched the small flag-carrying District of Columbia delegation, followed by a token representation from the Lone Star realm. Then, for more than an hour, the Pennsylvania Klansmen and -women passed in review. There were more than 2,000 from Pittsburgh alone, followed by the Philadelphia contingents. A dozen brass bands, several fife-and-drum corps and two bagpipe contingents set the tempo. From time to time, the hooded Pennsylvanians sang *Maryland, My Maryland* and *Keep the Home Fires Burning*, and waved banners proclaiming their devotion to "the little red schoolhouse." Intersticed among the white-garbed marchers were the sky-blue capes and caps of the Altoona ladies and the olive-drab uniforms and helmets of the Montgomery County Klansmen.

Next came the New Jersey Klansmen with the large Mercer County contingent in the lead, file after file, representing all of the counties and most of the cities of the state. There followed a second prolonged wave of Keystone patriots, mainly from the eastern portion of the realm. Their garb was more varied than the others, with the women from Chester County wearing wide-brimmed white-canvas hats and the members of Philadelphia's Liberty Klan No. 1 dressed in military uniforms with steel helmets and policemen's sticks.

It took two hours for the Pennsylvania and New Jersey units to parade by, and then the New Yorkers swung onto the avenue, led by the red-caped and hatted knights of Chemung County. No banners identified their bearers as representatives of the great metropolis, but all the upstate counties were there, as well as practically every town and hamlet of Long Island. One Nassau banner called attention to Revelations, Chapter 7, wherein the Bible told of the white-robed of all nations standing before the throne of God.

From time to time the Klansmen raised their right arms, palms downward in a fascistlike salute, and whenever anyone on the sidelines did it, the marchers responded. Second in size only to the Pittsburgh columns were the 100-percent Americans from Akron, Ohio, who offered the only massed glee club in the line of march. Niles and Dayton each sent large formations, and the Ohio legions helped those from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York form the bulk of the procession. Virginia's Kluxettes carried two 75-by-40-foot flags, stretched across the avenue to collect donations, and Maryland also sent several hundred marchers. There were a few Klansmen from Florida, North Carolina, West Virginia and Kentucky, but there was no sign of the expected hooded veterans from battle-scarred Massachusetts and war-torn Indiana.

As the Klansmen and -women finished, they sprawled wearily on the slopes of the Washington Monument awaiting the evening ceremonials on the stage of the outdoor Sylvan Theatre. The hot summer day, which had taken its toll among the marchers now threatened to dissolve into a thundershower. The Reverend Dr. John Gilledge, from Columbus, was the main speaker but before the proceedings were well launched, the climax arrived unwanted. "Don't leave," host Kleagle L. A. Mueller cried. "It will not rain! God won't let it." But the heavens opened up and drenched him as he spoke.

On Sunday, Klansmen laid wreaths on the tombs of the Unknown Soldier and William Jennings Bryan, and after burning an enormous cross on the Arlington Horse Show grounds, speeches, and the singing of *America* to a new, native American tune, the remaining Klansmen went home.

For all the troubles which plagued the Invisible Empire and the reports of its growing decline, its first national parade was an impressive display of numbers, enthusiasm and organization. D. C. Stephenson's coronation in Kokomo's Melfalfa Park had drawn greater numbers of Klansmen but had not produced an organized parade of comparable proportions. The feeling among the Klan's leaders was one of elation and there was much talk of making the parade a regular yearly reunion.

In the '20's the Invisible Empire exercised dominion over more than 3 million subjects. By 1928, no more than several hundred thousand remained. How did this happen?

In part because many of the fears the Klan played upon had faded. By the late '20's America had settled down from the hysteria of the war and the disappointments of the peace. Laws restricting immigration had been passed. The Negro, in the fields and in the cities, was quiet. The economy was looking better.

Publicity, which had helped the Klan spread in its early years, helped bring on its decline as more and more of its misdeeds and internal scandals came to light. It was not only external attacks that brought on the Invisible Empire's downfall, however. It declined because it appealed to negative feelings which were not enough to sustain a major movement. As the sociologist John Mecklin put it: "The Klan is essentially a defense mechanism against evils which are more often imaginary than real. It is for this reason negative rather than constructive in its influence."

Another internal cause of the Klan's failure was the poor quality of its leadership. Its leaders were after money more than power and were inept, irrational and dictatorial in its pursuit. Their squabbles wrecked the organization in nearly every state and practically every community. Invariably these internal disputes led to the courts and the press where the Klan's dirty linen was washed in public, and it lost its capacity to inspire fear and respect in the process.

The very terrorist tendencies of the Klan made a mighty contribution to its demise. As the statistics of violence grew, so did the public reaction.

The number of actual assault victims in Texas and Oklahoma may well have been over a thousand. There were over a hundred cases each in Florida, Georgia and Alabama, more than a score in the North Carolina piedmont, possibly dozens in California, several in Arizona and Oregon, and scattered incidents through the Midwest and Mountain states. Open warfare rent "Bloody Williamson" County, Illinois, and riots marked the presence of opposition in South Bend, Indiana, Ohio's Mahoning Valley, and Carnegie and Lilly, Pennsylvania. Sometimes the Klansmen were clearly on the receiving end. Klansmen and anti-Klansmen fought on summer nights in New Jersey cities, and Irishmen battled Klansmen across central Massachusetts, during the summers of 1924 and 1925. In those areas where the Klan had things its own way, it was rarely the Negro, Jew, or Roman Catholic who felt its lash, but rather its white, native-born, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon fellow countryman—a fact which may well throw light upon the reality of the alien menace which the Klan fought, as well as the uses to which the hooded organization was put.

The floggings, Madge Oberholtzer's death at the hands of D. C. Stephenson, the Georgia and Alabama lashers, and a dozen other stories stayed in the headlines for weeks. The Mer Rouge murders placed the dark bayous and the white-robed knights of Louisiana on the nation's front pages for over six months. People read about it, legislators talked about it, and it did the Klan no good.

In 1927, a group of long-rebellious western Pennsylvania Klansmen, led by their ministers, seceded from the Invisible Empire. Hiram Evans' response was to sue them for $100,000 damages. By this move he not only sought to get his hands on their regalia and treasury and keep them from using the Klan name, but also to use the case as a warning to all fractious Klaverns. Since this was an equity case, the defendants had only to prove that the plaintiff national Klan had come into court with sullied hands and reputation. And they set about it with a vengeance. For days, in sharp courtroom battle, witnesses paraded to the stand to describe Klan secrets, Klan intrigues, Klan dissensions, and Klan horrors. D. C. Stephenson sent his affidavit from the Michigan City penitentiary and Colonel Simmons told the details of his own betrayal. The nation's press carried stories ranging from the kidnapping of a small girl from her grandparents in Pittsburgh to reports that a Colorado Klansman was beaten to death when he tried to drop the order. Descriptions of

whippings and floggings were commonplace and witnesses disagreed over how many men had died at the hands of the hooded Empire. One account, which denials never quite offset, told of how a man in Terrell, Texas, had been doused with oil and ceremonially burned to death before several hundred assembled Klansmen. In a verdict blazing with indignation, the judge threw out the Klan's case on the grounds that it had come into court with very unclean hands indeed.

Long before this, the affluent and civic-minded in most communities had come to realize what a divisive force the Klan really was. They had had many opportunities to see the violence it had done not only to individuals but to church and communal harmony practically everywhere it existed. The godly came more and more to realize that the Klan was not. Terror went too far; the extremists ranted too loudly and the leaders were too immoral and uninspiringly incompetent. The failure of the Ku Klux Klan to anchor itself as a successful feature in American life was due more to its own ineptness than any other cause or combination of factors. The decline of the Klan as a mass movement in America was its own fault, nobody else's.

The Klan saw 1928 as a year of desperate perils and of great opportunity. It was an election year, and unless something miraculous were done, the Democrats would nominate Al Smith. To the Eastern big-city strongholds of the party, Smith was both a hero and a sacred cause. This was their man, the first born of the new urban immigrant America and of the faith of their masses.

In the months between the convention and the November election, the Klan did what it could to defeat the ticket of Smith and Senator Joseph Robinson of Arkansas. The question was what it could contribute. In Georgia and Florida the demand for pledges to vote against Al Smith brought further depletion of Klan ranks. The former Exalted Cyclops of the Blue Ridge Georgia Klavern returned anti-Smith material, with the farewell: "So good-bye, Mr. Grand Dragon, good-bye Klan. I desire to walk in the ways of my fathers of the South who were Democrats." The Klan, then, was unable to muster a show of solidarity against Al Smith; to what degree was it able to influence the election?

Major issues in the campaign were Al Smith's religion, his immigrant and Tammany background, and his opposition to Prohibition. It was on these things the Klan felt most strongly, and it wasn't the only one concerned about them. Democrats in Maine were divided over the election, as were those in North Carolina and many other states. In Al Smith's own New York, thousands of Democrats split their tickets to make Hoover President and Franklin Roosevelt governor, Protestants both, against the Catholic Smith and the Republican candidate for governor who was Jewish. Nor was a vote against Al Smith necessarily a vote for prejudice and bigotry. The influence of Smith's Catholicism upon his actions as President would naturally be a question until effectively put to the test. Many people felt most strongly about the necessity of Prohibition, and Al Smith's nasal drawl and New York accent, together with his derby and pinstriped suit, managed to convey something less than a presidential impression.

Klan speakers and periodicals said their worst about the Democratic candidate. The prime anti-Smith instrument was the Klan-lining fraternal weekly *The Fellowship Forum*, published in Washington, D. C., by an expansive drugstore impresario, James S. Vance. In preparation for the 1928 election, he had also set up a radio station, which bore his initials, financed in part by contributions gathered from the Klan faithful, and which was eventually purchased by CBS as its outlet in the nation's capital.

Copies of *The Fellowship Forum*, with headlines reading ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERICAL PARTY OPENS BIG DRIVE TO CAPTURE AMERICA FOR THE POPE, greeted Smith when his train arrived in Kansas. Week after week, it was the same. While Klan circles tried to raise money for an Election Eve mailing throughout the South, the Republicans and Democrats traded charges. Democratic headquarters claimed that the Republicans had directed a woman seeking anti-Smith material to *The Fellowship Forum* and that the Republican leaders had sent anti-Catholic "hot stuff" into North Carolina. The Republican National Committee replied that the woman had been "a plant." It denied as best it could that its state chairman in Virginia and its candidate for governor in West Virginia were part owners of *The Fellowship Forum*, one of whose representatives was touring the country with Hoover. As many worried drys and Protestants were swinging toward the Republican column, many Negro voters, led by the *Afro-American* and the *Chicago Defender* newspapers, edged toward the Democrats.

From the beginning, the Democrats had seized upon the Klan issue, despite Herbert Hoover's call for religious toleration and freedom of worship. The Klan did exist, and to millions of Americans the Imperial Wizard was an even less-pleasing image than the Pope. Smith started off his campaign by going to Oklahoma City, where the Klan was noisily active, to speak out on religion, while Franklin Roosevelt opened his own campaign for governor on the same tack in New York's southern tier. In New Jersey, former Ambassador Henry Morgenthau called the election a battle between Al Smith and the Klan, and the Democratic candidate expressed something of the same sentiments during his Madison Square Garden finale.

In the end, the old-stock native American and prosperity were too much for the Irish boy from the Lower East Side. The Republicans were still the nation's major party, and times were good. In 1928, probably no Democrat could have won. The Democrats lost Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia and carried only Massachusetts and Rhode Island outside the South. However, the Klan did not deserve any important share of the credit other than having helped condition the American people to such campaigns. Despite the call to its Midwestern Klansmen to rally in Washington for Herbert Hoover's inauguration, the Ku Klux Klan had not gained from the election.

During the Depression decade, from 1929 to 1939, the Klan ranks throughout the nation became thinner. The Klan's main activities were the use of threats and violence against the labor movement in the South and vociferous opposition to the New Deal.

In 1937 the Klan was involved in a newspaper furor when it was discovered that newly-appointed Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black had been a member from 1925 to 1927. Black admitted that he had joined the Klan, but stated that he had resigned before he became a United States Senator from Alabama and had never rejoined. His senatorial record, pro-labor and advocating Negro rights, was downright displeasing to the Klan. While the furor lasted Justice Black's staunchest support came from organized labor, with John L. Lewis and the CIO in the fore.

In June 1939, having presided over the Klan during the period of its greatest power and subsequent decline, Hiram Evans retired as Imperial Wizard. In June of 1939, in a ceremony in the Dixie Ball Room of the Henry Grady Hotel, a short, stocky, bald, round-faced man named James A. Colescott was elevated to the Imperial Wizardship.

During the Colescott era the Klan continued to shrink as violence in Georgia—one young couple was beaten to death in a lover's lane—sent eight Klansmen to prison, and a great public outcry further reduced the hooded order's ranks. More bad publicity resulted in 1940 from a joint rally of the Klan and the pro-Nazi German-American Bund at the Bund's Camp Nordlund in New Jersey. Colescott repudiated the meeting, but the damage was done.

The war brought a decided limitation of Klan activity. In 1944 the U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue dealt the Klan a body blow by filing a lien for back taxes of over $685,000. Colescott retired, and the Invisible Empire sold its assets, handed the proceeds to the government and went out of business . . . temporarily.

In October of 1946 the Klan was back in business under a new name, the Association of Georgia Klans, and a new leader, a bespectacled, toothbrush-mustached Atlanta obstetrician named Samuel Green, who announced the new dispensation with a nationally publicized cross-burning on sacred Stone Mountain. Federal and state resistance to the resurgent Klan was fierce. While the Klan could commit violence and inspire fear, the South was not willing to permit it to acquire the power it had enjoyed in the 1920's.

In August of 1949, disaster overtook the Invisible Empire. The hand of Providence reached out to the rose garden of Grand Dragon Samuel Green's Atlanta home and unceremoniously

inducted him into membership in a rather different sheeted aggregation. During the postwar years, Sam Green had held together a Klan movement which was not attracting many men of his ability and professional respectability.

The Invisible Empire was already plagued by dissidents, "Bolshevik Klans," Doc Green had called them. Now it splintered badly. The new leader of the Association of Georgia Klans was Sam Roper, a slow-speaking former Atlanta policeman who headed both Herman Talmadge's Georgia Bureau of Investigation, and the Oakland City Klan No. 297. Roper was unable to hold the factions together, and independent Klans proliferated. New Klans sprang up in Georgia, Alabama, Florida, the Carolinas and Tennessee. Not a Klan for each, but Klans galore. They engaged in endemic violence. Grand Wizard William Morris of Alabama and Grand Dragon Tom Hamilton of North Carolina ended up in jail. So did many of their followers. While external pressures mounted, those business firms which had favored the Klan's anti-union path found it increasingly difficut to get the Klansmen to attend to business.

It was the Supreme Court decision against public school segregation on May 17, 1954, that gave the Invisible Empire a new impetus and environment for action. In a South marked by growing hysteria, the Klans burst into activity. Bill Hendrix, leader of an independent Florida Klan organization, charged into action and a resurgent proliferation of would-be leaders galloped about the landscape seeking support from old Klans and new Klansmen. In Florida particularly, the picture remained anarchic, and a secret gathering of northern Florida leaders, held in the woods northwest of Jacksonville, brought no peace.

Shortly after the school decision, a red-haired, bespectacled paint sprayer at GM's Fisher Body plant in Atlanta, named Eldon Edwards, revitalized the Klan in Georgia. With old Doc Green's son Sam Junior acting as lawyer, he got the state to charter his "U.S. Klans, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan," which absorbed what was left of the old Association of Georgia Klans. Compared to the others, the U.S. Klans did well, partially because Edwards talked tough and partially because he did not particularly practice it. Controlling a reasonably unfragmented kingdom in Georgia, he directed his primary efforts to expanding the frontiers of his domain. In competition with at least seven other would-be Klan organizations, Edwards' U.S. Klans reached a peak membership between 12,000 and 15,000 followers early in 1958. No other leader could, at best, claim more than several thousand.

When it came to talking tough, and maybe doing something about it, Alabama's Asa Carter's name ranked high on the list of Klan enterprisers in the mid-50's. "Ace" was an Alabama farm boy who went off into the Navy and, unlike most Klansmen, got a touch of college, studying journalism at the University of Colorado. He worked as a radio announcer and eventually found his way back home again. He made something of a reputation for himself around Birmingham panning rock 'n' roll music, and when he went into the Klan business he took with him a BE-BOP PROMOTES COMMUNISM sign to put up on his office wall in the dingy ex-movie house out on Bessemer Road where he made his headquarters. When he was fired for attacking the Jews on his broadcasts, it confirmed what he knew about them anyway, and he was ripe for action. Sam Engelhardt, a big planter down in heavily Negro Macon County, was signing up businessmen, planters, bankers and lawyers for the Alabama White Citizens Councils, but this left out the common man—and Asa Carter. So Ace began organizing the mechanics, farmers, and storekeepers, to the ire of Sam Engelhardt, into a White Citizens Council for Klansmen called the Ku Klux Klan of the Confederacy.

Where the Councils elsewhere decried physical violence and Eldon Edwards generally tried to keep his Klansmen satisfied with strong talk and minimal night riding, Ace's followers eschewed moderation. One of his boys hit the headlines and the police blotters by leaping up on the stage of the Birmingham Municipal Auditorium to assault singer Nat King Cole, while four others got 20 years in jail for the turpentine-soaked castration of a helpless Negro kidnapped for a sacrificial initiation ceremony [see *A Ritual "Cutting" by the Ku Klux Klan* by William Bradford Huie, TRUE, October, 1964]. It was also some of Ace's boys who went up to Tuscaloosa to help welcome Negro coed Autherine Lucy to the University of Alabama. Early in 1957 at a meeting in his movie-house auditorium, two of his Klansmen objected to Asa Carter's one-man way of running things and asked for an accounting of the finances. Under such provocation there was nothing that Ace could do but draw the revolver that he liked to wear strapped around his waist and let them have it. Both wounded insurgents recovered and the attempted murder charges against Carter were dismissed, but his dim star had just about flickered out.

Another brief stellar luminary in the world of Klandom during the late 1950's was Frederick John Kasper. Kasper gave an Ivy League, intellectual note to Klan affairs. He was a slender, well-groomed young man from a good middle-class family in New Jersey. After leaving Columbia University, he ran a small bookstore in Greenwich Village and idolized the aging literary hero and wartime propagandist for Mussolini's Italy, Ezra Pound. Kasper dated a Negro girl and had a good time in the free, and mixed, world of pseudobohemia, but this wasn't getting him anywhere. Ezra Pound told him that to become famous a man had to "DO SOMETHING," to take sides, no matter what the side was. Kasper picked white supremacy and stocked his new bookstore in Washington, D.C., with anti-Semitic literature and the writings of Ezra Pound.

Admiral John Crommelin was a masterful war hero who had been shot down when he bucked the Eisenhower administration brass to save the Navy's aircraft carriers. When he launched a new career by running for the U.S. Senate to save Alabama and America from the Jews, John Kasper came down to help. There he met Ace Carter and the two informally teamed up later that summer to see what they could do to keep the schools of Charlottesville, Virginia, and Clinton, Tennessee, segregated.

Clinton was John Kasper's great moment. As a result of a week of door-to-door canvassing and haranguing he turned the little 4000-person community into a raging, seething mob town that only the Tennessee National Guard could quiet. Clinton juries twice acquitted him of incitement to riot, but eventually a federal judge sentenced him to a year in prison for contempt.

John Kasper never joined the Klan, but the hooded knights took him to their hearts as one of their own. While he appealed his several court sentences he was a much sought-after attraction on the Klan circuit, particularly in central Florida. However, when an investigating committee of the Florida Legislature offered testimony, including pictures, that Kasper had consorted with Negroes at mixed-race parties in New York City, a reaction set in. Many of his former Klan friends disowned him, although the newspapers in central Florida were to still receive occasional letters from mothers and fathers who testified that that well-dressed young fellow with such nice manners stood for what America was really all about. When John Kasper was released from jail, a small group of friends including Ace Carter and Admiral Crommelin sought to prepare a small welcome ceremony, but his moment was past.

Of the Klan unsuccessfuls who splashed its name across the headlines in the post-school-decision '50's, the most woebegone was the Rev. James W. "Catfish" Cole of Marion, South Carolina. In 1956, Imperial Wizard Eldon Edwards had commissioned him to organize North Carolina, but Cole soon came to feel that it would be a shame to have to divide the spoils and power with anyone else. Where the newly self-styled Grand Wizard made his fatal error, however, was in his decision to carry Klandom into Robeson County, North Carolina. The Klan had operated there against "errant" whites and Negroes in the early '50's until the county solicitor and the FBI caught some of them for carrying victims over the state line, and the solicitor, Malcolm Seawell, let the rest know that any more night riding meant a first-degree burglary prosecution which carried the death penalty. Now, in 1958, Reverend Cole had a new wrinkle. The population of Robeson County was fairly evenly divided between three groups: whites, Negroes, and the Lumbee Indians. In order to accommodate each of them, the county had a complete system of three-way segregation in schools, rest rooms, and other places of public use. The Lumbees were a proud and prosperous people who have never lived a reservation life. Many people believe that they were the descendants of the lost colonists of Roanoke. Some

of them had blue eyes and many of them carried old English family names such as Drinkwater and Oxendine. For a number of years they were known as "Croatans," after the single word found carved on a doorpost of the "lost colony."

Most of the Lumbees were farmers but some had gone into business or served in city office. The town of Pembroke was largely Indian. While the Lumbees were unhappy over their own second-class status, there was one thing about which they felt most strongly, and that was the importance of setting themselves apart from the Negroes. It was into this community that Catfish Cole's Klansmen brought their flaming crosses as a warning against Indians mingling with whites, and in which they planned a big outdoor rally.

Although warned against it, Cole went ahead with his plans. On the appointed chill January night some half a hundred Klansmen found themselves gathered in the center of a field near Maxton while hundreds of armed Lumbees watched impassively from the road and the surrounding fields. Several of the Indians had streaked their faces with lipstick war paint, one was wearing a souvenir warbonnet with advertising printed along its side. At 8:30 when the meeting was supposed to begin, the Lumbees converged on the Klansmen who clustered fearfully beneath a single light bulb suspended from a pole. The few bits of Klan regalia were quickly shucked by their owners. An enormous Indian reached out and broke the bulb with the barrel of his rifle. The darkness was immediately lit by repeated bursts of light as Indians fired their guns in the air and the photographers flashed away. The Klansmen, trusting to wisdom rather than valor, fled. There were a scattering of injuries and automobile tires riddled by shotgun pellets. A few bits of regalia, a Klan banner, and the P.A. system were left in the hands of the Lumbees. After the battle was over, the state highway patrolmen moved in, arresting an armed and intoxicated Klansman whom they found lying in a ditch, and suggested that it was time for the jubilant Lumbees to go home. Reportedly, Sheriff Malcolm McLeod dispersed them with the warning that if they didn't hurry, they would miss seeing *Gunsmoke* on television. Grand Wizard Cole was soon extradited to North Carolina and went to jail for incitement to riot. The press and magazines carried the story and pictures from coast to coast, and everybody laughed, except the Klan.

And in the late '50's and early '60's, violence remained the way of the Klan. In 1959 the Friends' Service Committee, National Council of Churches of Christ, and the Southern Regional Council published a report on the first four years after the Supreme Court's school decision. It listed some 530 cases of overt "racial violence, reprisal and intimidation" and generally opined that law and order had been deteriorating in the South. The list of cases was a vastly mixed bag, and the various formations of the Ku Klux Klan were far from responsible for all of them, but there was instance after instance of the Klan's involvement in threats, cross burnings, floggings and bombings. An admittedly partial list of overt violence, much of it the work of the hooded knights, included:

6 Negroes killed;

29 individuals, 11 of them white, shot and wounded in racial incidents;

44 persons beaten;

5 stabbed;

30 homes bombed; in one instance (at Clinton, Tennessee) an additional 30 houses were damaged by a single blast; attempted blasting of 5 other homes;

8 homes burned;

15 homes struck by gunfire, and 7 homes stoned;

4 schools bombed, in Jacksonville, Florida, and Nashville, Chattanooga, and Clinton, Tennessee;

2 bombing attempts on schools, in Charlotte and Clinton;

7 churches bombed, one of which was for whites; an attempt made to bomb another Negro church;

1 church in Memphis burned; another church stoned;

4 Jewish temples or centers bombed, in Miami, Nashville, Jacksonville, and Atlanta;

3 bombing attempts on Jewish buildings, in Gastonia, North Carolina, Birmingham, and Charlotte;

1 YWCA building in Chattanooga and an auditorium in Knoxville dynamited;

2 schools burned;

In addition, 17 towns and cities were threatened by mob action.

In view of the fact that society and government strongly disapproved of any such violence and juries were increasingly prone to indict and convict, it was an impressive total. Part of the explanation probably lay in the general improvement of the methods of finding out about and recording instances of violence. But it was more than this. Race relations were uncertain, changing—the heat was on. To strike back—and to strike out violently was a traditional response. When the politicians pledged resistance and officials and community leaders practiced it both covertly and openly, by noncompliance and organized economic pressure, the example was there. Society seemed really to be saying "go ahead" at the same time it told the Klans that they had better behave. These were the mixed signals which the banker, the lawyer, and the businessman, the middle classes, and "all of those people who were putting on airs but who were no better than anyone else" were sending out.

And so, while the Southern attorney generals and governors condemned the Klan which had not had a look-in in a Southern Statehouse since the Grand Dragon addressed Strom Thurmond's applauding South Carolina legislature in 1948, the Klan's sporadic cross burnings, beatings, and floggings continued. There was one new feature, and that was the use of the dynamite. Between January 1, 1956, and June 1, 1963, at least 138 bundles of dynamite sent clouds of smoke rising upward above the scarred racial frontiers between the Negro and white worlds. Negro homes, churches, the newly purchased house in a white neighborhood, the residences of white moderates or sympathizers, newly integrated schools, the YWCA in Chattanooga, the Knoxville auditorium and synagogues in Miami, Jacksonville, Gadsden and Nashville collapsed into rubble or bared their wounds.

The attention given to the synagogues is particularly characteristic. One of the most pronounced aspects of the present Klan has been its violent anti-Semitism. While this has long been a Klan theme, it has become increasingly strong. Without the resources to turn out their own propaganda, the Klans found a ready, inexpensive supply of literature available from professional anti-Semites such as Conde McGinley and Gerald L. K. Smith, and other propagandists on the Citizens Council lists. The tone was right and the words soon became their words. As the Klan turned more and more to anti-Semitic arguments and inspiration, the leadership of the two movements became more and more intertwined. Integration was denounced as a "Communist-Jewish conspiracy plotting to overthrow white-Christian mankind." Temple and synagogue bombings were described as attempts on the part of the Jews to gain sympathy; Eichmann didn't really do it—and good for him if he did. Hitler had the right idea. Arrested Klansmen were victims of Jewish persecution, and the "Jew-N" was to blame for the troubled state of the world. A Nazilike salute was used in South Carolina rallies; Asa Carter's Klansmen dressed in pseudo storm trooper outfits, and the Klan's friend, the violently anti-Semitic National States Rights party used the S.S. insignia which they inherited from the Third Reich by way of the Atlanta-based neo-Nazi Columbians.

The success of anti-Semitism stemmed from the patness of the explanation it offered for the Klansman's anxieties: his fear of racial mixing, his financial and social insecurity, and his xenophobia. He experienced some difficulty in picturing the hitherto docile Negro, to whom he was accustomed, as being in intense revolt. The explanation of a Jewish conspiracy proved most illuminating, and Klan speakers found that it often took such a note to warm up their audiences. When Southern governors denounced the Negro revolt as the product of communism and troublemaking outsiders, surely the Klansman was justified in adopting similar theories of his own.

The Klans sprang into still more vigorous action with the Negro lunch-counter sit-ins, freedom rides, and massed demonstrations of the early 1960's. All of these offered an impetus and occasion for the type of direct violence in which the Klan excelled. By creating the specter of a Negro menace they gave the Klan a degree of approval in some localities that it had lacked for many years.

At the start of the '60's one of the casualties of intramural wars

among Florida's fragmented Klans may well have been the presidential hopes of Richard Milhous Nixon. In September of the presidential year of 1960, Bill Hendrix, hardened veteran of many Florida Klan wars, announced that he was for Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus, the unwilling candidate of the National States Rights party. Since there was well-known bitterness between Hendrix and another would-be Dragon, W. J. Griffin, the press went to see what Griffin thought of things. This put Griffin in an embarrassing position. Hendrix had gotten Faubus first, and to tag along behind his rival was too bitter a pill for Griffin to take. He swallowed hard, cleared his throat and proclaimed that he was for Nixon.

On October 13, in the third of their crucial TV debates, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was questioned about the claims made by some of his prominent supporters that "all bigots will vote for Nixon." Kennedy replied, "Well, Mr. Griffin, I believe, who is the head of the Klan, who lives in Tampa, Florida, indicated in a statement, I think, two or three weeks ago that he was not going to vote for me, and that he was going to vote for Mr. Nixon." Having delivered his shaft, he went on to say that it was absurd to think that Nixon did anything but strongly disapprove of any such endorsement, a sentiment that Nixon was glad to echo from Los Angeles. "I don't give a damn what Nixon said," Griffin retorted the next day, "I'm still voting for him." And in an election in which John Kennedy's narrow victory depended so heavily on the overwhelming margins piled up in Negro precincts in cities such as Chicago, perhaps W. J. Griffin's words helped make the difference.

When the U.S. Klans' Imperial Wizard, Eldon Edwards, was struck down by a heart attack in the summer of 1960, his successor was already waiting impatiently in the wings. Where Edwards had talked tough but sought to avoid going very far out on the limb with actual violence, Robert M. Shelton appeared to be a man of action, and he seemed to be a real comer both within and outside of the Klan ranks. He was a good organizer, he seemed to have friends in high places, and he was lucky. His luck came most primarily from the fact that his chief competition in Alabama Klan affairs, the Reverend Alvin Horn, had no luck at all.

Back in 1950, Reverend Horn and a group of Klansmen had gone after a Pell City storekeeper, Charlie Hurst, who was shot when he struggled to get away. Horn was eventually acquitted, but it was bad publicity and the episode didn't indicate much control over things. Then his wife, depressed over an operation, killed herself. As the father of six children it was natural that Horn should seek a new helpmate for himself, but when in 1957 he finally found her, there was a terrible public to-do. The trouble was that the Reverend Alvin Horn was 46 and his runaway bride was only 14. The police brought her back and lodged Horn in jail for contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Her parents planned to annul the marriage on the grounds of nonconsummation. When it turned out that that ground would obviously not stand up, they let the marriage stand. All of this did not appear to be quite the moral standards which the Klan claimed it represented, and Robert Shelton, a young rubber worker from Tuscaloosa, replaced Reverend Horn as Grand Dragon of Alabama. The ambitious Shelton soon quarreled with Edwards, was expelled, and formed his own Alabama Klan.

Then, in 1958, he again was Johnny on the spot and his stroke of good fortune came with Alabama's gubernatorial election. John Patterson, who had signed the Southern attorney generals' resolution against the Ku Klux Klan, was in the race. His campaign manager was banker Charles Meriweather who had managed the Crommelin campaign which first brought John Kasper and Ace Carter together. Candidate Patterson was induced to make an appeal for support to Shelton's constituency, and with Patterson victorious, Shelton's star was in the ascendancy. He was appointed state sales agent for Goodrich Tire Company for whom he managed to land a $1,600,000 contract from the state.

In time, relations cooled between Shelton, his friends and his employer. Governor Patterson came out in early support of John Kennedy's presidential hopes and Shelton told a Tuscaloosa Courthouse convention of Alabama Klansmen that they "should stay away from Kennedy and keep an eye on John Patterson and Charles Meriwether," whom he claimed were tools of the Jews. While many other Alabama politicians were to later roundly attack the Kennedy administration, Charles Meriwether, from his new post on the Export-Import Bank, obviously was not too dissatisfied. Shelton, however, was soon separated from the Goodrich Tire Company, in what they described as a reduction in force and he denounced as political persecution.

During the postwar '40's and '50's, the Klan had talked of resistance but it had been mainly a status movement for its members, operating primarily in areas that were not faced with the prospect of imminent integration. Merely by joining the Klan and participating in its verbal defiance and occasional sporadic violence, the Klansman satisfied the urges that carried him toward membership. In the '60's, however, Negroes entered the colleges of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; public school integration ground inexorably on its laggard way; Negro voting registration increased; and Negro demonstrations put pressure on the segregated public facilities and life all over the South.

All of this presented the Klan with a great challenge and a great opportunity. This was the chance to gain the active role and the increasing membership that had so long eluded it. At the same time what could the Ku Klux Klan do about the rising wave of the Negro-rights movement? And could it afford to be able to do nothing? Georgia and Alabama Klansmen laid their work aside and grabbed their pamphlets and guns to dash off to the bus stations of Birmingham, Montgomery and Gadsden and the campuses at Oxford, Athens and Tuscaloosa. They occasionally got a few good licks in and some good publicity. When the police let opposition to the "freedom rides" in Alabama erupt into violence, Shelton and Horn were federally enjoined against further trouble and Judge Frank Johnson in Montgomery announced, "If there are any more such incidents as this again, I am going to put some Klansmen, some city officials, some city policemen and some Negro preachers in the Federal penitentiary." There was certainly nothing wrong with good publicity like that, and the judge's charge that Klansmen had conspired to bring about the bus riots in Montgomery, Birmingham and Anniston was at least generally correct. After all, what was the harm of a few arrests for incitement to riot and some fines? Surely, with attorney James Venable, owner of the sacred pastures of Stone Mountain, to handle the defense and a Klansman on the jury, no serious harm was likely to result.

The Klan had picketed Negro sit-ins in Atlanta department stores, and when the NAACP was insolent enough to hold its 1962 convention right in Atlanta, naturally Klansmen did a little bit of counterprotesting. At nearby Stone Mountain, Nazi-style armbands mingled with red and white Klan robes as the National White Americans party and James Venable's Defensive League of Registered Americans joined the Klan for a Fourth of July protest.

The Klan was clearly going to live on in Georgia and Jimmy Venable had organized his own National Knights Federation, but national attention was focused on Imperial Wizard Robert M. Shelton and Alabama. For the most part the Klan had not been active in the real Black Belt counties of Alabama, where the Negroes make up most of the population and seldom vote. It was in the center of the state, however, that the Klans rode more freely than perhaps anywhere else in the South. If a rough four-sided figure were to be drawn to include Tuscaloosa, Birmingham, Anniston and Montgomery, the major area of Klan activity would have been enclosed. Ringed in would be the major civil rights arena in Alabama, containing Montgomery where Martin Luther King and the bus boycott first made headlines, the battlegrounds of the freedom rides, beatings, bus burnings, and bombings, the Talladega home of Reverend Horn and the Tuscaloosa site of the University of Alabama and Robert Shelton's headquarters. Within this field wherein the Klan had sown its dragon's teeth, lay the one-time stronghold of Eugene "Bull" Connor. From 1958 until his 1963 defeat at the polls and in the courts, the tough Birmingham police commissioner came close to making his own law. In its simplest form Bull Connor's law read that Negroes and whites were not equal, either in the eyes of society or the police. By his violent tactics and his tacit acceptance of those private operators who followed his example, encouragement was held out to Birmingham's Klansmen. Some 600,000 people live in Birmingham's Jefferson County, and con-

stitute one out of every five people in the state. Forty percent are Negroes. In the bustling steel centers of Birmingham and nearby Bessemer, the Negro was a possible economic competitor of the working-class white, and the Bessemer highway came to be as close as there was to a Klan highway in America. When it came down to bombings and beatings, the Negroes of Birmingham claimed, it was sometimes difficult to distinguish between the Klansmen and the deputies. Also within the Klan's charmed geographical quadrilateral was the governor's mansion in Montgomery where Alabama Governors John Patterson and George Wallace refrained from giving the impression that pro-segregation violence was completely distasteful. Just west of the quadrilateral is Selma.

Despite the fertile soil and degree of tacit permissiveness and occasional approval which the Klan received in central Alabama, the law was tightening up on Klan night riding. The press was not their friend, and the community leaders and "big mules," those giant out-of-state businesses such as U.S. Steel who have the biggest word on things in Birmingham, mildly bestirred themselves to incline toward racial moderation. Altogether, Klan ranks did not climb out of the low thousands.

Nor had the craggy-faced, young Imperial Wizard Bob Shelton found the magic formula. As Admiral Crommelin repeatedly discovered, anti-Semitism and opposition to fluoridated water and mental health as Communist inspired can carry one only so far in the South. The crusades against kosher cookery launched by Shelton's former public-relations director, Wally Butterworth, who was once the big-time *Vox Pop* radio announcer, had little organizational punch.

The Klan's solution of the Negro-rights movements in the turbulent summer of 1963 was primarily imitative. The image-conscious Klan leaders cried out to their audiences: "Let's be nonviolent . . . we've got to start fighting just like the niggers." Klansmen were told that they must stage marches, registration drives, boycotts and sit-ins. When Negro demonstrators shoved and shouted, Klansmen did the same. Georgia Dragon Calvin Craig explained to his listeners in the university city of Athens how to treat the local branch of a desegregated cafeteria chain: "You good white folks . . . just go in there and get you a glass of water and just sit." While Governor Wallace lingered briefly in the schoolhouse doorway of the University of Alabama, the public-relations-oriented Shelton and his Klansmen kept the newspapermen supplied with free sandwiches. It was perhaps ironic that Bob Shelton's almost miraculous survival from the crash of the plane in which he was flying northward to protest the Negro "March on Washington," was pushed to the inside pages while civil rights demonstrators captured the headlines and blanketed the press and television.

By the spring of 1964, as the marchers again began to fill the streets of southern cities, the Klan's response was no more certain or original, and now a touch of Islam tinged its flowing robes. For several years Klan leaders had bitterly pointed out that it was the Klansmen, not the "moderate" civic leaders, who actually end up living in an integrated world. At cross-lit nocturnal rallies in rural areas, Klan speakers echoed this note of desperation. They called upon all white men to strike back by refusing to employ Negroes in their homes or businesses, but such pleas were not particularly successful because most of their listeners couldn't afford to have anyone working for them in the first place. Finally at a big daylight meeting in Atlanta's Hurd Park, with local Black Muslim leader Jeremiah X in attendance and singled out for praise, Bob Shelton and his top lieutenants presented an explanation of how the Invisible Empire proposed to escape from integration. Perhaps unwittingly like the Black Muslims, the Klan would seek its long discussed goal of creating a racially private world of its own. Incorporated Caucasian communities with their own houses, schools, churches and business organizations would enable the faithful to escape court-ordered contamination. Like the old days of the '20's the Klan had mobilized its talents to sell its members insurance, but this time, under Bob Shelton, the money seemed headed back into Klan affairs. By the fall of the year the United Klans' Imperial Wizard could announce, somewhat vaguely, that land had already been purchased in Alabama.

The serious, never-smiling young Shelton, now an air-conditioner salesman, had come to represent the more conservative button-down-collar wing of Klandom. This meant no lessening of antagonism against the Negro, whom he saw as a depraved savage not far removed from the beast and the jungle, but in practice it did lead to a slight diminution of verbal and actual violence. With his old units, plus associated groups such as the Dixie Klans, the Improved Order of Klans, the Association of Georgia Klans, and newly recruited formations in southwestern Mississippi and northeastern Louisiana, Shelton has a loosely disciplined Empire stretching from Ocala, Florida, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

The major problem which continues to face and baffle the hooded knights is what to do about the immediate problem of integration. The Klansman is sworn to resist it. He has pledged himself, in mystic oneness with his fellow Klansmen and in the mirror of his own self-respect, to succeed, by whatever means. Having thus emotionally crossed over the threshold of violence, the Klansman is highly likely to turn to action. When he does, he is particularly vulnerable. Whether his violence is spontaneous or carefully planned, the police and the greatly respected FBI know where to look. Usually there have been too many Klansmen in on the secret, and, as has been the way since the days of the Klan trials in Reconstruction South Carolina, Klansmen under pressure tell on each other.

The Klan, therefore, has only successfully turned to violence where popular and police sentiment have granted it a high degree of local immunity. During the long hot summer of 1964, Klansmen found such places in Madison County, Georgia, St. Augustine, Florida, and Neshoba County, Mississippi.

In mid-July Lt. Col. Lemuel Penn and several companions were returning home from summer training at Fort Benning, Georgia. Colonel Penn, who was Director of Adult and Vocational Education for the District of Columbia, had come safely through World War II in the Pacific, but he was a Negro and conditions were unsettled in Madison County, Georgia. The three Klansmen in the car behind the Negroes on the dark road had noted the Washington license plates and decided that this was part of a rumored civil rights invasion. The Klansmen pulled alongside and emptied their shotguns. Colonel Lemuel Penn's luck had run out.

For a while it looked as though that of the Klansmen would follow suit. FBI men moved in and offered rewards. Klansmen talked, and the driver of the car confessed. Conviction turned out to be another thing. The federal government could only prosecute for violation of civil rights, and so the state of Georgia undertook the murder trial. The state did its best, but it was perhaps asking too much for a jury from a rural Georgia county to decree the execution of their neighbors for the killing of a Negro. The defense attorney made the most of this, telling the jury that the President had sent hordes of federal men swarming into Madison County ordered to bring back "white meat." Never let it be said, he continued, "that a Madison County jury converted an electric chair into a sacrificial chair on which the pure flesh of a member of the human race was sacrificed—to the savage revengeful appetite of a raging mob." The jury found the Klansmen innocent, and the sheriff stepped up to offer his congratulations. The best that the government could do was to hope that the lesser charge might stick in the federal court.

The long hot summer of 1964 stretched tautly on. The Ku Klux Klan appeared regularly in the headlines and on the editorial pages. Negro marchers lingered in the streets. After a spring and summer of debate and prophecy, the Civil Rights Act had passed and seemed to be met by compliance, but with murder done thrice in Mississippi and violence not yet over, no one dared predict peace. The summer was just as hot on Harlem's 134th Street as it was in Mississippi. It was hot also in Rochester, New York, and in South Chicago, Philadelphia, Elizabeth, Paterson and Jersey City. It was easier to register Negroes in Madison County, Florida, than in Neshoba County, Mississippi, but threats, beatings, and arrests were not to be avoided. August is always a good month for assaults and muggings in Washington, D. C., and in Phoenix, Arizona. It was hot 90 miles away from Florida in Castro's Cuba, and 10,000 miles away in Vietnam not even the rainy season quieted the outbursts of gunfire in the outskirts of Saigon. In North Carolina where Grand Dragon J. Robert Jones's United Klan had been growing over the summer. Elm City's

Negro First Presbyterian Church accepted an offer from white students to help with a new coat of white paint. Grand Dragon Jones objected, but the students went to work anyway, and two men were arrested when they attempted to burn the church.

While North Carolinians thus contended over their divergent plans for church remodeling and Colonel Lemuel Penn was being buried with full honors at Arlington National Cemetery, the Republican National Convention met in San Francisco's Cow Palace to nominate Barry Goldwater. There was no real uncertainty about the decision of the convention. Senator Goldwater's victory in the California primary added to the efforts of his devoted followers in the precinct and county, and state conventions had all but ensured his victory. The essential beginning of his hope to win the national election in November was the support of a Southern electorate disaffected over the civil rights law and agitation. After seeing the more liberal wing of the Republican party capture the nomination with Willkie, Dewey, and Eisenhower, and with Richard Nixon's "sell out" of their support and of the election of 1960, the Republican conservatives were not to be turned back from power. It was not the John Birch Society which booed New York Governor Rockefeller and voted down the windy platform amendment by which the moderates would have condemned extremism and the Klan. The conservatives correctly recognized the amendments as a desperate last-minute attempt to split Senator Goldwater's supporters and deny him the nomination. It was a political thrust, garbed in moralistic clothing, aimed at depriving them of the victory they had earned. The delegates booed Governor Rockefeller and cheered attacks on television and the press which they felt to be their enemies. They swept aside the amendment to name the Klan along with other extremists, and thundered their approval as Senator Goldwater, in the most eloquent speech of his campaign, told them that extremism in the defense of liberty was no vice and moderation in the pursuit of justice was no virtue.

While seeing the political uses to which the attack on extremism had been hopefully put, the sense of power which came with victory blinded the Republican standard-bearer and his exultant followers to the moral questions that were also involved. Dean Burch, the new national party chairman, and the vice-presidential candidate, William Miller, both expressed willingness to accept the votes of the Klan. It remained for Barry Goldwater himself to formally reject Klan support after a Gettysburg meeting with President Eisenhower and Richard Nixon.

The Ku Klux Klan had little to offer Barry Goldwater but when the governor of Alabama was prevailed upon to withdraw from the race, Klansmen reluctantly scraped WALLACE stickers off of their bumpers and turned to the Arizonan: The opportunity of supporting John Kasper and J. B. Stoner on the National States Rights party ticket held no positive appeal to Bob Shelton and his United Klans. Following his Georgia Grand Dragon in endorsing the Republican senator, Imperial Wizard Shelton shrugged off Senator Goldwater's rejection of the Klan. "That's his privilege," Shelton commented, and his Georgia Dragon Calvin Craig explained that he was a Goldwater Democrat, not necessarily because of the senator himself but because he offered the only real choice in the battle to protect states' rights and constitutionalism from socialism.

Shelton's Alabama Dragon, Robert Creel, was more forthright in his support. Governor Wallace and Senator Goldwater could do only so much by themselves. "They need our help," he told a rural Alabama Klan meeting.

The Klan, Creel continued, was the representative of the majority of the people of Alabama who hated "niggerism, Catholicism, Judaism, and all of the isms of the whole world." This did leave it with what might have appeared to be a difficult problem, for as the Republican vice-presidential nominee William Miller later pointed out, Goldwater was half Jewish, while he, Miller, was "all Catholic." This was a puzzle that the Klan for the most part was not interested in facing, although in the last weeks of the campaign, pro-Johnson forces in some portions of Georgia occasionally unkindly raised the question. In dealing with the Democratic standard bearers, the hooded potentates encountered no such dark alleys. When the Democratic platform denounced the Klan by name, Shelton commented that it was "an honor."

After the initial miscues at the top, the Republican party evidenced no interest in the Klan's support for their candidate, even when the Klan engaged in get-out-the-vote drives around Atlanta and in anti-Johnson areas of southwestern Georgia. There was no doubt that many white Southerners were angry over the Negro demands and the civil rights law. Moderate candidates were pressed hard in the Georgia primaries, and Shelton's Grand Dragon Calvin Craig drew 40 percent of his district's vote when he ran for the state Senate. Although using the Klan as the vehicle for anger didn't mean the same thing as hopping aboard a hooded bandwagon, the Klans did add between five and ten thousand members, and money was a little more plentiful.

The particular areas of Klan growth were in North Carolina, Jacksonville, Florida, and southwestern Mississippi around the railroad and mill town of McComb. Although the Klan had been accustomed to set one night aside each year for a string of cross-burnings across northern Louisiana and southern Mississippi, the emergence of organized Klandom in Mississippi represented an expansion into territory which had not seen any meaningful Klan strength since the 1920's. With some public officials and the hitherto intransigent Citizens Council acquiescing to creeping integration in Mississippi, the Klan had stepped into the void created by what it scornfully considered to be the timidity of businessmen and politicians. In southwestern Mississippi, the machine shops of McComb and the state highway patrol supplied a substantial increment of membership for the Klan.

Nevertheless, a reaction was mounting against it, and the aroused concern of state governors and federal agents had become enough to make the Klan jittery. Mississippi Governor Paul Johnson began sending his special investigators into violence-troubled parts of his state and sternly pressed members of the highway patrol to quit the Klan if they didn't want to be dropped from the force. The governors of Florida and Georgia offered no words of welcome to the Klan, and FBI men watched its footsteps to see if they led to violence. While Deep South juries were reluctant to convict for major or capital crimes in state court, federal indictments and trials threatened to jail for lesser crimes. As the Invisible Empire's second century dawned, Klansmen feared that President Lyndon Johnson would celebrate his landslide with repressive measures against the Klan.

Although the Ku Klux Klans belligerently expressed their fears that they would have no resting place in Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, the fate of the hooded orders actually rested more in the hands of Martin Luther King and the Negro rights movement. Although the Klans had long been on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations, the courts would probably have rejected any law actually banning the Invisible Empire. Traditionally, the laws of the United States have proscribed only overt deeds, not organizations and opinions. In any state that would grant it a charter, a Klan could operate as a legal corporate body, and in those communities where the local officials and citizens gave it the necessary example and immunity, it could occasionally turn to violence.

However, now for the first time since Reconstruction, public opinion and the federal government were prepared to respond forcefully to Klan murder. How did this place the key to the Klan's future in the hands of the Rights Movement? Essentially the Klan was trying to live up to its reputation as the most manly of the extreme resistance movements. Having no greater plans than of striking back blindly and forcefully, the Klan was the captive of its enemies and might well be provoked into self-destructive violence.

For the Negro leaders, each year meant a combination of old and new problems, of which the Ku Klux Klan was one of the least. The ordinary Negro was often apathetic. Even if he were interested in voting, he was not at all convinced that he would be allowed to. In portions of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, he was right. In black belt regions such as Selma's Dallas County, Negroes made up more than 50 percent of the citizens and less than 3 percent of the voters. In neighboring Wilcox and Lowndes Counties, no Negroes voted. It wasn't that Washington and the rest of the country didn't care. It was simply that 1964 had been the year for the civil rights bill; now it was time to relax, let tempers and tensions cool, to follow things up slowly, to consolidate.

Negro leaders saw things differently. "We must be ready for a season of suffering," Rev. Martin Luther King announced. His

plan, however, was simpler than his path. He would bring his marchers out into the streets until someone cracked somewhere, in Selma, in the state house in Montgomery, in Washington, D.C., somewhere, perhaps even in the Klaverns of the Ku Klux Klan. If would-be Negro registrants could not get on the voting books then they must approach the ballot by way of the streets. "We are going to bring a voting bill into being in the streets of Alabama," King told his followers.

There was no Klan in Selma, Alabama, birthplace of one-time Birmingham Police Commissioner Eugene "Bull" Connor, and of the first Citizens Council in Alabama. However there was Sheriff Jim Clark's mounted posse, Safety Director Wilson Baker's police, Colonel Al Lingo's state troopers, and George Wallace in the Governor's mansion. They and local officials and white citizens were agreed that the Negroes must be kept in their place.

And so for more than two months, beginning in January of 1965, Selma Negroes formed in front of Brown's Chapel Methodist Church and Buelah Baptist Church to march on City Hall—or wherever else their human petition was the most likely to gain attention. Soon there were 10 times more Negro names on the police blotter than on the voting rolls. One Negro had been killed, and the barricade, the billy and the prod had become standard forms of police response.

Although more than a month of demonstrations had brought headlines and volunteers, there was no sign of a breakthrough, and so a march on the state capitol at Montgomery was announced. On Sunday, March 7th, a flying wedge of police and troopers, followed by mounted possemen waded into the marchers. With tear gas, and flailing clubs, canes and ropes, they routed the petitioners and sent more than 25 of them to the hospital. Sheriff Clark and Governor Wallace and their men had done what Reverend King had not been able to do; they had scored a breakthrough for the Negroes.

With the promise of a strong voting bill, troops and federal marshals from the President and an "okay" from the court, the success of the march was already assured. The gathering of the marchers in front of the state capitol, with Governor Wallace watching with binoculars from behind the blinds of his closed office, was to a large degree symbolic of victory. However, it had already cost the lives of a Negro woodcutter and a white Boston clergyman, and it still had one more victim to claim. Among the thousands of students, newspapermen, ministers, priests, rabbis, nuns, FBI and Justice men, marshals, federalized guardsmen and private citizens who poured into Selma after "Bloody Sunday" was an attractive young mother from Detroit, Michigan, Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo.

Working on the transport committee, she was assigned to drive carloads of marchers back to Selma. On her second trip to Montgomery for passengers, she had just crossed Big Swamp Creek in swampy, rural Lowndes County, where the demonstrators had spent the third night of their march. Two cars swept past her on a curve of US 80. A pair of shots were fired, and Mrs. Liuzzo slumped forward, dead, while her green Oldsmobile swerved off the road into a barbed-wire fence. One of the attacking automobiles turned back to check upon the job and then drove off. Mrs. Liuzzo's Negro co-worker, who had lain motionless, scrambled out of the car and managed to hitch a ride into Selma with the news.

Just after noon the next day, President Johnson announced to a radio and television audience that four Klansmen had been arrested for the murder. Describing the Klan as a "hooded society of bigots" disloyal to the United States, he declared war on the Invisible Empire. He praised Viola Liuzzo's sacrifice and promised to fight the Klan, as his father had done in Texas during the 1920's.

Even Alabama Governor Wallace felt that things had gone too far: "Life simply should not be that cheap," the governor commented.

Actually finding the Klan suspects was not difficult for the FBI men who had quickly fanned out to check the highway and interview witnesses. The Negro educator Lemuel Penn had died in the same way the summer before, in northeastern Georgia. Nighttime patrols had long been a Klan routine, particularly in Alabama.

The FBI knew where to look, and through agents and informants within the Klan, which had been part of the Klan pattern since the days of Reconstruction, several members of the United Klans' Birmingham chapter were arrested for the crime.

Their Imperial Wizard, Robert Shelton, did the best he could under the circumstances. Bail was provided, and Shelton called the President a "damn liar" for accusing the Klan of favoring violence.

From truck tail gates, Klan chieftains uttered their traditional cry of "communism and outside agitators," and let it be known that the Boston clergyman had been suffering from incurable cancer and Mrs. Liuzzo of a disease much less mentionable. It was perhaps symbolic, however, that when Shelton wrote to the President asking for an appointment at which to state the Klan's side of the affair, the letter was routinely turned over to the federal Justice Department.

An act of racial violence is usually initially helpful to the Klan which now draws its membership almost exclusively from a depressed and resentful portion of society which looks upon physical resistance as the necessary and suitable expression of beleaguered white manhood. It has a wider pool of nonparticipating supporters, not restricted to the South, who see the Klan as the only organization which is doing anything to counter the Negro pushing himself into their lives. In addition, there are always those who are reduced to fearful silence when the Klan rides. Finally, some political and civic leaders are fearful of being tough toward the Klan lest they be accused of being soft on the Negro question.

The murder of Viola Liuzzo will cut into the support of all of these groups. When President Johnson issued his combined appeal and warning "to get out of the Ku Klux Klan *now*, and return to decent society before it is too late," many Klansmen believed that he and the Justice Department meant just that. They were fearful of the "new laws" he would seek, and the preliminary statements by the House Un-American Activities Committee on "shocking crimes" carried out by secret Klan action groups, indicated, despite liberal skepticism, that the investigation could be a revealing one.

Combined with this disturbing federal activity was a growing anti-Klan and pro-law and order sentiment within the ranks of Southern officialdom and business leaders. It was a Louisiana Congressman who, as head of the Un-American Activities Committee, had pronounced reports on the Klan "shocking," and it was a Congressman from Atlanta who had first called for a probe of the Klan. The staunchly segregationist Governor of Louisiana had gone down into a racially and Klan troubled portion of his state to stiffen local resolve to mediate rather than blindly oppose integration demands. The Attorney General of Alabama, who had long been out of sympathy with Governor Wallace's racial policy, promised a murder trial for the accused Klansmen, and a combination of "Big Mules" and local business organizations called for racial peace in the state.

In the little town of Hemingway, South Carolina, the mayor and local businessmen protested that Klan rallies nearby, one of them featured in a national magazine, gave the false impression that the town might approve of the hooded knights. Hemingway High School students expressed their views more directly by erecting some 40 signs along the highway with captions such as "STAMP OUT Boll Weevils, Tobacco Worms, and the KKK" and a sketch of a hooded Klansman, captioned "Picture of a NUT."

Nevertheless, despite general societal disapproval, newspaper attack, surveillance by the FBI, presidential condemnation, congressional investigation, shortage of funds and a general poverty of leadership, the Klan will persist because the stuff of which Klansmen are made is a part of American society. What are its prospects?

Yesterday, Today, Forever the Klan boasts
Since Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-six
the KU KLUX KLAN
has been riding and will
continue to do so as long as
the WHITE MAN liveth.

—David M. Chalmers

THIS FUNNY LIFE

When a brand-new second lieutenant was assigned to our outfit, in World War II, my buddy and I were delighted to recognize him as one of the fellows who had gone through basic training with us several months earlier. But when we rushed up to give him the glad hand we were promptly and in no uncertain terms reminded of his rank.

"Man!" I exclaimed, after he had strutted off. "Being an officer has certainly gone to his head!"

"Gone to his head?" snapped my buddy. "Hell, there's only *one* thing that could possibly go to *his* head!"

"What?" I demanded.

"Termites."

Hal Chadwick
Noel, Mo.

At a farewell luncheon just prior to my departure overseas, I was presented with a gift my co-workers thought would be most appropriate for my new assignment at the American Embassy in Paris. It was a black leather briefcase with my initials imprinted in large silver letters without periods.

Its usefulness is boundless, but I've had to stop carrying it through the busy Embassy lobby. Seems that our image as a peaceful nation is somewhat blurred when I rush through the door with a big black briefcase marked, W A R.

William A. Rowland
Paris, France

A friend of mine was telling me all about his wife's extravagances. "Yesterday," he said, "she wanted $30. Last week it was $20. God knows what she'll ask for next week."

"What does she do with all that money?" I asked.

"Beats me," came the reply. "I never give her any."

Thomas E. Oetzel
Philadelphia, Pa.

Crackpot telephone callers had plagued our editor all through the night. He had heard from argumentative drunks, lonesome ladies and alarmed nitwits—a typical procession of big-city sleep dodgers who just wanted to talk to a newspaperman.

The editor had to listen long enough to make sure the call wasn't a real story, but with his deadline coming up fast he'd had all he could take. Then still another call was transferred to his desk.

"I'm on the tenth floor right across the street from you," an obvious drunk mumbled, "and I'm going to jump!"

"Wait a minute!" the editor shouted into the phone. "Wait until I move my car!"

John F. Wilever
Arcadia, Calif.

A pretty, very young girl walked into a cocktail lounge and strutted the length of the place before seating herself at the far end of the bar. Every man in the place raised his eyes at the lovely vision as she ordered a drink, and the bartender, having had trouble with the law on various occasions, was taking no chances this time. He asked the girl to wait a moment and he called the manager.

Pointing to the girl, the bartender asked: "Does that girl look old enough to you?"

"Of course," smiled the boss. "But not for a drink!"

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

The supply officer of a large military installation suspected a practical joker was at work when he received an urgent requisition from the WAC detachment for 12 dozen "reproducing medium." He immediately called the WAC detachment commander, who informed him that the request was valid and urgent because her girls "hadn't had any reproducing mediums for many months."

Still a little suspicious, he consulted the supply catalog, and sure enough, there was a "reproducing medium" listed. Only the Army could give a sexy name to the common ball-point pen!

John R. McConnell
Ft. Campbell, Ky.

Recently a man in our office came in bleary-eyed one morning, plopped down at his desk, and promptly dozed off. "Wow," his secretary exclaimed, shaking him awake. "You must have really tied one on last night."

"No, as a matter of fact, I didn't drink a drop," he explained. "But I had this silly broad beating on my door until almost 4 o'clock."

"Why didn't you get up and see what she wanted?" his secretary asked.

"Oh," he shrugged. "I knew what she wanted. She wanted to get out!"

J. D. Rush
L.A., Calif.

The plane had reached cruising altitude and the Navy recruits en route from Portland, Oregon, to the Recruit Training Center at San Diego, California, had settled themselves for the night of flying. The young fellow in the seat next to mine was visibly concerned, however, and nervously remarked that this was his first flight.

We had been in the air approximately two hours when my seat companion pulled back his side curtain and noticed that one of the aircraft's engines was not operating. He immediately hailed the stewardess and, with a worried expression, inquired about the engine.

"It's nothing to be alarmed about," she said soothingly. "We are merely conserving fuel."

At this point, the young man blurted, "Look, lady, charge the gas to my credit card—just *start that damned engine!*"

G. E. Fields
Beaverton, Oreg.

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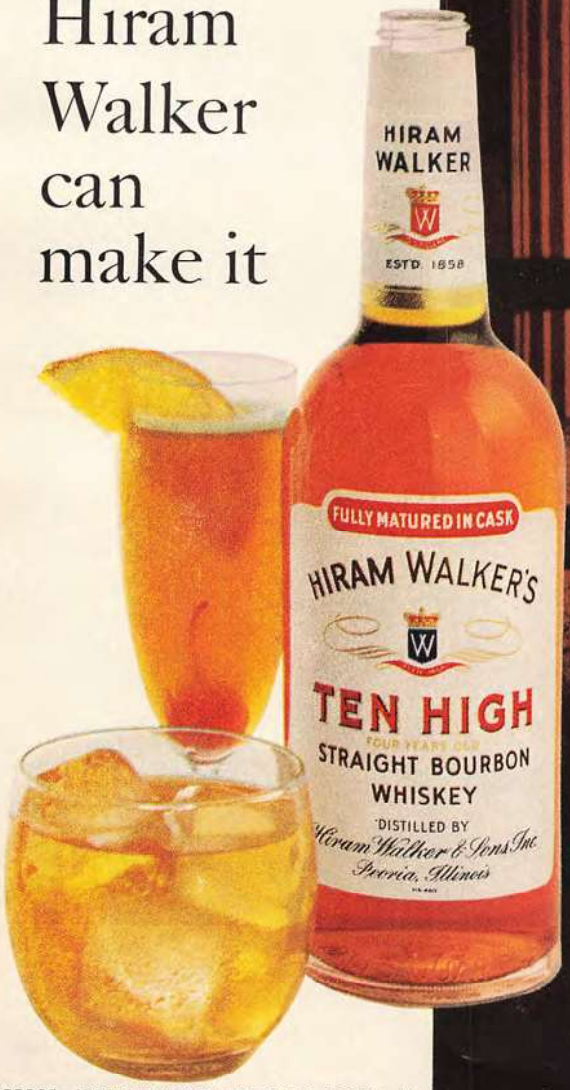

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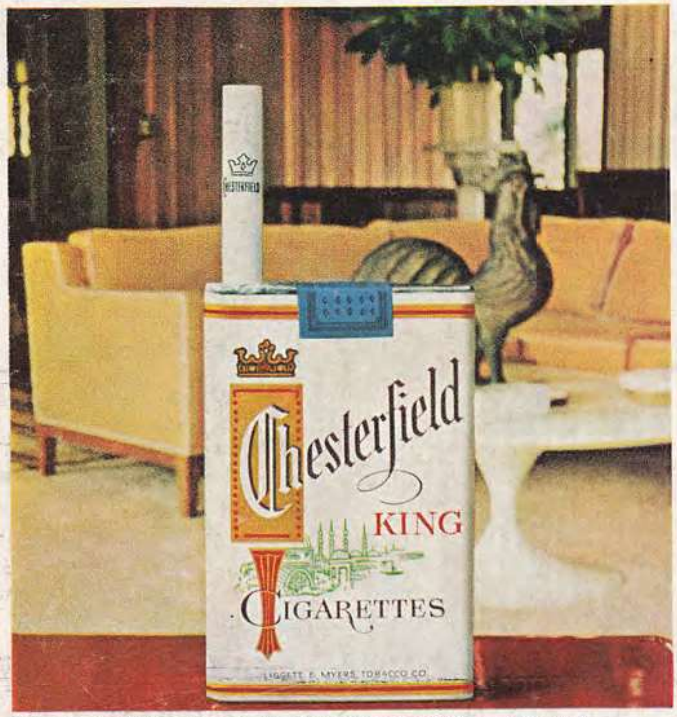
Chesterfield People:

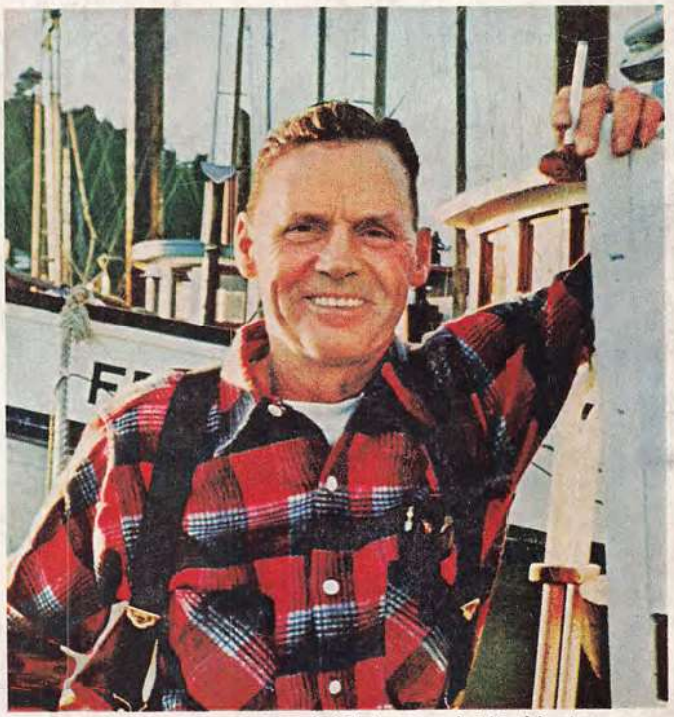
They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Dale McRoberts, Sr. is a building security guard in California

Tami Apt operates an art gallery in New York



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?



Floyd Cummins is a commercial fisherman in Washington

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!